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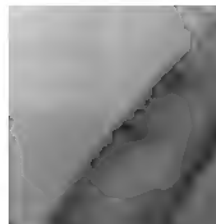
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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF THE
HON. JOB DURFEE, LL. D.,
LATE CHIEF JUSTICE OF RHODE-ISLAND;
WITH
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

EDITED BY HIS SON.

PROVIDENCE:
GLADDING AND PROUD.
BOSTON:
CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.
1849.

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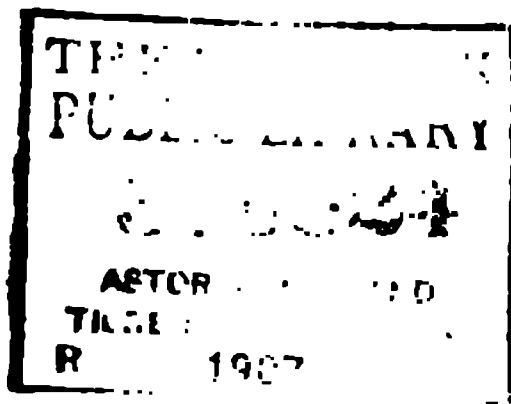
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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1848,
By THOMAS DURFEE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Rhode-Island.

PROVIDENCE :
PRINTED BY JOSEPH KNOWLES.

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P R E F A C E.

AT a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Rhode Island Historical Society, holden shortly after the decease of Chief Justice Durfee, the following resolution was adopted :

Resolved, That we deem it highly important that the works of the lamented Chief Justice Durfee should be published, believing their publication would be as serviceable to our State, especially in reference to its Aboriginal History, as it would be honorable to his memory : and we would earnestly recommend to the members of this Society, and to the friends of sound learning at large in the State, to aid the undertaking by their individual subscriptions, in case the family of the deceased should consent to the publication.

In accordance with this resolution, expressing, it is believed, the feelings of a large number of the citizens of the State, the present publication was undertaken, and, after many unavoidable delays, is now offered to the Public. It contains all the writings of Judge Durfee, which it was thought advisable to preserve ; many, which he himself had never thought of publishing. Some immature productions of his youth, and others, purely political, have been purposely omitted ; the first, because they are chiefly valuable as indications of his early pursuits,

the second, because it is the misfortune of such writings to share the ephemeral interest of the subjects to which they relate.

Except the Whatcheer and his published addresses, these writings are without the benefit of the author's final revision, and therefore contain, perhaps, many imperfections which would, otherwise, have been removed. The doctrines of the Panidea, he was still illustrating, still testing by applications to history, still elucidating and confirming, at the time of his death ; and could he have been spared, he would, doubtless, have done much to redeem them from the reproach of being pure metaphysical abstractions, by showing their bearing upon actual life. But, notwithstanding these disadvantages, and its deficiency in general interest, to omit it in any edition of his works, would be to withdraw the central light from which many of his most popular productions have borrowed their chiefest splendor.

In conclusion, the Editor has only to crave for himself the indulgence of the public, for an imperfect discharge of the trust which he, perhaps, too hastily accepted, pleading his youth and inexperience in palliation ; and to thank them for this opportunity of contributing his mite to a worthy monument of one, whom the instincts of nature have taught him to love and revere as a Parent, and for whom a familiar acquaintance has enabled him to cherish unmingled honor and admiration as a Man.

THOMAS DURFEE.

MEMOIR.

JOB DURFEE was born in Tiverton, Rhode Island, on the 20th of September, 1790. His father, the Hon. Thomas Durfee, was a self-made man, who was born of a Rhode Island ancestry, and transmitted to his son a genuine love of his State. He was a soldier of the Revolution, engaged in the fight on Quaker Hill, and, by his reminiscences of those memorable days, imbued his son with his own glowing patriotism. He afterwards devoted himself to the study of Law, soon acquired the confidence of his fellow citizens, and, for several years previous to his death, was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. A gentle, pious and affectionate mother watched over his childhood, and instilled into his bosom, both by example and precept, a single-hearted obedience to the duties of life.

His father's residence was situated near the Heights of Tiverton, overlooking the picturesque waters of Narraganset Bay. Here were passed his youth and early manhood, in view of a prospect, so magnificent and varied, that those who love to trace the influence of local scenery upon character, may, perhaps, regard it as no unmeaning symbol of his magnanimity and versatile powers.

His earliest years were passed in the common sports and labors of childhood. He recurred to them as the happiest of his life—"the halcyon days of boyhood, teeming with present joys and bright hopes, when to outstrip my comrade in the race or to possess the swiftest shingle-boat was a triumph, and the frown of my schoolmaster was my only fear." As he grew older his pursuits were divided between the plough and the school. He was ambitious of excellence, and surpassed his companions scarcely less in athletic than in intellectual exercises. His devotion to reading and talking upon grave subjects of literature and politics was remarkable; and, when a mere boy, he surprised and

delighted his playmates by an attempt at authorship, in a "History of the Thumbs and Tits," describing a pigmy race and their contentions in founding their empire.

He found the materials of his first poem in his own neighborhood. At a shop, not far from his father's house, a small circle of toping quid-nuncs nightly met to discuss politics and news, and repeat the oft-told anecdotes, which never failed to elicit the accustomed laugh. The bottle and the pipe were the Penates of the establishment; and under their influences, as their hearts expanded, they displayed many a lurking penchant, ludicrous foible, or queer prejudice, seasoned with the grotesque pungency of mother-wit—the motley oddities which then played over the surfaces of human life, but have since retired under the sober livery of temperance. These the young poet carefully noted, and once, when the fist sided with the tongue to decide its contests, and the gossips parted with torn garments and blue noses, he took occasion to celebrate the affray in rhyme. The production was found posted to the shop-door, without signature. Each of the party was in high glee with the portraitures of his neighbors, declaring them as natural as life, while at the same time he thought himself outrageously caricatured and satirized. The shop-keeper, who possessed the manuscript, was very shy of showing it, and amused the author and those in his secret by his deprecatory criticisms and wild guesses at its authorship.

It may not be amiss to add still another to the many anecdotes in the Lives of Authors, showing how often the attempt to represent some personal adventure reveals to them the bent of their minds. In the neighborhood was a man whose whole life had been a listless day-dream of enriching himself by money-digging. For three successive nights he had been directed to the place of a hidden treasure, but dared not visit it alone. He therefore obtained the assistance of Mr. Durfee—whose Latin fitted him to act the magician—and his brother, and at midnight proceeded to the haunted spot. The magician described his circle, pronounced the awful spells to exorcise the spirit who kept the money in charge, and then they commenced digging. Meanwhile some mischief-loving persons, previously let into the secret, had stationed themselves behind a rock near by, with phizes and sheets, the paraphernalia of ghosts and goblins. Soon some coins were produced, and the old man deemed his hopes realized. He cheered on the digging—when suddenly a hideous shriek, and the apparition of a sheeted spectre, sent a shudder through his heart. The magician boldly faced it, fulminated his gibberish, and waved his wand. Another, and another,

and another, appeared; they yelled, they spit fire, they rushed furiously round the ring,

Before, behind, on every side,
They yelled and pressed, and pressing tried
To break the mystic spell;
Strained to its utmost height
The stern magician's magic might
Could scarce the demons quell.

The circle was broken—the spectres rushed in, and the magician rushed out, followed by the money-digger, shrieking in talismanic jargon, “*avamus! avamus!*” nor did he stop till he reached a neighboring house, confused and shivering, his husky voice scarcely audible through his white lips. The visionary, uncured by his mishaps, lived on to dream again of hidden gold; the neighborhood found his adventures the source of ample merriment; his companion made them the foundation of a poem.

But he was early called to mingle the passionate wailings of elegy with the fantastic sports of his muse. His father was a votary of the occult sciences, and sometimes excited the fears and curiosity of the credulous by his mystic drawings and necromantic jargon.* At the birth of his son he had drawn his horoscope, and foretold, from the configuration of the celestial signs, his premature death by drowning. In this instance, at least, his prophecy came near being sadly verified. His son, with his sister, a lovely girl to whom he was tenderly attached, was with a young party sailing in the bay by moonlight. In the midst of their pleasure the boat suddenly sprang a leak, and in spite of all their efforts, filled and overturned. Mr. Durfee caught the lady nearest him by the arm, and with her clung to the keel. As soon as the instinct of self-preservation gave way to reflection, he gazed about him, but saw only one of his companions, who swam for the shore. The waters lay around unruffled, glassing the sky and stars, but his eyes searched vainly for any living form. His sister and three others were drowned, and his grief was uncontrollable. The hurried passing to and fro of lights upon the shore, the quick paddling of the boats that came to his aid—the stifled agony of the bereaved relatives—the subdued voices of the gathering neighbors—the anxious raking for the bodies of the dead—and the funeral procession that attended the remains to their home, produced, indeed, a scene that filled the most

* Judicial Astrology still retained the shadow of its former reputation; and, though Mr. Durfee studied it merely as an amusement, far from practising the jugglery of a mountebank, he doubtless shared the common curiosity and interest in the results of his calculations.

indifferent with solemn thoughts and gloomy speculations. But the afflicted brother was distracted by a phrenzy of anguish, which seemed for a while to threaten the derangement of his intellect. In after years, though hidden from common eyes, his sorrow survived all the intercourse of the world unprofane—a sacred spot in his memory, flowing with the sympathies of kindred sufferings at the bereavements of others. Nor is the story without higher import. Whatever in man's heart is beyond the profanation of earth, becomes the source of moral beauty and exaltation—an avenue for the influx of divinest influences.

I anticipate the course of my narrative to relate a similar danger to which he was afterwards exposed. He was crossing the pond, in front of his house, on the ice, and broke through where no one dared to come to his relief. His struggles to get out only widened the breach, and finally, when almost exhausted, he barely escaped by pushing himself forward horizontally until he reached firm footing. These hair-breadth escapes may have contributed to inspire his partial faith in astrology. He believed it one of those general truths, untrue when applied in its whole extent to individual cases, because no fixed ratio can be found by which the eccentricities of free-agency may be calculated; but that its predictions, if they embraced the epochs of national existence instead of the lives of individuals, would not be found unworthy of attention.

In 1809, after a brief schooling in Bristol, he entered Brown University, which was then under the presidency of Dr. Asa Messer, a man more remarkable for the strength and solidity of his talents and erudition, than for elegant and finished scholarship. The man was a type of the institution. Its discipline was relaxed, a rough freedom pervaded the manners of the students, and men were valued more for vigor of thought and expression, than for varied attainments, polished diction or graceful elocution. Its requirements were neither so high nor so varied as in later times—many which are now preparatory studies constituting then a part of the collegiate course. Mr. Durfee's proficiency in Mathematics and Greek must have been inconsiderable; but in Latin he acquired such skill as made the perusal of Virgil and Cicero one of the purest pleasures of his maturer years. He became yet more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of classical antiquity by a diligent study of Ancient History, and contracted an almost passionate admiration of the moral philosophy of the Stoics and the iron republicanism of the Spartans. His indolence and early acquired predilection for politics, doubtless, exposed him to many inter-

ruptions ; for, in that period of stormy excitement, the quiet haunts of the student often resounded with partisan debates and fierce invective, and he afterwards regretted that many an hour, sacred to the chastening influences of literature, was profaned by political animosities. Yet he found this species of instruction not without use, when, at the close of his academical career, he gave it an appropriate vent in a Fourth of July Oration, which met with such hearty applause among his fellow-townsmen, that it was published. He graduated with high honors, respected among his classmates for his vigorous powers of reasoning and imagination.

From College he returned to study law under the direction of his Father. He still found time, however, to devote to literature. The next Commencement he delivered, before the Society of the United Brothers, a poem entitled the Vision of Petrarch, which met with a flattering reception and was published at the request of the Society. It represents Petrarch on a visit at Rome, which he finds in ruins, its heroes and sages dead—their laws and empire gone, and their spirit almost faded from the memories of men. Whilst in despair he predicts the extinction of learning and art, and of humanity itself, the Genius of Poetry appears to him—bears him to a phantom world and shows to him the forms of future poets. They pass before him sounding their lyres, while their various styles of poetry are symbolized by the diverse forms of nature, which come and go with the changes of their music. The poem has some fine passages, a melodious versification and a luxuriant imagery, but still is rather a promise than a manifestation of superior excellence. He borrowed his plan from Virgil, but without catching those life-like and dramatic touches, which have made the fable of Æneas' descent into Hades almost a matter of belief.

In 1814, he was elected representative to the State legislature. He made his entrance in political life in hot party times, and was a candidate of the Republican party, in whose principles he had been nurtured from boyhood. As soon as he had become familiarized with his new environment and had worn off the diffidence natural to one bred in rural retirement, he introduced a resolution to tax the banks as a consideration for the privileged process which they enjoyed. He urged his resolution in a speech of such eloquence and power, as raised him immediately to a level with the best debaters of the house. Mr. Searle paid him what—coming from so thorough a master of public business—may be thought a flattering compliment, by moving that the resolutions should be deferred until the next session, alleging that Mr. Durfee had

come prepared to support them, while the other members were unable to meet the arguments already adduced. The resolution was finally referred to a committee of which he was chairman. He drew up the report presented at the next session, which concluded with a resolution to repeal the process altogether. The resolution was warmly opposed by Messrs. Potter and Dixon, and other influential members. It was again postponed, and the next session underwent another animated discussion. A law was at length passed repealing the bank process, giving the banks time, however, to conclude their business under the old process. In these debates Mr. Durfee constantly participated, and was, in fact, the only member who took an open and active part in the discussion in favor of the measure, successfully supporting himself against the talents and influence of the house. He was uniformly appointed on some one of the standing committees—often the chairman—and on most of the select committees of importance, and was the author of the report on the propriety of making real estate liable to attachment. He kept his seat uninterruptedly for six years, and was then appointed to a higher service.

In Congress, as in the State legislature, his course was marked by a modest and diligent concern for the welfare of his country, a devotedness to the interests of his constituents and a desire to attain wide information and sound statesmanlike views upon every question of national policy. Shrinking from display and speaking only from the call of duty, he addressed the house but twice during the two terms in which he kept his seat. His first effort was upon a bill for a new apportionment of representatives, a bill which, by almost doubling the ratio of representation, would have left for Rhode Island only a single member. He attacked the bill upon constitutional, as well as upon political grounds, pointing out the bad results of materially diminishing the number of representatives for a rapidly growing population, whose interests were daily becoming more varied and conflicting. That his remarks had much weight in effecting the subsequent reduction may be inferred from the piquant allusion of Mr Randolph, who, still mourning over the losses of his darling State, complained that Rhode Island, after regaining her original quota, bore the privations of Virginia and Delaware with all the *patience of Job*. His second speech was upon the Tariff. He advocated simply a protective and not a stimulative tariff, leaving capital uninfluenced to invigorate all the industrial interests of the country. His views upon this question, conspiring with local and personal causes, produced his defeat at the next election. The disgust at the chicanery of political opponents and

the lubricity of political friends, which he experienced upon this occasion, contributed much to his subsequent carelessness of popular preferment, and he thereafter devoted himself more unreservedly to literature and philosophy.

After his defeat, he beguiled the monotony of a farmer's winter, by composing a story intended to burlesque many of the proceedings in Congress, and to expose the absurdity of enormous rates of duty. The inhabitants of Cochin China, according to this story, were once possessed by a notion that the best way to increase their wealth would be to exclude the commerce of foreign nations. Convinced by much logic and theorising that this was a fundamental principle of political economy, they sagaciously determined to drain the waters of the Indian ocean. Their philosophers assured them that a pump, sufficiently powerful to throw the water beyond the earth's attraction, would speedily accomplish their ends. They, therefore, proceeded to build a machine of stupendous dimensions, to be worked by elephants. Meanwhile the orators were not idle. Arguments and counter arguments, criminations and recriminations, rained thick and fast, while each succeeding speaker out-did the last in declamation designed to gull the people into a high opinion of his wisdom and eloquence. The names of these speech-makers were formed by transposing the letters in the names of some of the conspicuous debaters in Congress, and the speeches themselves were parodies of the matter and rhetorical peculiarities of the Congressional debates. The press groaned with the labor of printing their harangues, and elephants traversed the country laden with paper burdens, which patriotic representatives sent home to be distributed, absurdly supposing that their constituents possessed the same facility of reading which they did of talking. The machine was at length completed, and the constituency of Cochin China assembled, with shoutings and bonfires, to witness the exhaustion of the ocean. The spectacle was truly magnificent. Vast volumes of water, glistening with countless rainbows, from sunrise till sunset, or gliding towards the stars with a silvery brightness, floated off into space. The rivers were soon drained, leaving their fish on the land to putrify and taint the air with pestilence, while the monsters of the deep fled terrified to their caverns. But at length Neptune, perceiving that his dominions were invaded, rushing in his chariot and flourishing his trident, dashed his floods against the machinery, battering and overthrowing it with resistless concussions. Earth and air reverberated the shock. The superincumbent mass of water trembled, and, losing its centrifugal motion, returned, ruining fertile fields and whole cities

in its course. But a portion of the waters still floated off and formed the moon—a lasting monitor against political experiments, which China respects to this day.

But this little *jeu d'esprit* served only to entertain the author and a few personal friends, and was then committed to the flames; a doom which shortly after befel another of his compositions. He was early attracted by the study of Aboriginal history, and, soon after he left college, we find one of his correspondents sportively titling him "Superintendent of Indian Affairs." He even then had projected a poem upon an Indian subject, and was familiarizing himself with Indian manners for poetical purposes. But his professional and political engagements interfering, it was not until this period that he executed his design. This poem was entitled "Ousamequin," and has been said to have possessed more fully the elements of popular success than "Whatcheer."

In 1826, he was again returned to the State Legislature, and was the next year elected Speaker of the House. In 1829 he declined a re-election, and, retiring to private life, mingled with professional and agricultural labors the more delightful pursuits of literature. In the quiet of his fireside, he again recurred to the cherished wish of his youth, and meditated a poem, the scene of which should be laid in his native State. He had at first no design to print it, but living in a place where he had little professional business, and access to no large library, he gladly escaped from the dull round of ordinary cares into the region of romance and poetry. "I mean to finish it," he writes to a friend, "in these vacant hours, and lay it aside, and it may possibly, some century or two hence, find its way into the cabinet of some antiquary who will show it to his associates, and inquire who it could be, in an age so enlightened, that would devote so much time in raising such a monument of trumpery to the memory of Roger Williams." But some lurking vanity of authorship—the hope to contribute "something to the permanence of a genuine Rhode Island feeling"—or the praises of his friends, overcame his modesty, and in 1832 a small edition was published, by subscription.

It was his design at first to have given it a tinge of the burlesque—somewhat in the style of Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*—and to have thrown over the harsh features of the Puritans and the more genial enthusiasm of Williams a coloring of quaint humor and Quixotic romance; but when he had examined his theme in all its relations, he found that it involved elements too sacred to be treated otherwise than with the severest truthfulness. He now desired to write a poem,

which would familiarize the common people with the principles upon which the State was based, and would endear to them the memory of its founder. Hence he chose the simplest and directest style, and wished even to keep the narrative unembarrassed by what are called passages of great poetic beauty—which stand out from the story, and are prized for their own sake—lest they should divert the mind from the main current of the poem. His characters are not, therefore, like the “artistic creations” of some modern writers, monstrosities or curious studies in human nature, but of the same stamp with our neighbors whom we meet and shake hands with every day. His pictures of scenery have the bold and familiar outlines of real landscapes, his portraits of manners and passions are intelligible and vivid, and though he has many passages of absorbing interest and stanzas pregnant with elevated sentiments, the former are never unnaturally exciting, nor the latter over-refined. He himself used to say, “I don’t claim for *Whatcheer* the merit of poetry. It has no fine words—no fine images—neither morbid nor etherealized sentiments. I wished to write what all would understand, not what would throw a few into raptures; not to please the fastidious, but to reach the native feelings of unlettered men.” And this is the class who are most readily touched by the tale of the exile’s trials. I have seen individuals, who believed it as firmly as the early Greeks believed the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, who seemed perfectly satisfied of the reality of the adventures, and sympathized heartily in the sufferings of Williams.

In his own country the poem has passed through only a single edition. Beyond the borders of his own State it was almost unknown, and at home its reception was cold and captious. He had struck the grandest chords of the human heart—its love of liberty, its patriotism, religion and sympathy with persecuted heroism, and they vibrated only broken or discordant strains. But while thus neglected on the spot which it had clothed with the golden exhalations of poetry, and among the men whose forefathers it celebrates, it passed the Atlantic, and was greeted, by an English critic, as a poem in which “the magnanimity, benevolence and patriarchal piety of Williams, his solitary wanderings and perilous sojourn amongst the wild inhabitants of the forest—his heart-thrilling adventures—his hardships, toils and wrongs are so vividly set forth and mingled with such glowing descriptions of American scenery, Indian customs and manners, and accounts so instructive of their traditions as to render it one of the most enchanting productions in our language.”

In the *Eclectic Review* it was reviewed, with splendid encomiums,

by that deep-thinking essayist and critic, John Foster. After a close and masterly analysis, in which he was "detained at each stage of the progress by the striking singularity of the story," he says: "We do not pretend to have mastered the philosophical or critical theories which have attempted to define the nature of poetry, as distinct from other modes of intellectual production, which appear very congenial. We are well content when a composition has the substantial elements which all must acknowledge to constitute the essence of poetry. All these we think the present work possesses in a high degree."

"It was a daring proposition to the muse to go on an adventure over such a field. Her silken robes and delicate habits were likely to come to rough service among the wildest of forests and of men. The scene of action affords indeed a marked advantage in point of novelty; but to some tastes this advantage will be counterbalanced by the rugged, sombre, dreary, frowning character of this new region for the incursion of poetry. He who has been attempered to all the refinements, genuine or spurious, of cultivated society, or, in his studies, has been sojourning in classic bowers, in the company of nymphs 'of mortal or immortal mould,' softened in the luxuries of fine sentiments, enamored of elegance and grace, fastidious in every taste, will look about him with strange and shrinking sensations, when he finds himself among dark primeval forests, howling wolves, the smoke of wigwams and the yells of savages.

"There is an importance quite adequate to sustain a poetical structure on so large a scale, in the subject it commemorates, that is, the origination of an absolute religious freedom, springing up on the border of a then barbarous continent, clear of all contamination of hierarchical and secular institution, destined to advance and spread through all future ages. And the hero of this noble cause is worthy of his vocation. His soul is earnestly zealous for the principle; he is firm, patient, persisting, inflexible; trusting in God and ready to abide all contingencies; nevertheless, not of iron consistence, but subject to anxious, painful and tender emotions. His affectionate manner to his wife is such as is merited by so amiable an associate, whose less vigorous spirit suffers a hard conflict between pious resignation and the terrors of the adventure. The narration is perspicuous and consecutive, maintaining a close and natural connexion in the train of events. It is also in fact rapid, though it is not till on reflection how many particulars are told in a short space and in the fewest words, that the reader is aware of it. For there is a very singular cast of sobriety in the language, that leads us on through the changes

even where it relates matters of the strongest excitement, so much in contrast with the tumultuary, precipitate and sonorous diction, often assumed by poetic narration. There is often a sort of homeliness of phrase, with a slight tinge of quaintness, which does not put the reader in the mood for poetic perception; he does not seem to know that it is *poetic* feeling, while he goes on strongly interested by the strange scenes, situations and transactions.

“In the power of description the poet excels eminently. The wild aspect of nature, in both its permanent and changing phases; the gloom of a solemn desolation, with, nevertheless, the beauties that here and there sparkle with life, the ominous incidents, the situations of alarm or relief, the external signs of the passions, the appearance, manners and imposing spectacles of the savage tribes, are presented with a graphic reality, by combinations of expression discriminately selected in an ample command of language. We have noticed many instances of the happy introduction of small but characteristic circumstances, giving variety to the description, and evincing an intimate, vigilant observation of both material and moral phenomena.”

Yet the poem has defects as striking as its merits. The opening stanzas are said to be comparatively languid and spiritless—the intervention of a supernatural being needless and incredible, and should certainly not have been used if it requires a note to explain it; the interest is sometimes allowed to flag, and the rhymes and versification are often inaccurate. The author felt his faults and labored to remedy them. After its publication he interwove new stanzas, added a vivid episode in the third canto, was constantly retouching and enhancing its beauties, softening its roughness or fixing those fugitive graces of style, which, “like the crimson drops i’ the bottom of a cowslip,” though often unnoticed, are the seals of a finished and delicate workmanship.

In 1833, Mr. Durfee was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State; and two years after, upon the death of Judge Brayton and the resignation of Judge Eddy, was made Chief Justice. Amid many changes of parties, he held this office, by annual re-appointment, until the new Constitution changed its tenure. His last sickness stopped his pen in the midst of an unfinished opinion. As a judge, his known talents and integrity commanded the confidence of the people at large, while the dignity and courtesy of his manners conciliated the respect and friendship of the bar. He had studied Law as a treasury of legal principles and maxims—a logical development of the human reason evolved by the civil relations of men. His juridical was a modification of his metaphysical character. His charges to the Grand

Jury are essays upon the philosophy and ethics of the law, and his decisions only pleased him when attained by the same logical sequence as the conclusions of the *Panidea*. His advice to a young friend furnishes, probably, the key of his own practice. "First bring your case," said he, "within the sphere of some settled principle or maxim, and then reason it out, taking care never to conflict with common sense. It will be time enough, afterwards, to hunt up precedents and authorities to establish and illustrate your reasonings." But, though thus familiar with law as a system of principles, he was imperfectly versed in its details—its forms and applications to individual cases—and was too much enamored of other pursuits to give his days and nights to master all its technical and multifarious learning and endless ramifications.

But even on the bench he did not escape the uncongenial tumults of politics. In the insurgent movements of 1840 and '41, the court was exposed, unshielded, to the pitiless peltings of partizan and brutish passions. He had watched the gathering of the storm—perceived its revolutionary tendencies, and prepared to resist them. He saw the people inflamed by passionate harangues, processions, songs and mottoed banners—all the machinery of fanatical excitement successfully brought to bear upon a question of politics. The "People's Constitution" was declared the supreme law of the State. The friends of "Law and Order" stood doubtful of the issue—wavering—anxiously asking the course to be pursued. At this time, a letter, signed by some of the influential men of Providence, came to the members of the court, then at Warren, requesting their opinion of the legality of the "People's Constitution." To answer it, was to expose themselves a target to the shafts of unprincipled demagogues and agitators, and to the hatred of an infatuated people. There was little hesitation: a few lines, characterizing the movement as illegal, without law and against law, were returned, and published in the public papers. Public opinion was visibly agitated. The letter was followed by a lecture, delivered in several towns of the State, full of eloquent warnings, and breathing an exalted devotion to the true principles of regulated liberty. His efforts were seconded by other powerful speakers, and by the fervid and graceful appeals of the press. They impregnated with vital and energising thoughts the collapsing members of their party—gave it new consistency, courage, and definiteness of purpose. It rallied—the current was changed; and, though the perils were not yet passed, it became daily more evident that the citizens of Rhode Island still revered the insulted majesty of the Law. The next spring, he delivered

a charge to the Grand Jury, defining, with great clearness, the extent and limitations of popular sovereignty, the constitution of a State, and admonishing them of the issues of open rebellion. Afterwards, when the military force of the State was called out to suppress open insurrection, he offered his services in the field. He was a delegate to the convention to frame a new constitution; and finally, in the trial of Mr. Dorr, sealed, with a judicial sentence, his faith in "the great truth, that popular sovereignty can exist only in a legally organized people, and can act only through the forms of its organizations and in accordance with its constitution and laws."

While on the bench he produced nearly all his prose writings. In January, 1838, he delivered two lectures on Aboriginal history, before the Rhode Island Historical Society. In them, he narrates in language clear, glowing, sinewy, the main events of their subjection and extermination. As if imbued with the hereditary sympathies and resentments of the red man, he has given their chivalrous exploits a heightened coloring and historical completeness, redeeming the subject at once from the tediousness and distortions of the Pilgrim Annalists. The winter following, he delivered, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, a lecture upon the "Idea of the Supernatural among the Indians"—a fitting sequel to the two preceeding. It is pleasing and elegant, with at times a Wordsworthian loftiness of sentiment—philosophy and history illuminated with the chastened splendor of poetry.

But the great work of his life—the nucleus of his speculations through many years and the basis of his fame as a thinker—is the *Panidea*. Its publication and reception form a striking comment upon the intellectual character of the age. Its worth, originality and reach of thought were acknowledged; but the sublime mystery, how the Infinite One is involved everywhere in the finite many, seemed out of place and old-fashioned as the theme of a book, in this age of novels, periodicals, and light reading, when, like a grub, thought seems only spinning its own sepulchre. The book was deemed too abstruse to appear in a separate form, but a proposal was made that it should appear in some magazine, since a few extra copies might then be struck off at a slight expense. The author replied: "That old simile of the moth allured by the light to fly again and again into the blaze until it is consumed has its thousand-fold applications. The thought of having my treatise printed for private use induces me to address you again—not that I expect pecuniary gain—not that I anticipate fame, I should be content to forego either, but it seems to me that the work contains some ideas that would be of use to the world, and I feel unwilling to let them die on

my hands, without having their usefulness tested or their falsity shown." But the editor, to whom the book was submitted, found it too substantial, requiring too much reflection, for his columns. The author agreed, at last, to purchase two fifths of the work himself, and in 1846 the book appeared under the anonymous signature "Theoptes." But to most men its very title-page is a Gorgon's-head. They are sure that nothing but infidelity, mysticism, or transcendental puzzles can lurk under such hard names. The critics avoid it utterly. Its solid logic cannot be volatilized into a *popular* review, and such only do they feel themselves called upon to write. So does it fare with metaphysics in this nineteenth century—it does not blend and flow on with the general stream, but to men's fancies is a maelstrom, with vortices whirling and sucking its victims down fearful and bottomless deeps.

But, although the book is written with elaborate precision, it must be admitted that the objections to it are not without cause. Coleridge, speaking of an Essay by Charles Lamb, written upon a man who lived in past time, said that he once thought of adding to it an essay on a man who did not live in time at all, but one side of it, or collaterally. If such a person should fancy to write metaphysics, his system would perhaps result in a Panidea. Theoptes divests himself wholly of the relations of time and space, or rather, retiring entirely from the world of the senses, views them as they exist in the Pure Reason. But this is not all, he requires the reader to retire with him, and, in this empyrean of naked abstractions, to follow out his reasonings with scarcely a sensuous image to assist the apprehension of their logic. His metaphysics are more exacting than the purest mathematics, for in them the ideal conceptions may be symbolized and reasoned upon in lines and cyphers, but here, except by the "visual formula" (the first, perhaps in a series of symbols, yet to be invented, to give to metaphysics a mathematical certainty,) the mind is unaided by outward types. The consequence is that, even when the system is understood, it lies so far out of all ordinary experience that it requires an effort to realize the state of mind necessary to discuss it, and an effort of such sort that only scholars and thinkers will ever be likely to make it.

His oration on the influence of scientific discovery and invention on social and political progress, developes and illustrates some of the thoughts of the Panidea. He had originally devoted many pages in this work to an exposition of the philosophy of history and the law of progress. Among the fragments of this essay, the subject of this oration is thus spoken of: "In treating of social and political progress, I might be disposed to consider that progress merely in an

intellectual point of view, leaving out every moral and religious element, and then I might find the cause of that progress in the progress of science and art. I might trace the discoveries in science, and the inventions in art, to a law of suggestion derived from the supreme reason, and acting from generation to generation, and then show how those discoveries and inventions reflected their influence into all social and political institutions, and eventually controlled their action. But this would be a comparatively limited view—it would not embrace the whole man—however true in itself, it would be less than all the truth pertaining to humanity.” I quote this remark, because the deductions of this oration have been sometimes taken in a sense less qualified than the author seems to have intended.

His discourse on the Rhode-Island Idea of Government, delivered the winter previous to his death, is a special application of the *Panideal* philosophy to history, and shows how fruitful it is in beautiful thoughts. It traces the idea of “Soul-Liberty” from its first indistinct twinklings in the Middle Ages, as it struggled fitfully through the mists and shadows of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as it crossed the Atlantic with the little band of persecuted pilgrims, till at last it shone out in all its surpassing glory upon the wilderness home of Roger Williams. It shows its development here, and influence upon the State—its magnificent results and glorious destiny. It breathes his own fervent love of liberty, his exulting thankfulness at the mind’s escape from the vassalage of error into the freedom of a great and exalting truth, and his faith that the winding policies of man are ever ignorantly developing the order of Divine Providence.

He sometimes made use of a novel illustration of the manner in which a nation, notwithstanding the free activity of the individual, is impelled to fulfil the Divine purposes. “During a violent snow-storm, a flock of sheep belonging to a farmer on the small islands in the Vineyard Sound, moved in a mass across one of those bleak and exposed commons, into the ocean, and every one of the whole number was drowned. The manner in which it was done was as follows: The violence of the storm was such that they collected together in a mass for mutual shelter; but standing thus together, those behind, or on the windward side, were constantly passing around to the front or leeward side, and they thus gradually advanced toward the sea. Their owner in vain attempted to oppose their progress, he could but retard it, and the whole mass still moved on, until all were buried in the ocean. This rural incident is highly emblematical of a nation under the government of its predominant idea. The individuals of which it consists

in general, voluntarily act in accordance with its idea, and carry the nation forward to its destiny—some there may be who act adversely to it—nay, a whole generation may do so—but in so doing they do but retard it for a time, they are forced at last to obey the idea which is a law to the whole, and thus ultimately fulfil the nation's destiny."

He was still busied with these august speculations, and earnest in the discharge of his official duties, when an illness, from which at first no serious results were anticipated, put a period to his life. He had returned from a laborious session indisposed, and gradually grew worse. He was himself the first to predict a fatal termination, and resigned himself with cheerful composure. Death was to him no startling thought. He had already gazed into its abyss of awful secrets, and surrounded it with a beautiful philosophy. It was but to divest himself of his sensuous relations and live on amid eternal realities—to fold together the scroll of the material universe, and read, with purified vision, the wonderful Apocalypse of the Spirit. He gave his last instructions with affectionate concern, but as quietly as if he were merely to take a brief journey, and to the last conversed with his physician with his usual familiar and bantering manner. To a friend who expressed his sorrow at the event, he replied, "Yes, my disease is rapidly approaching the crisis, but to myself it matters little which way the balance turns, and I do not know that it does to others. I have done what I thought to be my duty." The next day, July 26, 1847, he ceased to breathe. He died in the undiminished vigor of his intellect, with a full confidence in the Divine Providence, and requested that his tombstone should be engraved with the Rhode Island coat of arms, and the inscription, "HIS TRUST WAS AND IS IN GOD."

In his person, Mr. Durfee was corpulent, of the middle height, with greyish eyes, a voice flexible and powerful, and a forehead and face marked with thought and reflecting the varying movements of his mind. Physically indolent almost to a proverb, he was in mind thoughtful, meditative, with seasons of great intellectual activity and never sunk in listlessness, for he knew that the passions of the soul, like Michael Scott's demon, though excellent servants while busied, became its destroyers when suffered to remain unemployed. In his manners he was simple, unpretending, with a Pythagorean love of silence; yet in his affable moods exchanged his thoughts with mirthful vivacity, while upon subjects of philosophy or politics he held his listener by the abundance of his ideas, the compass of his intellect and the vividness of his expression. He seldom sprinkled his conversation with personalities, was charitable to the follies and weaknesses of others

and gladly recognised susceptibilities of virtue in the wickedest of men. In the captivating accomplishments of social intercourse he was excelled by hundreds. Cloistered in his own choice thoughts, even amid the lively gossip of the crowded drawing room, its gaieties and dissipations vexed and pestered rather than amused him. He loved the true—the grand—the beautiful, humanity in its diviner attributes, and nature in her aspects of imposing grandeur or placid loveliness, rather than in her delicate pencilings on leaf and flower, and these tastes, too exclusively cultivated, added to his natural reserve, unfitted him for the agreeable trifling, the showy graces, and the festive hilarity of social life, while they led him to despise its fopperies, frivolities, gloss and heartlessness. To some his love of truth and justice may have seemed severe; but, if he evinced something of the stern spirit of the Roman censor, he yet possessed a heart that keenly felt for human sufferings and temptations, that melted with childlike tenderness even at the death of a sparrow, and flashed indignant scorn at cruelty in every shape. He had formed to himself a lofty ideal of humanity, “the abstract of the moral, intellectual, and physical perfections of all grades of society, the person divested of all adventitious qualities of time, place and circumstance, the individual who, through order and law has attained to that perfection of his nature, in which by acting in obedience to the dictates of the pure Reason he renders all other law inoperative and unnecessary,”—a conception never to be realized, but which could not fail to ennoble all his aspirations.

As a student, he read much, rather than many books. In oratory he loved the copious eloquence of Cicero and Burke, the luminous and impassioned logic of Demosthenes and Webster—the minds that penetrate to the marrow of a subject and unfold it from its inmost principles, or upon the fluctuations of human fortunes reflect the steady light of great ideas. In poetry his reading was so confined as to suggest a doubt whether he was so deeply enamored of his art as became a professor. But if his favorites were few they were well chosen. Homer, (Pope’s translation,) Virgil, Shakspeare, and Milton, those vast orbes of song,

“Whither, as to their fountains, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,”

he read with deep and repeated pleasure, and compensated for his exclusiveness by an appreciative attachment. In his historical studies he possessed that happy faculty of great minds, to seize almost intuitively those central facts, which, being rightly interpreted, constitute the philosophy of history. When composing his poem he read the history

of the New England Colonists, and studied their characters so carefully that—to use his own expression—“he could almost hear the old fellows talk.” But, with him, these studies subserved a still higher purpose. He sought in them the causes and the law of human progress, and aimed to blend the lights of history and metaphysics, saying that “the philosophy of the human mind may be studied on the grand scale of history as well as in the microscopic regions of our own breasts.” To ascertain the authors who contributed to the results of his system, and mark how, by accidental hints, the borrowed light of kindred minds and patient thinking, it grew from its rude embryo in the visual formula to its complete development, might be a curious and instructive task, but one which cannot now be accomplished. That he was early devoted to metaphysical studies is proved by many essays, setting forth his views, while still in a state of transition. His first guides were Locke, Hartley, Stewart and Brown, to the last of whom he was at one time very partial. But “he who is to follow philosophy must be a freeman in mind” is the maxim of an ancient sage. He must be the one-eyed Polyphemus of no sect or system. He must sit in willing discipleship at the feet of every teacher. He must make his mind a focus where rays from all objects of knowledge may meet and shed mutual illuminations. Such, at least, was Mr. Durfee’s creed. He found the philosophical tenets of Swedenbourg—to whom he is perhaps more indebted than to any other—the subtle speculations of Coleridge, and the searching eclecticism of Cousin, all fraught either with direct teaching or pregnant suggestions. He knew the German philosophers but slightly and only at second hand. Still his own mind was the main fountain of his speculations. He was forever revolving some philosophical question, and when he once began to consider an idea, it pursued, harassed and haunted him with a power which neither sleep nor labor could exorcise until he had viewed it in all phases and settled its doubtful points. It was, I think, when in Congress that he first began to speculate upon what he has termed “the visual formula”—an enigmatical expression of Sweedenbourg’s, “the Divine fill all things without space,” again directed his mind to the subject; truths dimly seen brightened as he watched them, and finally (thought after thought) the entire system was developed.

He was a politician of the old school of Democrats, or Republicans; though at the close of his life his sympathies were oftener with the Whigs. His political career was a conflict between his ambition and his taste. The aspirations and capacity of the statesman were continually opposed by the tranquil tastes and delicate sensibilities of the recluse.

He was divided against himself, and, as might be expected, grew weary of a pursuit which could gratify only one half of his nature. He disdained subterfuge and duplicity; he chafed at the surveillance of party; he was galled by its asperities and fervors; a sad experience taught him to value justly the calm delights of letters and philosophy. His introduction to Whatcheer is a picture drawn wholly from truth. As a philosopher he at length stood above parties, although he still kept up his old connexions. "The truth is," he writes, "a man may perform equal service to his country in either party, granting that the party must, from the nature of things, exist. A man honestly devoted to his country, or, what is the same thing, the great cause of truth, is useful every where. He imbues those with whom he is connected with something of his own character. I will cherish the desire of attaining this point of usefulness; and whilst doing this, if I see others who have already been pre-eminently successful, no matter where they are, my mind does them voluntary homage. I can freely say to them, go on and prosper to the full extent of every good purpose; if my situation in society forbids my co-operation, I can at least use my feeble efforts to mitigate the violence of opposition." He feared the tendencies of the popular elements of the government. The increasing excitement of elections were a source of ominous anxiety. He suggested a new scheme of election. "Let the mass," said he, "be resolved into sections of tens or twenties, and let each section vote for all, except municipal officers, by one unpledged and sworn elector, annually chosen, who, though he may listen to the arguments of those who chose to be advocates, touching the question which he is to decide, shall not himself act the part of advocate, but on the contrary shall make oath at the time he casts his vote, that he stands unpledged by word or deed to any party, and that he now votes with an exclusive view to the best interests of the country. If he falsifies his oath, let him be convicted of perjury, and forfeit his electoral right. The duties of such elector would be analogous to those of a judge or juror, in reference to the cause which he has sworn to decide truly. And surely the welfare of a whole people demand guaranties as solemn as those by which individual right is secured." He thought the country had less to fear from bad legislation upon finance, commerce, and internal improvement, than from the growing irreverence towards the constitution; when it stands in the way of a popular measure. The despotic power of the President, the immunity with which he tramples down the constitutional barriers, so long as the imaginations of the people are dazzled by magnificent or captivating projects, filled him with apprehen-

sions. "Nothing," he would often say, "remains of the government established in the time of Washington but the judiciary. We have undergone in the political sphere a revolution which the future historian will see and declare, but which there are few among us who now see, or if they do see, will acknowledge."

He was married in 1820, to Judith Borden, a daughter of Simeon Borden, and was the father of seven children. After his marriage he resided on a farm, the property of his wife. To agriculture he was always ardently attached. There is no other pursuit, he said, so well fitted to develop the whole man; to unfold, harmoniously, his mental, moral and physical being. His contemplative character found itself at home in this quiet and primitive employment. "Nature," says Plato, "is God's epistle to mankind," and farming fosters the closest intimacies with nature. Its processes suggest such thousand-fold correspondences and symbols of man's spiritual training, that the thoughtful mind must ever be attracted to it. He delighted to sit in front of his house by twilight, when the blending lights and beautiful colors of evening fell upon the earth; to watch the clear waters as they mirrored the long semi-ellipse of shaggy hills that skirt their margin; the living green of spring and the gorgeous mosaic of autumn; the ascending spirals of the hawk, wheeling up to the clouds; to listen to the low susurrus of the winds, the drowsy murmurs of insects and the vesper hymns of birds, and gradually harmonise his own spirit with the universal concert. At such times he repeated some favorite passage of poetry, or some stanzas of his own poem, with ever-varying intonation—rather as a richly modulated chant than a tame recitation. As, one by one, the stars blazed upon the dusky rim of the horizon, and impearled the firmament, his musings acquired a loftier rapture, a devouter spirituality, a more mystical inspiration, and, in the depths of his own being, he recognized the presence and the impulses of the Divine and Universal Spirit.

In closing these brief memoirs I need make no apology for the meagreness of the narrative to those who know how uneventful is the life of a scholar, and how little the subject of this sketch was given to merely personal reminiscences. His was an inner life, whose incidents are unchronicled, save in the silent growth of mind and character, and if these have been too indiscriminately portrayed, my near relation to him must plead my excuse; if too inadequately, his own works will afford a vindication.

WHATCHEER ;

OR,

ROGER WILLIAMS IN BANISHMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE REV. ROMEO ELTON,

PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES IN BROWN UNIVERSITY.

WHAT time, dear Elton, we were wont to rove
From classic Brown along fair Seekonk's vale,
And, in the murmurs of his storied cove,
Hear barbarous voices still our Founder hail;
E'en then my bosom with young rapture hove
To give to deathless verse the exile's tale;
And every ripple's moan, or breeze's sigh,
Brought back whole centuries as it murmured by.

But soon the transient dream of youth was gone,
And different labors to our lots were given:
You at the shrine of peace and glory shown;
Sublime your toils, for still your theme was Heaven—
I, upon life's tempestuous billows thrown—
A little bark before the tempest driven—
Strove for a time the surging tide to breast,
And up its rolling mountains sought for rest.

Wearied, at length, with the unceasing strife,
I gave my pinnace to the harbor's lee,
And left that ocean, still with tempests rife,
To mad ambition's heartless rivalry;
No longer venturing for exalted life,
(For storms and quicksands have no charms for me,)
I, in the listless labors of the swain,
Provoke no turmoil, and awake no pain.

To drive the team afield, and guide the plough,
Or lead the herds to graze the dewy mead,
Wakes not the glance of lynx-eyed rival now,
And makes no heart with disappointment bleed;
Once more I joy to see the rivers flow,
The lambkins sport, and brindled oxen feed,
And o'er the tranquil soul returns the dream,
Which once she cherished by fair Seekonk's stream.

INTRODUCTION.

And when stern winter breathes the chilling storm,
 And night comes down on earth in mantle hoar,
 I guide the herds and flocks to shelter warm,
 And sate their hunger from the gathered store;
 Then round the cottage hearth the circle form
 Of childhood lovelier than the vernal flower,
 Partake its harmless glee and prattle gay,
 And soothe my soul to tune the artless lay.

Thus were the numbers taught at first to flow,
 Scarce conscious that they bore a tale along—
 Beneath my hand still would the pages grow—
 They were not labor, but the joy of song—
 Still every line would unsung beauties show
 In Williams' soul, and still the strain prolong;
 'Till, all in rapture with the theme sublime,
 My thoughts spontaneous sought the embodying rhyme.

No man was he of heart with love confined—
 With blessings only for his bosom friend—
 His glowing soul embraced the human kind—
 He toiled and suffered for earth's farthest end.
 Touched by the truths of his unyielding mind,
 The human soul did her long bondage rend;
 Stern Persecution paused—blushed—dropped the rod—
 He strove like man, but conquered like a God.

And now, my Elton, as in hours of ease,
 With aimless joy I filled this frail balloon,
 So like blind impulse bids me trust the breeze,
 And soar on dancing winds to fate unknown;
 And be my lot whatever chance decrees—
 Let gales propitious gently waft me on,
 Or tempests dash far down oblivious night—
 Whate'er the goal, I tempt the heedless flight.

Twerton, R. I., September, 1832.

WATCHER.

CANTO FIRST.

[SCENES. The Fire-Side at Salem—The Wilderness—The Wigwam.]

I SING of trials stern, and sufferings great,
Which FATHER WILLIAMS in his exile bore,
That he the conscience-bound might liberate,
And her religious rights the soul restore ;
How, after flying persecution's hate,
And roving long by Narraganset's shore,
In lone Mooshausick's vale at last he sate,
And gave *soul-liberty her Guardian State.*

II.

He was a man of spirit true and bold ;
Feared not to speak his thoughts whate'er they were ;
His frame, though light, was of an iron mould,
And fitted well fatigue and change to bear ;
For God ordained that he should breast the cold
Of northern Wilderness in winter drear,
And of red savages protection pray
From Christians, but—more savage far than they.

III.

Midwinter reigned ; and Salem's infant town,
Where late were cleft the forests' skirts away,
Showed its low roofs, and from the thatching brown,
The sheeted ice sent back the sun's last ray ;
The school-boys left the slippery hillock's crown,
So keen the blast came o'er the eastern bay.
And the pale sun in vapors thick went down,
And the glassed forest cast a sombre frown.

IV.

The busy house-wife guarded well the door,
 That night, against the gathering winter storm—
 Did the rude walls of all the cot explore
 Where'er the snow-gust might a passage form ;
 And to the couch of age and childhood bore
 With anxious care the mantle thick and warm ;
 And then of fuel gathered ample store,
 And bade the blaze up the rude chimney roar.

V.

On this drear night was Williams seated by
 His blazing hearth, his family beside,
 And from his consort often burst the sigh,
 As still her task of needle-work she plied ;
 And, from the lashes of her azure eye,
 She often brushed the starting tear aside—
 At spring's approach they savage wilds must try :
 Such was the sentence of stern bigotry !

VI.

Beside the good-man lay his Bible's fair
 Broad open page upon the accustomed stand,
 And many a passage had he noted there,
 Of Israel wandering the wild wastes of sand,
 And each assurance had he marked with care,
 Made by Jehovah of the *promised land* ;
 And from the sacred page he learned to dare
 The exile's fate in wilderness afar.

VII.

Whilst pondered he the sacred volume o'er,
 And often told, to cheer his consort's breast,
 How, for their faith, the blest apostles bore
 The exile's wanderings and the dungeon's pest,
 A heavy foot approached his humble door,
 And open wide abrupt an entrance prest ;
 And lowered an elder not unknown before,
 Strong in a church ensphered in civil power.

IX.

"I come," he said in accents hard and stern,
 "The Governor and Council's word to bear :
 They are assembled, and with deep concern,
 Hear thou abusest their indulgence fair ;

Thy damned creed, with horror do they learn,
Still thou to teach thy visitors dost dare,
Who, smitten with thy sanctity, discern
Strange godliness in thee, and from us turn.

IX.

“Till Spring we gave; and thou wast not to teach
Thy sentenced faith to erring men the while:
But to depart, or, with submissive speech,
Regain the church and leave thy doctrines vile;
Of this injunction thou committest breach,
And Salem's church dost of her saints despoil:—
Plan, too, 'tis rumored by the mouth of each,
A State, where Antichrist himself may preach.

X.

“From such a State our blessed elders see
Christ's church, e'en here, may the infection share;
'Tis therefore that the Council now decree,
That to the wilderness thou shalt not fare;
But 'tis their mandate, hither sent by me,
That thou to Boston presently repair—
A ship there waits, now ready for the sea,
Homeward to bear thy heresy and thee.”

XI.

Williams replied, “Thy message is unkind—
I e'en perchance may think it something rude;
The snow falls fast and searching is the wind,
And wild the blast howls through the darkened wood.
The path to Boston too is somewhat blind,
Nor are my nerves now in their better mood—
My soul has seldom at her lot repined,
But to obedience now she's disinclined.

XII.

“A voyage to England, and to start this night,
And brave the ocean at this season drear!—
'Twould scanty give the hardy tar delight,
Much less my consort and these pledges dear.—
Go tell the council that we are not quite
In health to bear a trial so severe,
And that if yield we, 'tis to lawless might,
And not to their kind feelings or their right.”

XIII.

“Much do I grieve,” the elder then replied,
 “To bear this answer to the governor—
 ’Twill show that thou hast Church and State defied,
 And will I ween make not a little stir;
 And should a pinnacle, on the morn espied
 O’er yonder waters speeding, hither skirr,*
 With musketeers, and Underhill their guide,
 Be not surprised, but—Williams, quell thy pride!”

XIV.

This said, he turned, and hastily withdrew,
 And all save Williams left behind in tears;
 His wife, still fair, now lost her blooming hue,
 And nature yielded to her rising fears;
 A giddy whirling passed her senses through—
 She almost heard the blazing musketeers—
 And trembling to her couch she flew to sigh,
 And breathe such prayers as angels bear on high.

XV.

What could his firmness in this trying strait,
 By Church and State with allied might assailed!
 Should he forego the project of his state,
 And leave the fagot to his race entailed?—
 His hoped-for home in wilderness of late,
 At once heneath this blighting mandate failed,
 And in his prospect he beholds await
 The ready ship and ocean desolate.

XVI.

“O! for a friend,” still as he paced the floor,
 He often sighed, “now in my utmost need,
 Whose counsels might some hidden way explore,
 And give the glorious purpose to succeed;
 But closed this night is every cottage door—
 Yet there is one who is a friend indeed,
 Forever present to the meek and poor—
 I will thy counsels, mighty Lord, implore.”

XVII.

Here dropt the friend of conscience on his knees,
 And prayed, with hand and heart to Heaven upreared—
 “O, thou, that God who parted Egypt’s seas,

* *Skirr*, obsolete—to scud or move hastily; used by Byron and Fletcher.

And cloud or fire in Israel's van appeared,
 Send down thine angel now, if so it please,
 That forth from Church within the State ensphered
 He guide my steps, to where there yet may be
 A Church not ruled by men, but ruled by Thee."

XVIII.

Our Father ceased—The tempest roared around
 With double fury at this moment drear,
 The cottage trembled, and the very ground
 Seemed e'en to feel the element's career ;
 With ice and snow the window-panes were bound,
 Nor through their dimness could earth's robe appear,
 While still by fits its way the tempest found
 Down the rude chimney, with a roaring sound.

XIX.

As voice divine it did to Williams seem,
 He sate a space within himself retired,
 Then seemed to rouse as from a transient dream,
 Just as the lamp's last flickering ray expired ;
 Around the room is shed a quivering beam,
 Cast from the brands that on the hearth are fired ;
 The tempest lulls apace, until he seems
 To hear from neighboring woods the panther's screams.

XX.

"But what is this? a knocking at the door—
 Some way-lost wanderer seeks a shelter here ;
 On this dark night amid the tempest roar,
 Ah, wretched man, thy sufferings are severe !"
 He raised the bar that made the pass secure,
 And with the snow-gust from the darkness drear,
 A stranger entered, whose large garments bore
 No doubtful tokens of the tempest's power.

XXI.

Aged he seemed, and staff of length had he,
 Which well a holy pilgrim had become,
 But yet he sought, with solemn dignity
 And easy step, the centre of the room :
 Then by the glancing light could Williams see,
 His flowing beard, white as the lily's bloom—
 Age scored his temples, but still glancing free,
 As from the imprint of a century.

XXII.

His eye beamed youth ; and such a solemn mien,
 Blent with such majesty and graceful air,
 Our Founder deemed he ne'er before had seen
 In mortal form ; and at the offered chair
 The stranger gently shook his brow serene,
 And by the act revealed his long white hair,
 As fell the fleecy covering from it clean,
 Where down his shoulders hung its tresses sheen.

XXII.

And when he spake his voice was low and clear,
 But yet so deeply thrilling was its tone,
 The listening soul seemed rapt into a sphere
 Where angels speak in music of their own.
 "Williams," it said, "I come on message here,
 Of moment great to this blind age unknown,
 Thou must not dally, or the tempest fear,
 But fly at morn into the forest drear.

XXIV.

"Thou art to voyage an unexplored flood ;
 No chart is there thy lonely bark to steer ;
 Beneath her, rocks—around her, tempests rude—
 And persecution's billows in her rear,
 Shall shake thy soul till it is near subdued—
 But when the welcome of 'What cheer ! What cheer !'
 Shall greet thine ears from Indian multitude,
 Cast thou thine *Anchor* there, and *trust in God*."

XXV.

The stranger ceased, and gently past away,
 Though Williams kindly strove him to detain—
 "The night was dark, and wild the tempest's sway,
 And lone the desert," but 'twas all in vain—
 He only in soft accents seemed to say,
 "Williams, perchance I shall behold again
 Thee when thy day shall more auspicious be,
 When hope shall joy in hallowed victory."

XXVI.

The stranger past, and Williams, by the fire,
 Long mused on this mysterious event :
 Was it some seraph, robed in man's attire,
 Come down to urge and hallow his intent ?—

To counsel—kindle—and his breast inspire
With words fired with prophetic sentiment?
Or had he dreamed—and had his fancy clear,
Drawn in his mind the vision of this seer?

XXVII.

'Twas strange—mysterious! Yet, if dream it were,
'Twas such as prophets old had often known,
When Jacob saw the heaven-ascending stair,
And Joseph hoarded for the dearth foreshown.
Ah! did the Omniscient hear his earnest prayer,
And did e'en Heaven the glorious project own!
Then would he by the morrow's light repair,
The voice obeying, to the wilds afar.

XXVIII.

He sought for rest, but feverous was the plight
Of Williams then for slumber calm, I trow;
Still mused he on the toils of morrow's flight,
Through unknown wilderness and wastes of snow;
How to elude the persecutor's sight,
Or shun the following quest of eager foe,
Tasked his invention with no labor light—
And long, and slow, and lagging past the night.

XXIX.

And if by fits came intervening sleep,
Through deserts wild and rugged roved his soul,
Here rose the rock—there sunk the headlong steep,
And fiercely round him seemed the storm to howl;
Whilst from the sheltered glen his foes would peep,
With taunts and jeers, and with revilings foul,
Scoff at his efforts; and their clamors deep
Came mingled with that awful tempest's sweep.

XXX.

Morn came at last; and by the dawning day,
Our Founder rose his secret flight to take;
His wife and infant still in slumber lay—
O! shall he now that blissful slumber break?
Yes! he is one who deems that trials may,
Within the mind, its mightier powers awake,
And that the storms, which gloom the pilgrim's way,
Prepare the soul for her eternal day.

XXXI.

“ Mary !” (she woke) “ prepare the meet attire,
 My pocket-compass and my mantle strong,
 My flint and steel to yield the needful fire—
 Food for a week, if that be not too long ;
 My hatchet too—its service I require
 To clip my fuel desert wilds among ;
 With these I go to found, in forests drear,
 A State where none shall persecution fear.”

XXXII.

“ What ! goest thou, Roger, in this chilling storm ?
 Wait ! wait at least until its rage is o'er—
 Its wrath will bar e'en persecution's arm
 From thee and me until it fails to roar—
 O ! what protecting hand will shield from harm
 Thee by dark night ; and where the friendly door
 To give thee refuge at the dire alarm
 Of hungry wolves, and beasts in human form !”

XXXIII.

“ Cease, cease, my Mary ; thou dost e'en complain
 That Heaven doth kindly interpose to save—
 Doth wing this tempest's fury to restrain
 The quest of foes, and prompt my soul to brave
 The desert's perils, that I may maintain
 The conscience free, 'gainst those who would enslave—
 Wait till the storm shall cease to sweep the plain,
 And we are doomed to cross yon heaving main.”

XXXIV.

No more he said, for she in silence went,
 From place to place until her task was o'er ;
 Williams, the whilst, the fleeting moments spent
 To scrawl a message to delay the more—
 Aye, to beguile the beagles on the scent,
 Till he had gained the distant wilds secure—
 And hope, perchance, still vain illusions lent,
 Friendship might plead, and bigotry relent.

XXXV.

Then he to Heaven his weeping spouse commends—
 Implores its blessing on his purpose bold ;
 Salem still sleeps, and forth our Founder wends,
 To breast the driving storm and chilling cold ;

Whilst the lone mother from the window sends
A glance that all her heaving bosom told—
Dimly she marks him as his course he bends
O'er the white fields, and toward the woods extends.

XXXVI.

To show him parting, to the light she rears
His child, unconscious yet of human wo,
And oft its guileless silver voice she hears,
“O! where goes father, through the driving snow?”
The tender accents start the mother's tears,
“He does, my child, to the wild red men go,
To seek protection from hard brethren here,
For thee and me, and all to him that's dear.”

XXXVII.

So forth he ventured—even like the dove
Which earliest left the angel-guarded ark;
On weary pinions hovered she above
The vast of waters, heaving wild and dark,
Over waste realms of death, whilst still she strove
Some peak emergent from the flood to mark,
Where she might rest above the billows' sweep,
And build a stormy home 'mid that unquiet deep.

XXXVIII.

In boundless forests now our Founder trod,
And southwest far his doubtful course he took;
The lofty pines and cedars round him nod—
Loud roars the tempest through the leafless oak;
Deep lies the snow upon the frozen sod,
And still the storm's descending torrents choke
The Heavens above; and only fancy could,
So dim the view, conceive the solitude

XXXIX.

Of the wide forests that before him lay:
His ever steady onward pace alone
Told that from home he lengthened yet his way,
Whilst the same forms—the same drear hollow moan,
Seemed lingering around him yet to stay,
And every step of progress to disown;
As with all sail the bark the current may
Labor against, whilst still its downward sway

XL.

Impedes her course, and makes all labor vain.

So to our Father seemed his journeying now ;
Yet still he toiled—and still did he sustain

The same firm spirit.—Think ye he would bow,
Or yield to sufferings of corporeal pain,

Whom God had summoned from the Tempter's slough
To throne Soul-Liberty, and to maintain
Her standard firm on fair Mooshausick's plain !

XLI.

Above his head the branches writhe and bend,

Or in the mingled wreck their ruin flies—
The storm redoubles, and the whirlwinds blend
The rising snow-drift with descending skies ;
And oft the crags a friendly shelter lend

His breathless bosom, and his sightless eyes ;
But, when the transient gust its fury spends,
He through the storm again upon his journey wends.

XLII.

Still truly does his course the magnet keep—

No toils fatigue him, and no fears appal ;
Oft turns he at the glimpse of swampy deep,
Or thicket dense, or crag abrupt and tall,
Or backward treads to shun the headlong steep,
Or pass above the tumbling waterfall ;
Yet still he joys whene'er the torrent's leap,
Or crag abrupt, or thicket dense, or swamp's far sweep

XLIII.

Assures him progress,—From gray morn till noon—

Hour after hour—from that drear noon until
The evening's gathering darkness had begun
To clothe with deeper glooms the vale and hill,
Sire Williams journeyed in the forest lone ;

And then night's thickening shades began to fill
His soul with doubt—for shelter had he none—
And all the out-stretched waste was clad with one

XLIV.

Vast mantle hoar. And he began to hear,

At times, the fox's bark, and the fierce howl
Of wolf, sometimes afar—sometimes so near,
That in the very glen they seemed to prowl

Where now he, wearied, paused—and then his ear
Started to note some shaggy monster's growl,
That from his snow-clad, rocky den did peer,
Shrunk with gaunt famine in that tempest drear,

XLV.

And scenting human blood—yea, and so nigh,
Thrice did our northern tiger seem to come,
He thought he heard the fagots crackling by,
And saw, through driven snow and twilight gloom,
Peer from the thickets his fierce burning eye,
Scanning his destined prey, and through the broom,
Thrice stealing on his ears, the whining cry
Swelled by degrees above the tempest high.

XLVI.

Wayworn he stood—and fast that stormy night
Was gathering round him over hill and dale—
He glanced around, and by the lingering light
Found he had paused within a narrow vale;
On either hand a snow-clad rocky height
Ascended high, a shelter from the gale,
Whilst deep between them, in thick glooms bedight,
A swampy dingle caught the wanderer's sight.

XLVII.

Through the white billows thither did he wade,
And deep within its solemn bosom trod;
There on the snow his oft repeated tread
Hardened a flooring for his night's abode;
All there was calm, for the thick branches made
A screen above, and round him closely stood
The trunks of cedars, and of pines arrayed
To the rude tempest, a firm barricade.

XLVIII.

And now his hatchet, with resounding stroke,
Hewed down the boscage that around him rose,
And the dry pine of brittle branches broke,
To yield him fuel for the night's repose:
The gathered heap an ample store bespoke—
He smites the steel—the tinder brightly glows,
And the fired match the kindled flame awoke,
And light upon night's seated darkness broke.

XLIX.

High branched the pines, and far the colonnade
 Of tapering trunks stood glimmering through the glen ;
 Then joyed our Father in this lonely glade,
 So far from haunts of persecuting men,
 That he might break of honesty the bread,
 And blessings crave in his own way again—
 Of the piled brush a seat and board he made,
 Spread his plain fare, and piously he prayed.

L.

“Father of mercies ! thou the wanderer’s guide,
 In this dire storm along the howling waste,
 Thanks for the shelter thou dost here provide,
 Thanks for the mercies of the day that’s past ;
 Thanks for the frugal fare thou hast supplied ;
 And O ! may still thy tender mercies last ;
 And may thy light on every falsehood shine,
 Till man’s freed spirit own no law save thine !

LI.

“Grant that thy humble instrument still shun
 His persecutors in their eager quest ;
 Grant the asylum yet to be begun,
 To persecution’s exiles yield a rest ;
 Let ages after ages take the boon,
 And in soul-liberty fore’er be blest—
 Grant that I live until this task be done,
 And then, O Lord ! receive me as thine own !”

LII.

Our father ceased, and with keen relish he
 Refreshed his wearied frame in that lone dell ;
 Ah ! little can his far posterity
 Conceive the pleasures of that frugal meal ;
 For naught he knew of pampered luxury,
 And toil and fast had done their office well,
 And not the dainties brought o’er India’s seas
 Or wrung from sweat of modern slavery,

LIII.

Are now so sweet as was his simple fare.
 His banquet past, he would have sought repose ;
 But at the kindling blaze, heard wide and far,
 The howlings drear of forest monsters rose ;

And, lured around him by the vivid glare,
Came darkling with light foot along the snows
Whole packs of wolves, from their far mountain lair,
And the fierce cat, which scarce the blaze might scare.

LIV.

Growling they come, and in dark groups they stand,
Show the white fang, and roll the brightening eye;
Till urged by famine's rage, the shaggy band
Seemed e'en the flame's bright terrors to defy—
Then 'mid the group he hurled the blazing brand;
Swift they disperse, and raise the scattered cry;
But, rallying, soon back to the siege they came,
And scarce their rage paused at the mounting flame.

LV.

Yet Williams deemed that persecution took
A form in them less odious than in men;
He on their dreary solitude had broke—
Ay, and had trespassed on their native glen;
His human shape they scanty too might brook;
For it had been an enemy to them;
But bigot man did into conscience look,
And for the secret thought his brother struck.

LVI.

Oft he recruited now the sinking blaze—
His stock of fuel seemed too scant to last;
And, in the terror of the glittering rays,
Was now the anchor of his safety cast;
With utmost reach the boscage did he raze,
Or clipt the branches overhead that past;
And still the burning pyre at times would raise,
Or hurl the flame at the fierce monster's gaze.

LVII.

At length the groups a panic seemed to seize,
And soon he knew the terrifying cause;
For swelling slowly 'neath the arching trees,
Trilled the long whine the dreadful panther draws;
A sound that might the boldest bosom freeze—
'Twas followed by a drear and awful pause—
Naught marred the silence save the murmuring breeze,
And the far storm, like roar of distant seas.

LVIII.

Of all the monsters of the dreary wood,
 None did the hunter dread like panther dire,
 For man and beast he fearlessly pursued—
 Whilst others shunned, he was allured by fire;
 And Williams knew how perilous his mood,
 And braced his nerves to meet the monster's ire;
 Still by the rising blaze he firmly stood,
 And every avenue of danger viewed.

LIX.

In God he trusted for deliverance—
 He thought of Daniel in the lion's den—
 He waited silent for the fierce advance—
 He heard the fagots break along the glen—
 Another long-drawn yell, and the fierce glance
 Of two bright burning eye-balls looking then
 Out from the darkness, seemed e'en to enhance
 The mortal terrors of the sure mischance.

LX.

But at this moment from the darkness broke
 A human voice, in Narraganset's tongue;
 "Neemat!" (my brother) in kind tone it spoke,
 "How comes Awanux these drear wilds among?"
 And at the accents the dark thickets shook,
 And from them lightly the red hunter sprung,
 And from his belt familiarly he took
 And fired his calumet, and curled its smoke.

LXI.

Then to our Founder passed the simple cheer,
 In sign of friendship to a wandering man,
 "Let not," he said, "my brother quake with fear,
 'Twas *Waban's* cry at which the monsters ran."
 Williams received the pledge of faith sincere;
 Yet warily his guest began to scan.
 Tall did his strait and active form appear,
 And armed but with the hunter's simple gear.

LXII.

The bear's dark fur loose o'er his shoulders cast,
 His hand did only at the breast confine,
 The wampum wreath, which round his forehead past,
 Did with the flame's reflected brightness shine;

The beaver's girdle closely swathed his waist ;
Its skirts hung low, all trimm'd with 'broidery fine ;
The well-formed ankles the close gaiters bound,
With furs befringed, and starred with tinsel round.

LXIII.

Nature's kind feelings did his visage grace ;
His gently arching brow was shorn all bare,
And the slight smile now vanished from his face,
Left the full trace of serious goodness there.
Though bright his eyes flashed 'neath the forehead's base,
They rather seem'd to smile than fiercely glare,
And the free dignity of *Waban's* race
Seemed moving in his limbs and breathing from his face.

LXIV.

Williams the pledge of friendship now returned,
And courteous thanks to the red hunter gave :
" From the Great Spirit sure my brother learned
His brother's danger, when he came to save."
" Waban," he answered, " from his lodge discerned
A stranger's fire, and heard the monsters rave—
Waban has long within these wilds sojourned ;
But ne'er before has pale Awanux burned

LXV.

" His fire within this far sequestered glade.
Wanders my brother from his homeward way ?
The storm is thick, he surely may have strayed—
Or has he hunted through the weary day
The rapid moose ; or has he come to lay
The subtle snare beneath this lonely shade,
To trap the deer, or artfully essay
To catch the wily beavers, who have made
Their cunning wigwams in the river's bed ?"

LXVI.

" 'Twere hard to tell my brother of the woods
What cause has forced his pale-faced brother here,
The red and white men have their different modes,
And scant is Narraganset's tongue, I fear,
In fitting terms to teach my brother's ear
The themes of strife among white multitudes—
Themes yet unknown within these forests drear,

Where undisturbed ye worship various gods,
And persecution leave to white abodes.

LXVII.

“ Let it suffice, (for weary is the night,)
That late across the mighty lake I came,
Seeking protection here of brethren white,
From those pale chiefs who had, with scourge and flame,
Driven them, as me, on long and dangerous flight
Over the waves.—Our wrongs were thus the same :
God had we worshipped as to us seemed right,
And roused the vengeance of our men of might.

LXVIII.

“ My brethren, then, had persecution fled,
And much I hoped with them a home to find ;
But to our common God whene'er we prayed,
My worship seemed ill-suited to their mind ;
It differed greatly from their own, they said ;
Their anger kindled, and, with speech unkind,
They drove me from my family and shed,
To rove an exile in this tempest dread.

LXIX.

“ And now, my brother, through the wilds I go,
To seek some far—some lone sequestered glen—
Where never shall the flame of fagot glow,
Kindled by wrath of persecuting men ;
Where all may worship, as their gods they know,
Or lights the conscience the believer's ken,
Where ages after ages still may bow,
And from free hearts free orisons may flow.”

LXX.

Waban a space mused on our Founder's tale ;
Silent he sate in meditative mood,
For much he wondered why his brothers pale
For different worship sought their kindred's blood.
At last he deemed, they little understood
That the Great Spirit was a father kind,
Or thought that Chepian* was perchance their god,
Who to all deeds of goodness disinclined,
Joyed only in the fell and cruel mind.

* The name of the Indian devil.

LXXI.

Then blended pity with his wonder grew ;
 Here was the victim of that evil one,
 Who from the demon's angry servants flew
 To seek a shelter in the forest lone.
 "Brother," he said, "thy brother's mused upon
 The tales thou tellest of thy kindred's ire,
 And much it grieves him thou art forced to shun
 Thy well-framed wigwam—thy familiar fire,
 And sleep in wilds afar amid this tempest dire.

LXXII.

"Hear, brother, now, what Waban has to say :
 The night is cold, and fast the snows descend—
 Here round thy sleep will howl the beasts of pray,
 And scarce the flames will thy repose defend ;
 Will not my brother to my wigwam wend ?
 It smokes hard-by, deep in the sheltered glen ;
 There may my brother this drear season spend,
 And shun the wrath of Chepian's angry men,
 Until Sowaniu's breezes scatter flowers again.

LXXIII.

"Right welcome to the red man's lodge shall be
 His pale-faced brother, safe from Sachems pale ;
 Waban's nausamp and venison shall be free
 When hunger craves, and when his store shall fail
 His dart is true, and swift and far will he
 Pursue the bounding deer o'er hill and vale—
 When melts the snow we may together raise,
 On Seekonk's banks, our common field of maize."

LXIV.

Williams replied, "My brother sure is kind,
 But his red friends are doubtless with him here ;
 And they may show my kindred left behind,
 To track my footsteps through the forest drear—
 To journey homeward I have little mind ;
 My course is with the sun to wilds afar—
 There would I form, if granted the domain,
 A tribe which never should the soul enchain."

LXV.

"Alone is Waban," was the sad reply ;
 His wife and child have to that country gone

Where go our spirits when our bodies die,
 And left thy brother in his lodge alone :
 He goes by day to catch the beavers shy,
 And sits by night in his still house to moan,
 And much 'twould please him should the wanderer come,
 And tell him where the loved ones' spirits roam."

LXXVI.

"Brother, I thank thee—thou art kind indeed,"
 Our Founder said—"and with thee I will go ;
 Would that my brethren of the Christian creed
 Did half thy charity and goodness know !
 Waban, thou wilt thy brother's purpose speed,
 And all the boundaries of those countries show
 Which lie around famed Narraganset's bay,
 And name the chiefs, and count the tribes they sway."

LXXVII.

"Waban can do it"—was the answer quick—
 And Williams followed as the hunter led ;
 With blazing brands they moved through boscage thick ;
 The wolves around them gathered as they sped ;
 But Waban often raised the mimic shriek
 Of the fierce panther, and as oft they fled ;
 And now the path, descending swiftly steep,
 Led where the hunter dwelt in valley deep.

LXXVIII.

Then Williams noted, through the deepest night,
 The sparkles rising from the roof unseen,
 And, by the glancing of the fire-brand's light,
 Above him marked the thickening branches screen ;
 For denser here, and of a loftier height,
 The pines and cedars arched their sombre green ;
 Their still boughs bent beneath the burden hoar,
 And further off was heard the hollow tempest's roar.

LXXIX.

The undressed deerskin closed the entrance rude
 Of the frail mansion of our Founder's friend ;
 "Brother," said he, "this is my poor abode,
 But thou art welcome—it will thee defend
 From this cold storm," and as he spoke he showed
 The open pass. Beneath its arch they bend—

From 'mid the room the blazing fagots sent
The smoke and sparkles through the vault's low vent,

LXXX.

And, glancing round, did for the ceiling show
The braided mat of many colors made,
Veiled here and there, where, hanging in a row,
The beavers' hides their silvery coats displayed ;
And oft the antlers that once armed the brow
Of bounding buck, were round the room arrayed ;
And here and there the hunter's gear among
The dusky haunches of his venison hung.

LXXXI.

Hard-by the blazing hearth, raised from the ground
Three braided pallets, with their furs bespread,
Shewed where red Waban's family once found
The humble settle, and still humbler bed ;
But now, alas ! beneath their grassy mound,
Two of the three sat with the silent dead ;*
The wampum girdle, that his spouse once wore,
Gleamed on her garb of furs the settle o'er.

LXXXII.

Warm was the room, and plenteous was the cheer
Which generous Waban did our Founder bring ;
In trays the nocake,† and the joints of deer,
And in the gourd-shell water from the spring ;
And all the whilst he made our Founder hear,
How he had pierced the wild duck on the wing ;
How westward lately he the moose pursued,
Until he struck him far in lone Mooshausick's wood.

LXXXIII.

Slightly our Founder tasted the plain fare,
For toil and chill far more than hunger prest ;
This Waban noted, and with tender care,
The vacant pallet shewed, and urged him rest ;
Waban, he said, would still the fire repair,
And comfortable keep his pale-faced guest,
“ And may the Manitto of dreams,” he said,
“ The happiest visions on thy slumbers shed.

* The Indians bury their dead in a sitting posture.

† A corruption of the Indian Nokehick—parched meal.

LXXXIV.

“ Upon this pallet she was wont to lay
 Her active form, whose spirit now is gone ;
 And may that spirit to thy visions say
 Where now she dwells, and where my little son ;
 Whether on that blest island far away,
 O'er the blue hills beyond the setting sun,
 They with their kindred joy, or nearer home,
 Still lingering, wait until the father come.”

LXXXV.

Williams replied, that he would speak at morn
 Of that far journey which the spirit takes ;
 And name the Guide, who never soul forlorn,
 Whilst passing through death's gloomy night, forsakes.
 His brother, then, on fitting day in turn,
 Would name the bounds, by rivers, bays, and lakes,
 Of neighboring chiefs, and say what Sachems might
 His mission threaten, or its hopes invite.

LXXXVI.

Our Founder slept ; and on that night, I ween,
 Deep was the slumber of that pallet low,
 Calm were its dreams as was his breast serene—
 Such sleep can persecutors never know ;
 He slept, until the dawning light was seen
 Down through the dome to glance upon his brow ;
 Then Waban woke him to his simple cheer
 Of the pure fount, *nausamp*,* and savory deer.

* The word *samp* is a corruption of the Indian word *nausamp*, and has the same meaning.

CANTO SECOND.

[SCENES. The Wigwam—The Wilderness—Pawtucket Falls—Seekonk's Meads—
The Wigwam.]

It was the morning of a Sabbath day,
When Williams rose to Waban's simple cheer,
But where, knew not, save that vast forests lay
Betwixt his home and the lone wigwam here ;
Yet 'twas a place of peace, no thing of clay,
'Twixt God and conscience in communion near,
Came, with profane and impious control,
To check the heavenward wanderings of his soul.

II.

God loves the wilderness—in deserts lone,
Where all is silent—where no living thing
Mars the hushed solitudes—where Heaven looks down,
And Earth looks up, each as if marvelling
That aught should be ; and, through the vast unknown,
Thought-breathing silence seems as uttering
The present God—there does he rear his throne,
And, tranced in boundless thoughts, the soul doth own

III.

And feel his strength within.—This day, once more,
In place thus sacred, did our Founder keep ;
None, save the Deity he bent before,
Marked the devotions of his feelings deep—
None, do I say ? yet there was Waban poor ;
Alas ! his mind in utter night did sleep ;
He saw our Founder at his earnest prayer,
But knew not what his supplications were.

IV.

Yet earnestly the pious man besought,
That Heaven would deign to shed the Gospel light
On the kind pagan's breast, as yet untaught,
Save in the dreams of her primordial night ;

And much he prayed, that to the truth when brought,
 Cleansed of his sins, in garments pure and white,
 He might subdue the fierceness of his clan,
 And win man refuge from intolerant man.

v.

Williams the task angelic now essayed,
 To trance the wanderer in a worship new ;
 The tenfold darkness, that his soul arrayed,
 Concealed her workings from our Founder's view,
 Save when some question, rare and strange, betrayed,
 His dream-bewildered glimpses of the true.—
 Long was the task ; and Williams back began,
 At earth's creation and the fall of man.

vi.

He told how God from nothing formed the earth,
 And gave each being shape surpassing fair ;
 How He in Eden, at their happy birth,
 Placed with kind blessings the first human pair ;
 How, disobeying, they were driven forth,
 And they, and theirs, consigned to sad despair—
 Until the God incarnate pitying gave
 Himself for man, and made it just to save.

vii.

Then told he how the blessed martyrs bore
 The chains of dungeons, and the fagot's flame,
 Glad that their sufferings might attest the more
 To their full faith in their Redeemer's name ;
 How His disciples past from shore to shore,
 Salvation's joyful tidings to proclaim ;
 How hither now they brought the Gospel's light
 To cheer the red men, wrapt in pagan night.

viii.

Waban attentive heard our Founder's strain,
 And at its pause he long in silence sate ;
 A graver cast did o'er his visage reign,
 And all his heart's deep feelings indicate.
 At length he vented thus the mental train—
 " Weak is my soul, and dark is her estate !
 No book has she to tell of Manit high,
 Except this outstretched earth and starry sky.

IX.

“Great news Awanux brings the red men here—
News that doth far their legends old excel;
Yet give to Waban the attentive ear,
And the traditions of his sires he'll tell,
From days afar, down many a rolling year—
Down to thy brothers red—their fathers' tale
Comes to inform them in their mortal state
What powers they should revere or deprecate.”

X.

Here Waban paused, and, sitting, mused a space,
As pondering gravely on the mighty theme;
Deep thought was graven in his solemn face,
And dimly did his groping memory seem
Gathering the scattered legends of his race.
At length he roused, as from a passing dream,
And from his mat, majestically slow,
Reared his tall form, and thus began, in accents low:

XI.

“Brother, that time is distant—far away—
When Heaven or Earth, or living thing was not,
Save our great God, Cawtantowit, who lay
Extended through immensity, where naught
Save shoreless waters were—and dead were they—
No living thing did on their bosom float—
And silence all that boundless space did fill;
For the Great Spirit slept—and all was still.

XII.

“But though he slept, yet, as the human soul
To this small frame, his being did pervade
The universal space, and ruled the whole,
E'en as the soul, when in deep slumber laid,
Doth her wild fantasies and dreams control,
And giveth wild creation shape and shade
Just as she will'th. But the Great Spirit broke
His sleep at last, and all the boundless shook.

XIII.

“In a vast eagle's form embodied, He
Did o'er the deep on outstretched pinions spring;
Fire in his eye lit all immensity,
Whilst his majestically gliding wing

Trembled hoarse thunders to the shuddering sea;
 And, through their utmost limit quivering,
 The conscious waters felt their Manittoo,
 And life, at once, their deepest regions knew.

XIV.

“The mountain whale came spouting from below,
 The porpoise plunged along the foaming main,
 The smaller broods in sporting myriads go,
 With glancing backs, along the liquid plain;
 Yet still refused her giant form to show—
 Ay, sullenly below did yet remain
 Earth-bearing Tortoise, the *Unamis* vast,
 And o’er her back the lofty billows past.

XV.

“Then great Cawtantowit in his anger spoke,
 And from his flaming eyes the lightnings past,
 And from his wings the tenfold thunders broke.
 The sullen Tortoise heard his words at last—
 And slowly she her rocky grasp forsook,
 And her huge back of woods and mountains vast,
 From the far depths tow’rd upper light began
 Slowly to heave—the affrighted waters ran

XVI.

“Hither and thither, tumultuous and far—
 But still *Unamis*, heaving from below
 The full formed earth, first, through the waves did rear
 The fast sky-climbing Alleghany’s brow,
 Dark, vast and craggy—from its summits bare
 The rolling billows fell—and rising now,
 All its vast forest up the breezy air
 Came out of Ocean, and, from verdure fair,

XVII.

“Shed the salt showers. Far o’er the deep,
 Hills after hills still lift their clustered trees,
 Wild down the rising slopes the waters leap,
 Then from the up-surgings plain the ocean flees,
 Till lifted from the flood, in vale and steep,
 And rock, and forest waving to the breeze,
 Earth, on the Tortoise borne, frowned ocean o’er,
 And spurned the angry billows from her thundering shore

XVIII.

“ But great Cantantowit, on his pinions still,
 O'er the lone earth majestically sprung,
 And whispered to the mountain, vale and hill,
 And with new life the teeming regions rung;
 The feathered songsters tune their carols shrill,
 Herds upon herds the plain and mountain throng;
 In the still pools the cunning beavers toil,
 And the armed seseks* their strong folds uncoil.

XIX.

“ Yet man was not—then great Cantantowit spoke
 To the hard mountain crags and called for man.
 And sculptured, breathing, from the cleaving rock,
 Sprang the armed warrior, and a strife began
 With living things.—Hard as his native block,
 Was his stone heart, and through it ran
 Blood cold as ice—and the Great Spirit struck
 This cruel man, and him to atoms broke.

XX.

“ Then He the oak, of fibre hard and fine,
 With the first red man's soul and form endowed,
 And made he woman of the tapering pine,
 Which 'neath that oak in peaceful beauty bowed;
 She on the red man's bosom did recline,
 Like the bright rainbow on the thunder-cloud.
 And the Great Spirit saw his work divine,
 And on the first red pair shed smiles benign.

XXI.

“ He gave them all these forests far and near,
 The forms that fly, and those that creeping go,
 The healthful fountains, and the rivers clear,
 And all the broods that sport their waves below;
 Then gave he man the swiftness of the deer,
 And armed his hands with arrows and the bow,
 And bade him shelter still his consort dear,
 And tread his far domain without a peer.

XXII.

“ Then did he send Yotaanit on high,
 (For Gods he fashioned as he formed the land,)

* Seseek—rattlesnake.

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And bade him star with fires the azure sky,
 And kindle the round blaze of Keesuckquand ;
 And then, to cheer by night the hunter's eye,
 Bright Nanapaushat sprung from Wamponand ;
 Thus with his will the manittoos comply,
 And every region knows its deity.*

XXIII.

" All things were formed thus from materials good,
 And the foul refuse every evil had,
 But it had felt the influence of the God,
 (How should it not?) and a black demon, sad,
 Cruel and stern, and loving strife and blood,
 Filled with all malice, and with fury mad,
 Sprang into life—such was fell Chepian's birth,
 The hate of gods, and terror of the earth.

XXIV.

" Then to the south-west the Great Spirit flew,
 Whence the soft breezes of the summer come,
 And from the depths Sowaniu's† island drew,
 And bade its fields with lasting verdure bloom.
 O'er it he bent another welkin blue,
 Which never night, nor clouds, or tempests gloom,
 And kindred suns the lofty arches through,
 And bade them shine with glory ever new.

XXV.

" When great Cawtantowit thus had finished all,
 No more did he on eagle's pinions roam ;
 There did he limits to his works install,
 There centred he his everlasting home ;
 There did he cast the eagle, and recall
 His pristine shape, and manit-man become ;
 There still he dwells, the all-pervading soul
 Of men and manittoos—yea, of creation's whole.

XXVI.

" All that is good does from Cawtantowit flow,
 All that is bad does Chepian fell supply ;
 Praying for good we to Cawtantowit bow,
 And shunning evil we to Chepian cry ;

* See note.

† Sowaniu—used here as a word of three syllables, was written by R. Williams,
 " Sowwainiu."

To other manittoos we offerings owe,
 Dwell they in mountain, flood, or lofty sky;
 And oft they aid us when we hunting go,
 Or in fierce battle rushing on the foe.

XXVII.

“ And manitoos, that never death shall fear,
 Do too within this mortal form abide;
 What else, my brother, is it beating here?
 What heaves this breast—what rolls its crimson tide?
 Whilst, like Cawtantowit, does the soul appear
 To live through all and over all preside;
 And when her mortal mansion here decays,
 She to Sowania’s blessed island strays,

XXVIII.

“ There aye to joy; if, whilst she dwelt with men,
 She wisely counseled, and did bravely fight,
 Or watchful caught the beavers in the glen,
 Or nimbly followed the far moose’s flight;
 But, if a sluggard and a coward, then
 To rove all wretched in the glooms of night,
 Misled by Chepian, a poor wandering ghost
 ’Mong swamps, dens, fens, brakes, bogs, and brambles lost.

XXIX.

“ And now, my brother, rightly worship we,
 When to Cawtantowit mounts our zealous prayer;
 Or when of Chepian we, right earnestly,
 Entreat that us from every harm he spare?
 For every harm is all his own, we see,
 And good Cawtantowit has not e’en a share—
 Why should I not beseech that Chepian be
 Much sparing of his harm to mine and me?”

XXX.

Williams replied, “ When the red warriors brave
 The fight’s dark tempest, and for glory die,
 Trembles my brother whilst the battles rave,
 And at the glancing arrows winks his eye?
 Or, basely cowering, does he mercy crave
 Of the red hatchet o’er him lifted high?
 Who prays to Chepian is a trembling slave,
 And, dying, fills at last a coward’s grave.”

XXXI.

Strongly these words to Waban's pride appealed ;
 Yet back upon him did the memory rush
 Of by-gone ages, and of many a field,
 Where fought his fathers, who, with victory flush,
 Not to Cawtantowit, but to Chepian kneeled,
 And thanked his aid—They cowards ! and the blush,
 That in their worship fear should seem revealed,
 Was scanty by his tawny hue concealed.

XXXII.

At last he said, " My brother doubtless knows—
 He has a book which his Great Spirit wrote :
 Brave were my fathers, yet did they repose
 With hope in Chepian, and his aid besought
 When marched they forth to shed the blood of foes ;
 But they, perhaps, like Waban, never thought
 That they were cowards, when they fiercely prayed
 Chepian to give the work of vengeance aid.

XXXIII.

" Waban will think, and should it seem like fear—
 Waban ne'er shrunk when round him battle roared,
 And at the stake when bound, his torturers near,
 Among the clouds thy brother's spirit soared,
 And scorned her foes—but should it seem like fear
 To worship Chepian, whom his sires adored,
 No more will he be that dread demon's slave ;
 For ne'er will Waban fill a coward's grave."

XXXIV.

Thus in communion grave they passed the day,
 And night returning brought its slumbers sweet,
 And on the following morn the sun's broad ray
 Looked down serene on Waban's lone retreat.
 Williams might now have journeyed on his way,
 But doubt and darkness stayed the wanderer's feet ;
 Therefore, with Waban still he did delay,
 To scan the savage tribes that round him lay.

XXXV.

Hence may he secretly to Salem write,
 And friends approving, still his plans arrange ;
 For Waban soon will bear his peltry light
 To Salem's mart, where he may interchange

The mute epistles, meet for friendly sight,
 But which may still prompt bigotry's revenge,
 (If but their rumor reach unfriendly ear.)
 And point the persecutor's footsteps here.

XXXVI.

Among the savage tribes around to go,
 And sound the feelings of each different clan,
 Had fitting seemed, but little did he know
 How they might greet a pale-faced, outlawed man,
 Friendless and homeless, wandering to and fro,
 And flying from his own white chieftain's ban;
 They, for a price, might strike the fatal blow,
 Or bear him captive to his ruthless foe.

XXXVII.

Better it were, so deemed our Father well,
 To approach and win the savage by degrees,
 Since to his lot the dangerous duty fell,
 (For such it seems were Heaven's all-wise decrees,)
 To found a State, unarmed, where rung the yell
 Of barbarous nations, on the midnight breeze;
 Against the scalping-knife with no defence,
 Save in the heaven-wrought shield, his heart's benevolence.

XXXVIII.

This, this alone, his buckler and his brand—
 This, yet unproved and doubted by the best,
 In cheerless wilds, 'mid many a savage band,
 Spurned from his home, by Christian men opprest,
 Must glance the warrior's dart, unnerve his hand,
 And give him conquest in his rugged breast.
 The dreaded panther, by the feeble hare,
 Must be approached and soothed in his own mountain lair.

XXXIX.

That night, returning from the accustomed pool,
 Waban came laden with the beavers' spoils.
 And joy seemed dancing in his very soul
 As he displayed the fruits of his long toils;
 Much he rejoiced, and Williams heard the whole,
 How long he'd watched, and of his frequent foils;
 Then how the cunning beasts were captured all,
 As through the fractured ice they sought to crawl.

XL.

“Bravely,” said Williams, “has my brother done,
 No more the cunning wights will mock his skill
 Waban is rich; will he not journey soon
 To the pale wigwams, and his girdle fill
 With the bright wampum?—e’er to-morrow’s sun
 Shall hide behind the top of yonder hill,
 Waban may gain the pale-faced stranger’s town,
 And in his brother’s wigwam sit him down.”

XLI.

“The hunter goes,” said Waban in reply;
 Then fired his calumet and curled its smoke,
 And silent sat in all the dignity
 Which conscious worth can give the human look.
 When ceased to mount the fragrant clouds on high,
 He from the exhausted bowl the embers shook,
 Then spread on earth the brown deer’s rustling hide,
 Expanding to the eye its naked side,

XLII.

And thus he spake: “My brother doth require
 Waban to show where neighboring Sachems reign,
 Doubtless he seeks to light his council fire
 Within some valiant and good chief’s domain,
 That he may shun the persecutor’s ire,
 And pray his God without the fear of men.
 On Waban’s words my brother may repose,
 Whilst these far feet are printing distant snows.”

XLIII.

Then from the hearth a quenched brand he took,
 And on the skin traced many a curving line;
 Here rolled the river—there the winding brook—
 Here rose the hills, and there the vales decline—
 Here spreads the bay, and there the ocean broke
 Along red Waban’s map of rude design.
 The work now finished, he to Williams spoke,
 “Brother, here, on the red man’s country look.

XLIV.

“Here’s Waban’s lodge, thou seest it smokes between
 Dark rolling Seekonk and Cohannet’s wave;*

* The Indian name for the place where Taunton now is, was Cohannet, and : here applied to the river.

Both floods on-flowing through their borders green,
 In Narraganset's basin find their grave.
 O'er all the country 'twixt those waters sheen
 Reigns Massasoit, Sachem good and brave ;
 Yet he has subject Keenomps far and near,
 Who bring him tribute of the slaughtered deer,

XLV.

“ And bend his battle bow.—Strong is he now,
 But has been stronger—ere dark pestilence
 Devoured his warriors—laid its hundreds low,—
 That Sachem's war-whoop roused to his defence
 Three thousand bow-men ; and he still can show
 A mighty force, whene'er the stirring sense
 Of common wrong does in the bosom glow,
 And prompts to battle with the offending foe.

XLVI.

“ His highest chief is Corbitant the stern—
 He bears a fox's head and panther's heart,
 He 'gainst Awanux does in secret turn,
 Sharps his keen knife, and points his thirsty dart ;
 His council fires in Mattapoiset* burn,
 Of Pokanoket's woods, his licensed part.
 Cruel is he, and terrible his train—
 Light not your fires within that wolf's domain.

XLVII.

“ Here, tow'rd the winter, where the fountains feed
 These rolling rivers, do the Nipnets dwell ;
 They Massasoit bring the skin and bead,
 And rush to war when rings his battle yell ;
 Valiant are they, yet oft their children bleed,
 When the far West sends down her Maquas fell ;
 Warriors who hungry on their victims steal,
 And make of human flesh a dreadful meal.

XLVIII.

“ Here lies Namasket tow'rd the rising sun—
 There Massasoit spends his seasons cold—
 The warriors there are led by Annawan,
 Of open hand and of a bosom bold ;
 Here farther down, Cohannet's banks upon,
 Spreads broad Pocasset, strong Apannow's hold ;

* Mattapoiset, now Swansey.

The bowmen there tread Massasoit's land,
E'en to Seconnet's billow-beaten strand.

XLIX.

"Still tow'rd the rising sun might Waban show,
And count each tribe, and each brave keenomp name—
But then his brother's footsteps do not go
Toward the pale-face and the fagot's flame;
He looks toward the towahawk and bow,
And does the friendship of the red man claim:
Therefore will Waban, on the western shores,
Count Narraganset's men, and sagamores.

L.

"Two mighty chiefs—one cautious, wise and old,
One young and strong, and terrible in fight—
All Narraganset and Coweset hold;
One lodge they build, one council fire they light;
One sways in peace, and one in battle bold—
Five thousand warriors give their arrows flight—
This is Miantonomi, strong and brave,
And that Canonicus, his uncle grave.*

LI.

"Dark rolling Seekonk does their realm divide
From Pokanoket, Massasoit's reign,
Thence sweeping down the bay, their forests wide
Spread their dark foliage to the billowy main;
Thence tow'rd the setting sun, by ocean's side,
Stretches their realm, to where the rebel train,
Ruled by grim Uncas, with their hatchets dyed
In brother's blood, on Pequot stream abide.†

LII.

"Canonicus is as the beaver wise,
And M'antonomi as the panther bold;
But tow'rd the faces pale their watchful eyes
Are oft in awful thinking silence rolled;
And often in their heaving bosoms rise
Thoughts that their lips have none save Keenomps told
They seem two buffalos the herds that lead,
Scenting the hunters gathering round their mead.

* See note.

† See note.

LIII.

“ When first his fire Awanux kindled here,
 Haup’s* chief was weak, and broken was his heart ;
 Disease had swept his warriors far and near,
 And at his breast looked Narraganset’s dart ;
 Awanux gave him strength, and with strange fear
 Did M’antonomi at the big guns start ;
 He dropt his hatchet, but his hate remains,
 And naught save counsel wise his wrath restrains.

LIV.

“ He sees the strangers spreading far around,
 And earth turn pale as fast their numbers grow,
 And fiercely would he to the battle bound,
 And for his country strike the deadly blow ;
 But at his back the Pequot’s yells resound,
 And on his left the Nipnet bends the bow—
 And even thus his hatchet scarcely sleeps ;
 It dreams of Haup, and in its slumber leaps.

LV.

“ But, brother, still Miantonomi is
 A Sachem valiant—yea, and generous too,
 And gray Canonius is just and wise,
 His hands are ever to his tongue most true ;
 If from their lands my brother’s smoke should rise,
 Whate’er those Sachems say, that will they do ;
 But Waban still doth not his friend advise,
 To cross the Seekonk where their country lies—

LVI.

“ Brother attend, and hear the reasons why—
 There at Mooshausick dwells a dark pawaw,
 Who hates Awanux, doth his God defy,
 And worships Chepian with the deepest awe ;
 He’ll give my brother’s town a cloudy sky,
 And to his councils under-sachems draw ;
 E’en now he whets the Narraganset knife,
 Points at our clan, and thirsts for human life.

LVII.

“ Safer on Seekonk’s hither border may
 My brother build, and wake his council blaze ;

* Haup, or Mount Hope, the summer residence of Massasoit.

Clear are the meads—the trees are swept away
 By mighty burnings in our fathers' days.
 There early verdure springs, and flow'rets gay,
 Long grows the grass, and thrifty is the maize ;
 And good old Massasoit's sheltering wing
 Will shield thy weakness from each harmful thing."

LVIII.

"Brother, I thank thee," said our Founder here,
 "Oft have I seen thy chief on Plymouth's shore ;
 I will to-morrow seek those meadows clear,
 And thy fair Seekonk's hither banks explore.
 But will not Waban pass Namasket near,
 Where oft that wise and good old Sagamore,
 Brave Massasoit, spends the season drear ?"
 "He will, my brother"—"Then let Waban hear :

LIX.

"Tell thou that Sachem, generous and wise,
 That Williams lingers in thy cabin low,
 That he his children and his country flies,
 To shun the anger of a Christian foe ;
 And that to him his pale friend lifts his eyes,
 And asks protection.—Tell him that his wo
 Springs from this thought, and from this thought alone,
 God can be worshipped but as God is known."

LX.

A pause ensued, and Waban silent sate ;
 Yet to himself his lips repeating were ;
 At length he answering broke the pause sedate,
 "Waban remembers, and the talk will bear."
 Then he in silence fired his calumet,
 And gave its vapors to the wigwam's air,
 Whilst Williams wrote, with stationery rude,
 His first epistle from the lonely wood.

LXI.

'Twas on the inner bark stript from the pine,
 Our Father penciled this epistle rare ;
 Two blazing pine-knots did his torches shine,
 Two braided pallets formed his desk and chair ;
 He wrote his spouse the brief familiar line,
 How he had journeyed, and his roof now where ;

And that poor Waban was his host benign,
And bade her cheer and give him blankets fine.

LXII.

Then bade her send the Indian presents bought,
When first they suffered persecution's thrall—
The strings of wampum, and the scarlet coat,
The tinseled belt and jeweled coronal;
The pocket Bible, which his haste forgot,
For he had cheering hopes of Waban's soul;
Then gave her solace, to the bad unknown,
That God o'errules and still protects his own.

LXIII.

And, to the hunter, Williams now presents
The secret charge, with all directions meet;
For Waban means to urge his journey hence
Ere dawns the day upon his lone retreat;
And then again did slumber steel the sense,
And nought our Founder knew, till morn complete;
Then roused, and found his generous host was gone,
The lodge all silent, and himself alone.

LXIV.

His fast he broke with the accustomed prayer,
And trimmed him for his walk to Seekonk's side;
Calm was the morn, and pure the winter's air,
As from the wigwam forth our Founder hied;
Tall rose the pines—so thick the branches were,
That, through their screens, scarce were the heavens espied;
But melting snows and dripping foliage prove
That the warm south sweeps boundless fields above.

LXV.

Now from the swamp to upland woods he past,
Where leafless boughs branched thinner over head,
And saw the welkin not a cloud o'ercast,
And felt the settled snows give firmer tread.
Calm now was all, no wild and thundering blast
Mixed earth with heaven, as through the boughs it sped;
And far as eye the boundless forest traced,
Glimmered the lifeless snows, and stretched the lonely waste.

LXVI.

Onward he sped, the magnet still his guide,
And westward straight his course through forest took;

Across his path, with antlers branching wide,
 The bounding deer oft from the thicket broke;
 The timid partridge, at his rapid stride,
 On thundering wings the sheltering bush forsook,
 And the wild turkey foot and pinion plied,
 Or from her lofty boughs uncouthly cried.

LXVII.

At last a sound like murmurs from the shore
 Of far-off ocean, when the storm is bound,
 Grows on his ear, and still increases more
 As he advances, till the woods resound,
 And seem to tremble with the constant roar
 Of many waters.—Ay, the very ground
 Begins to shake—when, 'neath the arching trees,
 Bright glimmering, and fast gliding down, he sees

LXVIII.

Broad rushing waters—to their dizzy steep
 Hither they come—thence, glimmering far as sight
 Up 'twixt the groves can trace their coming, sweep—
 Here, from the precipice all frothy white,
 Uttering an earthquake in their headlong leap,
 And flinging sunbows o'er their showery flight,
 And bursting wild, down, down, all foam they go
 To the dark gulf, and smoke and boil below.

LXIX.

Thence, hurrying onward through the narrow bound
 Of banks precipitous, they murmuring go,
 Till by the jutting cliffs half wheeling round,
 They leave the view among the hills below.
 There paused our Father, ravished with the sound
 Of the wild waters, and their rapid flow,
 And there, all lonely, joyed that he had found
 Thy Falls, Pawtucket, and where Seekonk wound.

LXX.

And as he dallied on its margin still,
 His thoughts a space did on the future pause—
 Here might his children drive the busy mill,
 Here whirl the stones, here clash the riving saws;
 But little thought he that wild torrent's will
 Would e'er so far comply with human laws,

As from the maid the spindle to receive,
And learn to spin, and her fair garments weave.

LXXI.

Now, from the scene, reluctantly he past,
And wandering down the eastern banks he sped,
Seeking for Waban's meads—yet oft he cast
The searching glance across the river's bed,
Where towered the giant groves of keel and mast,
That soon should cleave the stormy billow's head;
Though now, as on creation's morn, they stand,
As if still listening to their God's command.

LXXII.

Still on the eastern bank our Founder sped—
Here stretched the thicket deep, there swampy fen—
Here sunk the vale, there rose the hillock's head—
Oaks crowned the mound, and cedars gloomed the glen,
Where'er he moved—at length his footsteps led
Where a bright fountain, sparkling like a gem,
Burst from the caverned cliff, and, glittering, wound
Its copious streamlet, with a murmuring sound,

LXXIII.

Far down the glade; and groves of cedars green,
With woven branches on the winter side,
Repelled the northern storm, whilst clear and sheen,
Crisped by its pebbly bed, the glancing tide
Gleamed in the sun, or darkened where the screen:
Of boughs o'erhung its music murmuring glide—
It laughed along, and its broad southern glade
Was compassed far by the dense forest shade.

LXXIV.

Charmed with the scene, our sire explored the place,
And penetrated far the thickets round;
At length his vision opened on a space
Level and broad, and stretching without bound
Far tow'rd the south; nor rose o'er all its face
A tree, or shrub, or rock, or swelling mound;
Yet, in large herds, far o'er the snows appear,
With antic gambols, the far bounding deer;

LXXV.

And, further down, the Narraganset flood,
Ne'er ploughed by keel, outstretched its fretted blue,

With isles begem'd, fringed by the hazy wood
 Of far Coweset, meets our Founder's view ;
 So long had he 'neath shady forests trod,
 That when this prospect on his vision grew,
 His soul as from a prison seemed to flee,
 And on the wings of thought range an immensity.

LXXVI.

Raptured he pasued—here then was Waban's mead ;
 In yonder little glen, the fountain by,
 He'd rear his shelter—here his flocks should feed,
 And graze these meadows 'neath the summer sky ;
 There by his cot he'd sow the foodful seed,
 And round his garden raise a paling high ;
 Here, by the dusky eve, should herds be seen,
 Led by the tinkling bell from meadows green.

LXXVII.

Ay, here, in fancy, did he almost see
 A lovely hamlet in the future blest,
 Where Christians all might in one thing agree,
 To leave their God to judge the human breast ;
 It seemed a refuge whither oft might flee
 The hapless exile for his faith opprest,
 And here to find his late bound conscience free,
 And for the scourge and gibbet—charity.

LXXVIII.

He thought he saw the various spires ascending
 Of many churches, all of different kind,
 And heard the Sabbath bells harmonious blending
 Tones speaking creeds that moved the various mind ;
 And saw the crowds still as harmonious wending
 To several worships, as their faith inclined ;
 And felt that Deity might bend the ear,
 From human nature's various chords to hear

LXXIX.

Harmonious worship rise.* From thoughts like these
 Our Founder past, to meditate the day
 When o'er that plain, curled on the morning breeze,
 The smoke should rise from many a cottage gay,

* This may not imply that all doctrines are equally true, but simply that the
 may be a degree of truth in each.

Embosomed in its groves of cherry trees,
Where robins blithe should wake the roundelay ;
Whilst through the fields should grazing herds be seen,
And mowers whetting scythes in meadows green.

LXXX.

But still a cloud across his mind there came—
A doubt that seemed like superstitious fear—
No Indian throng was here with loud acclaim
To give the welcome of Whatcheer ! Whatcheer !
Till then he should be tossed—so did proclaim
That nameless stranger—that mysterious seer ;
But from Haup's Sachem he a grant would gain—
Such were best welcome from his subject train.

LXXXI.

Full of this thought, he turned at closing day,
And gained the humble lodge as night came down .
And scarcely could he brook the short delay,
Till Waban, coming from the white man's town,
Brought from Namasket, where that Sachem lay,
The cheering welcome, or the blasting frown ;
For then, Soul-Liberty, thou wert so poor
As e'en to build thine hopes on that rude sagamore.

CANTO THIRD.

[SCENES. The Wigwam—Massasoit and other Chiefs—The Wilderness—A Night in the Wilderness—The Narraganset or Coweset Country—Coweset Height.]

No pain is keener to the ardent mind,
Filled with sublime and glorious intents,
Than when stern judgment checks the impulse blind,
And bids to watch the pace of slow events,
To time the action—for it seems to bind
The etherial soul upon a fire intense,
Lit by herself within the kindling breast,
Prompting to action whilst she chains to rest.

II.

Two nights had passed, and Waban dallied still;
Williams began to doubt the red man's faith;
Quick was his foot o'er forest, vale, and hill,
His changeless eye still governing his path.
Why does he tarry? and the doubts instil
Unjust suspicions of awak'ning wrath
Against his purpose in the savage clan,
Whose fears e'en then on future dangers ran.

III.

But, on the following morn, whilst Williams mused,
Still questioning the hunter's long delay,
The hut's rude entrance, by the deer-skin closed,
Apruptly opened, and a warrior gay
Glided within. And to the sight unused,
Of Keenomp trimmed as for the battle fray,
Williams recoiled—and gazed, with fixed surprise,
On the fierce savage and his fearful guise.

IV.

The eagle's plumes waved round his hair of jet,
Whose crest-like lock played lightly o'er his head;
On breast and face the war-paints harshly met—
Down from his shoulders hung his blanket red—

With seeming blood his hatchet haft was wet—
Its edge of death was by his girdle stayed ;
Bright flashed his eyes, and, ready for the strife,
Gleamed in his hand the dreadful scalping-knife.

v.

He placed a packet, bound, in Williams' hands,
And fired his pipe, and sitting, curled its smoke ;
The whilst our Founder broke the hempen bands,
And through the contents sent the inquiring look.
There found he, answered, all his late commands
To Waban, ere the wigwam he forsook ;
And from his spouse a brief epistle, too,
Which told her sorrows since their last adieu :

vi.

How came the messengers with armed men
To search her mansion for "the heretic ;"
How his escape awoke their wrath—and then
How they accused him for his feigning sick ;
But with the thought consoled themselves again,
That he had perished in the tempest thick ;
God's judgment just—their Israel now was free
From the vile license of his heresy.

vii.

But, as he reads, the warrior starting cries,
"War ! war ! my brother"—Williams drops his hand,
And by the voice marks in this altered guise,
Till now unknown, the generous Waban stand.
Erect he rose, and fiercely flashed his eyes,
Whilst his grasp prest the hatchet in his band ;
"Brother, there's war !"—"With whom ?" our Founder said ;
"Have I not friends among my brothers red ?"

viii.

"Haupt's valiant Sachem is my brother's friend,"
Replied red Waban, "and I come before
Him and the Keenomps bold, who hither wend
Attendant on our mightiest Sagamore ;
He comes to ask my brother aid to lend
'Gainst Narraganset's hatchet stained with gore ;
Miantonomi lifts it o'er his head,
Gives the loud battle yell, and names our valiant dead."

IX.

No space was there for Williams to reply ;
 Ere near the lodge he heard a trampling sound,
 And warriors entered, stained with every dye,
 Crested and plumed, and to their girdles bound
 The knife and hatchet ; whilst the battle cry
 Burst from the crowds that did the lodge surround,
 And seemed to light in every Keenomp's eye,
 That stared within, a dreadful sympathy.

X.

Amid this train came Massasoit old,
 But not too old for direst battle fray ;
 Strong was his arm as was his bosom bold ;
 His judgment, bettered by experience gray,
 The wildest passions of his tribe controlled,
 And checked their fury in its headlong way ;
 Still with the strangers he his peace maintained,
 The terror of whose aid his foes restrained.

XI.

There too came Corbitant, so stern of mood,
 And Annawan, who saw, in after times,
 Brave Metacom, and all of kindred blood,
 Slain, or enslaved and sold to foreign climes ;
 And strong Apannow, of Pocasset's wood,
 And other chiefs of names unmeet for rhymes ;
 And round our Father, in the fearful trim
 Of savage battle, thronged those warriors grim.

XII.

Each fired his pipe, and seat in silence took ;
 Around the room a dreadful ring they made,
 Their fierce eyes stared through wreaths of dusky smoke,
 And 'mid its rising clouds their plumage played ;
 And through the obscure their forms scarce earthly look ;
 They seem like fiends in their infernal shade ;
 Silent the vapors rose, and naught they spoke,
 Till Massasoit thus the silence broke :

XIII.

" And is my brother here ? What does he seek ?
 Tow'rd Wamponand, upon the passing wing,
 A singing bird there went ; its opening beak
 Was by Namasket's wigwam heard to sing

That thou art friendless, homeless, poor and weak,
 Seeking protection from an Indian King.
 Do the white Sagamores their vengeance wreak,
 E'en as the red chiefs, on their brethren?—Speak."

XIV.

Sire Williams answered: "'Twas no idle song
 Sung by that bird which passed Namasket near;
 I am an exile these drear wilds among,
 And hope for kindness from the red men here.
 Oft had thy friendship to the pale-faced throng,
 That first Patuxet* peopled, reached my ear,
 And the tale whispered thou wouldst still be kind
 To those who fly, and leave their all behind."

XV.

Then rose the tawny monarch of the wood
 To speak his memory, as became a chief;
 And back he cast his crimson robes, and stood
 With naked arm outstretched a moment brief;
 Commanding silence by that attitude,
 And to his words attention and belief.
 Oft did he pause, his eyes on Williams fixed,
 Whilst breathed his train applause his words betwixt.

XVI.

"Brother," he said, "full many a rolling year
 Has cast its leaves and fruitage on the ground,
 And many a Keenomp, to his country dear,
 Has sate in death beneath his grassy mound,
 Since first the pale Awanux kindled here
 His council blaze, and so began to found
 His tribes and villages, and far and near,
 With thundering arms, to wake the red man's fear.

XVII.

"Brother, attend! When first Awanux came,
 He was a child, not higher than my knee;
 Hunger and cold consumed and pinched his frame;
 Houseless on yonder naked shore stood he;
 Waves roared between him and his corn and game,
 Snows clad the wilds, and winter vexed the sea;
 His big canoe shrunk from the angry flood,
 And death was on the barren strand he trod.

*Patuxet is the Indian name for Plymouth.

XVIII.

“ Brother, attend ! I gave the infant food ;
 My lodge was open, and my fire was warm ;
 He gathered strength, and felt his melting blood
 Restoring vigor to his wasted arm ;
 He grew—waxed strong—the trees began to bud—
 He asked for lands a little town to form—
 I gave him lands, and taught him how to plant,
 To fish and hunt—for he was ignorant.

XIX.

“ Brother, attend ! Still did Awanux grow—
 Still did he ask for land—I gave him more—
 And more—and more—till now his hatchet’s blow
 Is at Namasket heard, with crash and roar
 Of falling oaks, and, like the whit’ning snow,
 His growing numbers spread my borders o’er ;
 Scarce do they leave a scant and narrow place
 Where we may spread the blanket of our race.”

XX.

Here paused the chief, as if to ask reply ;
 He’d plained of thankless guests, and seemed to say,
 That the white strangers grasped too eagerly,
 Nor heeded aught their benefactor’s sway ;
 Ne’er to the Indian did our Sire deny
 His share of Heaven’s bequests, and to allay
 The chief’s suspicions, thus he answered mild
 The dusky king of Pokanoket’s wild :

XXI.

“ Brother, I know that all these lands are thine—
 These rolling rivers, and these waving trees—
 From the Great Spirit came the gift divine ;
 And who would trespass upon grants like these ?
 Naught would I take, e’en if the power were mine,
 Of all thy lands, lest it should Him displease ;
 But for just meed should thou some part resign,
 Would the Great Spirit blame the deed benign ?”

XXII.

“ ’Tis not the peag,” said the sagamore,
 Nor knives, nor guns, nor garments red as blood,
 That buy the lands I hold dominion o’er—
 Lands that were fashioned by the red man’s God ;

But to my friend I give, and take no more
 Than to his generous bosom may seem good ;
 But still we pass the belt, and for the lands,
 He strengthens mine, and strengthen I his hands."

xxiii.

"Weak is my hand, brave chief," our Sire replied ;
 "Aid do I need, but none can I bestow ;
 Yet on that vacant space, by Seekonk's tide,
 Fain would I build, and peaceful neighbors know ;
 But if my brother has that boon denied,
 Far tow'rd's the setting sun will Williams go,
 And on the lands of other chiefs abide,
 Whose blankets are with ampler room supplied."

xxiv.

As thus our Founder spake, this murmur low
 Past all that savage group of warriors round,
 "The stranger will to Narraganset go !"
 "A hungry wolf shall in his path be found !"
 Rejoined stern Corbitant, whose eyes did glow
 With kindling wrath, whilst from his belt unbound
 His hatchet, following his dusky span
 Beneath his blanket hid—man glanced on man.

xxv.

Again Haup's Sachem broke the fearful pause :
 "Brother, be wise—I gave thy brethren lands ;
 They smoked my pipe, and they espoused my cause ;
 They made me strong—and all the neighboring bands
 Forsook the Narraganset Sachem's laws,*
 And mine obeyed.—We weakened hostile hands ;
 All dropt their arms and looked, but looked in vain,
 For my white friends to measure back the main.

xxvi.

"This leaf, which budded of their hope, now dies ;
 The Narraganset warriors crest their hair—
 Their hatchets keen from troubled slumbers rise,
 And through Coweset their thronged edges glare ;
 Chiefs strike the war-post—blood is in their cries,
 And their fierce yells cleave Pokanoket's air ;
 They count already with revengeful eyes
 The future scalps of vanquished enemies.

* See notes to Canto Fourth.

XXVII.

“ War’s clouds hang o’er us, and their thunders speak,
 And spots of blood the skies of peace array ;
 The dark-winged raven whets her hungry beak—
 She scents the coming strife, and chides delay ;
 Devouring wolves peer from their dens, to seek
 The expected relics of the battle fray ;
 Earth breathes of slaughter, and the grassy plain
 Thirsts for the nurture of the sanguine stain.

XXVIII.

“ All do the blood of Wampanoag crave ;
 On Seekonk’s margin will the tempest burst ;
 Lands there I might bestow, but then that wave
 Will turn all red with human slaughter first.
 But still my brother and his friends are brave ;
 His bulwarks there, with guardian thunders pierced,
 Might frown on harm—for surely he would fight,
 Both for his own and for the giver’s right.

XXIX.

“ And when the Narraganset by our arms
 Is driven from the Seekonk far away,
 No longer troubled by the wild alarms
 Of scalping knife and tomahawk affray,
 Together may we sit, free from all harms,
 And smoke the calumet day after day,
 And our descendents, ages yet to come,
 Have but one fire—one undivided home.”

XXX.

“ Brother,” said Williams, “ these thou seest are
 Hands that no mortal’s blood e’er crimsoned yet—
 Oft do I lift them to the God of prayer—
 Ah ! how unscemly if with slaughter wet !
 But to the hostile chiefs could Williams bear
 The pipe of peace, thy snow-white calumet,
 And quench the flames of strife, how better far,
 Than win thy lands by all-devouring war !

XXXI.

“ With Waban for my guide, in friendly guise,
 Sachem, I would the arduous task essay
 To soothe those ancient feuds by counsel wise,
 And quell the wrath born ages far away ;

Were this not better than the sacrifice
 Of armies whole, slain in the bloody fray?
 Then might I plant, and, in each neighboring clan,
 Meet with a friend where'er I meet a man."

XXXII.

"Ha! Yengee," said the Sachem, "wouldst thou go
 To soothe the hungry panther scenting blood?
 Say, canst thou bid Pawtucket's downward flow
 Turn and run backward to Woonsocket's wood?
 The path to peace is shut—the eager foe
 Sharpens his darts, and treads his measures rude,
 And through the trembling groves the war-whoop trills
 From bleak Manisses* to the Nipnet hills.

XXXIII.

"Yengee! thou seest these Wampanoags brave—
 They are my Keenomps in the battle fray;
 Would it become Haup's sagamore to crave
 Inglorious rest for warriors strong as they?
 They shrink from naught, but from a dastard's grave:
 Bound to the stake, upon their lips would play
 The scornful smile—when would the saying cease,
 'The Wampanoag women sued for peace?'"

XXXIV.

Williams to this—"The Spirit over all
 Holds earth in thought, and moulds the hearts of men;
 At His command may torrents backward roll,
 And the hare gambol in the panther's den;
 In Him I trust, and in his strength my soul
 Is more than armies—let your brother then
 Ask for himself, if not for thee or thine,
 That on these lands the sky of peace may shine.

XXXV.

"How could your brother plant, where all around
 War's tempest raged, and poured its showers of blood?
 Where from each thicket burst the war-whoop's sound,
 And death in ambush couched in every wood?
 When would the footsteps of his friends be found,
 Passing along the blood-stained solitude,
 To bring their all—their dearer far than life,
 Beneath the uplifted axe and scalping knife?"

* Manisses—Block Island.

XXXVI.

Upon our Father's words to meditate,
 That wise old chief now paused him for a space ;
 Thus far he had prolonged the shrewd debate,
 And inly strove his bounties to retrace—
 Not, as it seemd at first, from growing hate,
 But to enlarge upon his present grace,
 Until his gift should be right worthy thought
 Of the much needed aid, which now he vainly sought.

XXXVII.

"Keenomps!" at length exclaimed the Sagamore,
 Shall our white brother, not for me or mine,
 But for himself, seek Narraganset's shore,
 Disperse the clouds, and give the sun to shine
 From the blue sky of peace?—Our wounds are sore,
 But hatchets none too keen, and our design
 Delay may favor, if the Yengee light
 His council fire, and gathering friends invite.

XXXVIII.

"His bow is broken, and his knife now dull ;
 But when his warriors shall around him throng,
 Its sharpened edge will thirst to peel the skull
 Of Narraganset foe—his arm, grown strong,
 Will bend a mighty bow, and send the soul
 Of many a hostile Sachem to prolong
 The cry of vengeance from the tribes of ghosts
 Who rove, unsheltered, round Sowaniu's coasts.

XXXIX.

"On Seekonk's marge—our battle-stained frontier—
 His town will rise, and valorous will he feel ;
 The foe must pass him if he strikes us here ;
 Our brother then will hang upon his heel,
 And check his progress, and salute his ear
 With the big thunders and the muskets' peal ;
 Lo ! from the east the Tarrateen no more
 Dare pass the Yengee by the ocean shore."

XL.

As ceased the chief, a fierce smile lit the eyes
 And curled the muscles of those men of blood ;
 They feared the number of their enemies ;
 This hope was cheering, and all answered—good !

All save stern Corbitant, whose visage is
 Dark and portentous as a slumbering flood,
 Whose silent bosom holds the imaged storm,
 And seems the tempest that the skies deform.

XLI.

Then rose each Keenomp, in his turn, and spake :
 Each said his knife was sharp; his hands were strong ;
 But still such counsel as his chief might take
 He should deem wise, and so advise his throng.
 At length stern Corbitant did silence break—
 But first unsheathed he from his leathern thong
 His scalping knife, and then a circle true,
 With its bare point upon the earth he drew.

XLII.

“ So move the hunters,” the grim sachem said,
 Then near the centre made of scores a few ;
 “ Here do the moose and deer the thickets thread
 To the sure death from those whose feet pursue ;
 Do not the Yengees thus around us spread ?
 Are we not hunted thus our forests through ?
 Will Haup's brave Sachem yield Awanux aid,
 While weep the spirits of his kindred dead ? ”

XLIII.

“ Go ! thou dark Corbitant ! ” the old chief cried,
 “ Unarmed the stranger seeks our vacant land ;
 Far from his friends he'd plant, by Seekonk's tide,
 His blood within the hollow of our hand ;
 When to the stranger has a chief denied
 Food, fire, and space his blanket to expand ?
 Hunted by him !—when come his friends he may,
 If timid deer we are, turn off the beasts of prey.

XLIV.

“ The white man goes, but for himself alone,
 To ask that peace between the nations be,
 And if the belt of Narraganset won
 He bring to Haup, 'twill be received by me.
 Now do I charge you, Keenomps, all as one,
 That on his path no lurking wolf send ye ;
 Who dares with purpose fell his way to haunt,
 Dies by this hand—e'en if 'twere Corbitant.

XLV.

“Do thou, swift Waban, with the Yengee go,
 And point the way to Narraganset's clan ;
 If thou durst walk before the bended bow,
 Bring back the talks, that we the words may scan ;
 In all things else to him obedience show—
 He is thy sachem—be thou Winiams'* man.
 But it were safe that thou the pipe should bear
 Without that painted face and plumed hair.”

XLVI.

Then Williams passed his strings of wampum bright,
 And to each Keenomp some slight present made ;
 Each took his gift, and mimicking the white,
 His *taubut*† gave, and uncouth bow essayed ;
 And e'en grim Corbitant showed pleasure slight,
 For something like a smile his face arrayed,
 As he beheld the wreath our Founder flung,
 Where glittering on his breast the bauble hung.

XLVII.

To Haup's old chief a girdle bright gave he—
 Well graced his swarthy loins the tinsel wire—
 And every warrior was in highest glee,
 To see his chieftain in such brave attire ;
 Then filing from the lodge in fit degree,
 The groups did pass, and through the woods retire ;
 The chief appointing Haup, where he might see
 What issue hung on this strange embassy.

XLVIII.

Waban alone with Williams tarried there,
 And for the journey soon the comrades trim ;
 The red man doft his plumes, and loosed his hair,
 And cleansed his visage of its colors grim ;
 Our Founder chose his Indian gifts to bear,
 And pipe of peace, as well becoming him ;
 And forth they sallied, as from central sky
 The sun looked down between the branches high.

XLIX.

Before went Waban, and his nimble feet
 Passed swift 'neath ancient grove—o'er woodland glade,

* The Wampanoags could not pronounce the letter *l*, but used *n* in the place of it.

† Taubut—thanks.

Behind, his long dark hair and scarlet sheet
 Streamed on the breezes that his swiftness made ;
 Oft did his glancing form from sight retreat
 Behind the crags—behind the thicket's shade—
 And then his voice, along the echoing wood,
 Told when he paused, or where his way pursued.

L.

At length upon Pawtucket's marge they stood—
 They heard the thunder of his falls below ;
 Though narrow was the pass, yet deep the flood,
 And frail the ice to bridge such dangerous flow ;
 But on the bank a giant of the wood,
 A towering hemlock waved its lofty bough—
 Waban his hatchet to the trunk applied ;
 It bowed—it fell, and bridged the sounding tide.

LI.

On this upstayed, from bank to bank they passed ;
 And now they trod lands 'neath the hostile sway ;
 And round the travelers night was gathering fast,
 And dark and doubtful grew their devious way ;
 Upon the ground their blankets now they cast,
 And light the fire, and wait the coming day,
 When safer they their journey may pursue,
 And greet the hostile chiefs in season due.

LII.

Williams that night lay on the snow-clad ground,
 With naught above him but the starry blue ;
 In the parched maize and fountain pure he found
 A sweet repast, that woke devotion true ;
 For whilst he saw the human soul still bound—
 Her wings enthralled, though not her eagle view—
 One pious prayer made every suffering light, [flight.
 That he might cleave her bonds, and speed her heavenward

LIII.

The red man smoked his pipe, or trimmed the fire,
 And many a tale he to our Father told
 Of barbarous battle, and of slaughter dire,
 That on Pawtucket's marge there chanced of old ;
 How still the son inherited from sire
 The same fierce passions, in like bosom bold ;

And wondered how his pale-faced Sachem dare
Betwixt such angry chiefs the pipe to bear.

LIV.

"Ten summers since, on yonder margin green,"
He thus continued in a sadder tone,
"A strong old hunter—Keenomp he had been
Of many deeds—dwelt with his daughter lone:
She, like the bright-eyed fawn, whose beauteous mien
So charms the hunter that he stands like stone;
He, like the brawny stag, with burning eye
And antlers broad, and sinews that defy

LV.

"The well-aimed shaft. Then Waban was a boy;
And, lonely, loved to go, by moonlight dim
Or dewy morn, to see, all life and joy,
The Bright-Eyed Fawn. But ah! it chanced to him
One morn to seek her at her home's employ—
And, O! what havoc there!—what horrors grim!
The old man lay in gore!—his daughter gone!
His lodge in ashes! But the dewy lawn

LVI.

"Showed prints of hostile feet. Waban is true—
He followed on the trail—a devious route;
Far up the winding stream the morning dew
Betrayed their steps, and hers with theirs; here out
They turned—leaping from rock to rock, they drew
Still onward far, until a thrilling shout,
From far Woonsocket, died on Waban's ears:
He paused—he listens—and again he hears—

LVII.

"The *Pequot's* yell! My Sachem sure has seen
The well-drawn arrow leave the red man's bow;
So Waban went—the steps he made between
Him and his foes no memory left—e'en now
Waban is there; and, from behind a screen,
Formed by the leaf of bush and bending bough,
He saw the Bright-Eyed Fawn, bound to the stake—
The fagots heaped around—the flames awake!

LVIII.

"Two warriors, standing, mock her cries, and four,
In the fire-water drenched, lie here and there

In slumber deep, from which they woke no more.

One arrow Waban sent—through shoulder bare
Transfixed, one scoffer fell, and quenched in gore

His kindling brand. Then, springing from his lair,
As panther springs, with the bright glancing knife
Did Waban dart, and, hand to hand in strife,

LIX.

“Cleft down the second, who, with wild amaze,
But faintly fought—straight from the Bright-Eyed Fawn
The bands were cut, and from the rising blaze
She springs unscathed. The slumberers on the lawn
Were not forgot: they slept—they sleep—yet gaze;
(If gaze that be which is all sightless;) dawn,
Noon, and night, are one. Broad Antler's ghost
Wandered not long upon Sowaniu's coast;

LX.

“Fully avenged, he sought the spirit band
Of his brave fathers, whilst the daughter, won
By Waban from the cruel Pequot's hand,
Dwelt in his lodge, the mother of his son.
All now are gone—gone to the spirit land,
And Waban's left all desolate and lone.”
Tales such as this that evening's hour beguiled,
Or breathless held, or with blank horror chilled.

LXI.

They slept at last, though piercing cold that night,
And round them howled the hungry beasts of prey;
Nor broke their slumber, till the dawning light
Gleamed in the east—then they resumed their way.
Congealed to ice, and glancing far and bright,
The snows sent back the rising solar ray;
Mooshausick's wave was bridged from shore to shore,
And safe they passed the solid waters o'er.

LXII.

Westward till now his course did Waban draw—
He shunned Weybosset, the accustomed ford,
Where dwelt dark Chepian's priest, that grim pawaw,
Who well he knew the Yengee's faith abhorred,
And might, perchance, if he our Founder saw,
Bearing the pipe of peace, but ill accord

With such kind purpose, and on evil wing,
To Narraganset's throng strange omens bring.

LXIII.

Now down the western bank their course they speed,
They pass Pawtuxet in their onward way ;
And now does Indian town to town succeed,
Some large, some small, in populous array ;
And here and there was many an ample mead,
Where the green maize had grown in summer's ray
And forth was poured, where'er they passed along,
Of naked children many a gazing throng.

LXIV.

Their small sunk eyes, like sparks from burning coal,
On the white stranger stared ; but when they spied
The Wampanoag, they began to roll
With all the fury—mimicing the pride
Of their fierce fathers ; and the savage soul,
Nursed e'en in youth on thoughts in carnage dyed,
Instinctively, with simultaneous swell,
Sent from the lips their unfledged battle yell.

LXV.

Their little bows they twanged with threat'ning mien,
Their little war-clubs shook to tell their ires ;
Their mimic scalping knives they brandished keen,
And acted o'er the stories of their sires ;
And had their fathers at this moment seen
(For they were gone to Potowomet's fires,)
Our Founder's guide, they might have caught the tone
Of their young urchins, and the hatchet thrown.

LXVI.

Still village after village smoked—the woods
All swarmed with life as onward still he fared ;
For numbers great, but for such multitudes,
By no conjecture, was his mind prepared ;
Was it for him to tamper with the moods
Of these fierce savages, whose arms were bared,
Whose souls already ripe, and bodies trim,
For the wild revelry of slaughter grim ?

LXVII.

How could he hope a safe abiding place,
Far in these forests, and his friends so few—

'Mid the blood-nurtured numbers of a race
Who naught of laws divine or human knew—
Their wars oft prompted by some wild caprice,
Their hearts hard as the tomahawk they threw !—
Would his fond rashness be by Heaven cared ?
Would God nurse zephyrs on the whirlwind's breast ?

LXVIII.

Whilst musing thus, and moving onward still,
His soul o'ershadowed with suspicious fears,
He gained the summit of a towering hill,
And downward glanced.—Far stretched beneath appears
A woodland plain ; and murmurs harsh and shrill,
As from accordant voices, on his ears
Rise from the central groves, and o'er the trees,
Smokes from a hundred fires curl on the morning breeze.

LXIX.

Now to the sight, through leafless boughs revealed,
Now hid where thicker branches wove their screen,
Bounding and glancing, in swift circles wheeled
Men painted, plumed, and armed with weapons sheen,
Now flashing clear, by thickets now concealed ;
Glimmering again and tost with threatening mein,
The lifted tomahawks and lances bright
Seemed to anticipate the joys of fight.

LXX.

Mixed with the sound of voices and of feet,
Alternate slow and fast, the hollow drum
Its measured humdrum, or rolled numbers beat,
And ruled in various mood the general hum—
Now slow the sounds—now rapid their repeat—
Till at a sudden pause, did thrilling come
That tremulous, far undulating swell,
As from a thousand lips, the warrior's yell.

LXXI.

And Williams started—for that dreadful howl—
Whoop, shout, or yell, whate'er its fitting style—
As through the woods did its fierce echoes roll,
Filled every glade and valley, for a while,
With seeming demons—murderous as the soul
Of the red warrior leaping to despoil

(His knife bright glancing through the shuddering air
The dying victim of his tuft of hair.

LXXII.

An ashy hue came over Waban's face—

It dwelt a moment—vanished—and he said,
“The Naragansets there their war-dance trace,
They count our scalps, and name our kindred dead—
This heart grows big—it cannot ask for peace—
It rather rot upon a gory bed,
Than hear the spirits of its sires complain,
And call for blood—but ever call in vain.”

LXXIII.

“Waban,” said Williams, “dost thou fear to go?
And wilt thou leave thy Yengee chief alone?
How will thy Sagamore the speeches know,
If homeward, now, his messenger should run?
Not thou, but I will ask the haughty foe
To quench his fires, and quell the dance begun;
But for thy safety, thou the calumet
Shalt bear beside me, till the chiefs are met.”

LXXIV.

“Waban,” (replied he,) “never shook with fear,
Nor left his Sachem when he needed friends;
It is the thought of many a by-gone year,
That kindles wrath within my breast, and sends
Through all this frame, my boiling blood on fire!—
Waban still on his pale-faced chief attends,
But bears no pipe—the Wampanoag's pride
Prompts him to die, as have his fathers died.”

LXXV.

“Waban, at least, will smoke the pipe awhile?”
Said Williams gravely to his kindling guide,
“Its fragrant breath is as on billows oil;
It calms the troubled waves of memory's tide.”
The grateful offer seemed to reconcile
The peaceful emblem to the warrior's pride:
He fills the bowl—he wakes the kindling fire—
And o'er his head the curling clouds aspire.

LXXVI.

And whilst he sits the sylvan muse will string
Her rustic harp, to wake, no gentle strain,

Of barbarous camps, and savage chiefs who sing
The song of vengeance to their raptured train ;
Of councils shrewd, and wizard priests that bring
Strange omens, dark dominion to maintain ;
Of incantations dire, and of that spell
By Seseck wrought—which seemed the feat of Hell.

CANTO FOURTH.

[SCENE. The Narraganset Camp at Potowomet.]

THE twain have left the height, and sought the glade
Where the red warriors wheel the martial dance ;
The thick young cedars form'd a barricade
Which hid the travelers in their still advance ;
But penetrating through their denser shade,
Soon Father Williams sent his searching glance
O'er the rude camp ; and there on every side
He sees the dancers round the blazes glide !

II.

Hundreds on hundreds swarm that glade, I ween,
With painted visages and plumed hair ;
There bristled darts, there glittered lances sheen,
And there the brandished knives cast thick on air
Wild fiery circles—whilst, with threatening mien,
Their dark locks streaming and their muscles bare,
The dancers circled o'er the thundering ground,
And leaping, breathed the hard, harsh, aspirated sound.

III.

But chiefly round the central pile the throngs
(Where plied the bravest chiefs their dances rude)
Stood listening to their Sachem's battle songs,
Or when they ceased, in leaps his lance pursued ;
The tumult swelling till their tortured lungs,
Wrung to the highest effort, filled the wood
With the wild war-whoop, tremulous and shrill—
Then pausing suddenly, the throngs were still,

IV.

Till from the groups another Sachem sprang,
To tell his deeds, and count his foe-men slain ;
Lancing the war-post as his numbers rang,
As if he slew his vanquished foe again ;

Whilst on his words the listening warriors hang,
And drink with greedy ears the bloody strain,
Cheering at times, with acclamations rude,
The butcheries counted in his song of blood.

V.

Amid the tumult of this boisterous rout,
Williams, unmarked, had gained the central glade,
When suddenly an unaccustomed shout
Passed through the groups around the fires arrayed,
And staring eyes, and pointing hands, about,
Announced the strangers to their view betrayed ;
Then died that hum, like the past whirlwind's roar,
When the dust rises on the distant shore.

VI.

And hushed were all—glance past from man to man,
And wonder strange in every visage grew,
Till through the camp the sullen murmur ran,
“Pale-faced Awanux ! Wampanoag too !”
And at the words to grasp their arms began
The kindling warriors, all that gathering through,
When, lo ! they opened like a parting tide,
And suddenly again their murmurs died.

VII.

And Williams paused—for, from that opening crowd,
A chief approaching trod the breathing plain ;
Bold was his port—his bearing high and proud—
A lance of length did his right hand sustain ;
The glittering wampum did his crown enshroud,
His nodding plumage wore a crimson stain ;
His armlets gleamed—his belt, with figures traced,
Suspended skirts with purple pëag laced.

VIII.

His naked limbs were stained a sable hue,
His naked chest and face a crimson red ;
Streamed backward from his brows two ribbons blue,
And with his long black hair wild dalliance made ;
Suspended from his belt, half sheathed from view,
His scalping knife and tomahawk were stayed ;
His sunken eyes, 'neath forehead lowering proud,
Glowed like two stars beneath a thunder cloud.

IX.

He, with majestic stride and lofty gait,
Approached our Founder and his dusky guide,
Who, in half tone, could but ejaculate,
“Miantonomi!” and his Indian pride
Choked further utterance; but, with form elate,
Grasping his axe, with nostrils spreading wide,
Self-poised he stood; and seemed but to await
The approaching chief, who glanced disdainful hate.

X.

Our Founder chid his guide, and, o'er his head
He raised the calumet to speak, the while,
That a white hand o'er kindling warriors shed
The love of peace: well did the act beguile
The Sachem's wrath; he deemed that Waban played
His nation's part, and, with a scornful smile,
Turned his fierce glance, and to our Founder said,
“Awanux! has he come to hear the song?
Our darts are thirsty, and our arms are strong!”—

XI.

“Sachem,” said Williams, “’tis the cause of Him—
That great Good Spirit whom we all adore—
Who never smiles upon the contests grim
Of his red children in the field of gore—
That brings me hither, in unwarlike trim,
To crave thy friendship, and of thee implore,
That these dark clouds which spots of blood contain
Leave the blue sky, and peace shine forth again.”

XII.

As thus he spake, the calumet of peace
Presented he that warlike Sagamore,
Who clenched his hands, and backward stept a pace,
“Nay! Nay, Awanux! Wampanoag gore
Will M’antonomi’s feet in battle trace
Ere dies another moon—he hears no more—
’Tis not for him, amid these Keenomps bold,
To talk of peace—that suits his uncle old.”

XIII.

Williams to this: “Then the gray chief is wise;
His glance is forward, and around him turns;

But o'er the young chief clouds of anger rise,
He sees but backward, and his vengeance burns ;
Show me to him who looks with wisdom's eyes
Upon the nations, and most truly learns,
From the past toils and dangers of his life,
To prize the pipe above the scalping-knife."

xiv.

At this his bosom the young Sachem struck,
And braced his frame, and flashed his kindling eye—
"This breast is generous," thus he silence broke,
"Of like for like abundant its supply ;
Of good and bad it hath an ample stock ;
It cheers its friend, it blasts its enemy—
Ten favors does it for each favor done,
And ten darts sends for every hostile one.

xv.

"Follow the war-chief—'mid yon heavy cloud
Of warriors grim, in arms and martial dyes,
Sits the gray Sachem in his numbers proud,
But prouder still in counsels old and wise."
He spake, and strode toward the lowering crowd—
Williams to calmness did his guide advise ;
And both, with cautious and slow step, pursued
The Sachem tow'rd that fearful multitude.

xvi.

Not more horrific gleams the glistening snake,
When coiled on glowing rocks he basking lies,
And at the approaching step his rattles shake,
And flies his forky tongue, and burn his eyes,
Than glared that crowd of warriors round the stake,
Arrayed in murderous arms, and martial guise ;
Their hollow murmurs kindling through the whole
The sympathetic wrath of one inspiring soul.

xvii.

Close, circle within circle, deep they stood ;
Wild stared their eyes from faces stained for strife,
Their lances quivered like a steely wood,
And on the whetstone played the scalping knife ;
All looked—breathed—moved—as if the thought of blood
Had warmed grim statues into human life—

Whilst to the crowd surrounding masses rolled,
And groups still shift, and changeful hues unfold.

XVIII.

When near the gathered crowd the Sachem trod,
He raised his hand, and, pausing, briefly spoke :
“ Keenomps ! Awanux, prompted by his God,
Brings back the pipe the Wampanoag broke.
Our fathers ever answered good with good,
Nor on the bearer of the pipe e'er shook
The storm of vengeance—listen to his talk—
He brings no message from the tomahawk.”

XIX.

As thus he spake, the sullen murmurs died,
And, in deep silence hushed, the warriors stood ;
Again he moved—and at his onward stride
The deep mass parted, like a severing flood ;
Opening on either hand, the living tide
Rolled forth the space through which our Founder tro
Their breath alone he heard—like the hoarse breeze
Foreboding tempests to the shuddering trees.

XX.

At last he came where the old Sachems sate,
Who formed the Narraganset senate grave ;
Renowned were they—once in the fierce debate
Of battle dire—as bravest of the brave ;
But now, as guardians of their little state,
To younger hands they prudent counsel gave.
Their youth was gone, but their experience sage
Gave thrice its value in a wise old age.

XXI.

On settles, raised around the mounting blaze,
Sate gray Wauontom, Keenomp, Sagamore ;
But chiefly strikes our Founder's searching gaze
The sage Canonius, whose tresses hoar
Float on the passing breeze—whose brow displays
The care-worn soul in many a furrowed score ;
But the bright eyes, that 'neath those brows still glow,
Show what he was full sixty years ago.

XXII.

Beside him lay the calumet of peace—
It was his sceptre 'mid the din of arms ;

No martial dyes did on his visage trace
 The lines of wrath—for him they had no charms ;
 The neyhom's* mantle did his shoulders grace,
 Its ample folds repelled the winter's harms ;
 At every movement, changing in the sun,
 From plume to plume its gorgeous glories run.

XXIII.

Mute were the chiefs—they seemed to meditate,
 Nor turned their heads, nor threw a glance aside,
 When on the offered mat our Founder sate,
 And near behind him came his watchful guide ;
 Then spread the warriors round in circle great,
 And earth did 'neath their swarming numbers hide ;
 They sit, kneel, stand, or climb the forest boughs,
 Until one wall of life around the council grows.

XXIV.

When ceased the crowd to stir, and died their hum,
 Long on our Father did the old chief gaze ;
 At length he said : “ And has Awanux come ?
 He's welcome to the red man's council blaze.
 What news brings he from the pale stranger's home ?
 Or from the dog that near his wigwam strays ?
 Our young men see the pipe—what does it seek ?
 Our ears are open—let Awanux speak.”

XXV.

Sire Williams rose—a thousand staring eyes
 Were on him fixed—a thousand ears were spread
 To catch his words, whilst all around him lies
 That mass of life, hushed in a calmness dread,
 Like that of dark Ontario, when the skies
 Are mustering their tempests overhead ;
 And the round moon looks through the gathering storm,
 And, glassed 'mong tempest shapes, sees in the flood her form.

XXVI.

He paused a space—at last he thus began :
 “ Sachem of many moons, and wise as gray !
 Well knowest thou how short the life of man ;
 These aged oaks have witnessed the decay

* The neyhom, or wild turkey. The fairest plumes of this bird, attached to skins, are used in manufacturing their richest apparel. See note.

Of many a generation of thy clan,
 Which flourished like their leaves, and past away ;
 Why war ye, then, upon a life so brief !—
 Why fill its little span with wretchedness and grief !

XXVII.

“ But those who seek the pure unmingled goods,
 Which last for aye, are to high duty true ;
 And the soul's freedom, in her hallowed moods,
 Is the first gift of the Great Manitto—
 For this I wander to these distant woods ;
 For this from persecution's brands I flew,
 And left my kindred, social fire and home,
 Through stormy skies and snowy wilds to roam.

XXVIII.

“ Some thoughts of mine, that the Great Spirit might
 Rule his own kingdom better than frail men,
 Awoke the anger of my brothers white,
 And sent me forth to seek some distant glen,
 Where I, unharmed, my council fire might light,
 And give its freedom to my kindred—when,
 Beneath the tree of peace, the red man should
 Smoke the white pipe in friendly neighborhood.

XXIX.

“ On Seekonk's marge I chose a lovely glade—
 It forms the bank nearest the rising sun—
 The Wampanoag would the grant have made,
 But at that moment did the rumor run,
 That all Coweset was in arms arrayed
 Against that chief, and had the dance begun ;
 Then paused your brother—for he would not bring
 His friends to sit beneath the hatchet's swing.

XXX.

“ Then did he take Haup's calumet, to crave
 That peace between the warring nations be ;
 Not that the Wampanoag warriors brave
 Sought from the Narraganset storm to flee ;
 But that no guilty stain, on Seekonk's wave,
 Rebuke the Pokanoket Chief, or thee,
 Drawn forth by darts, perchance from heedless bows,
 Confounding pale-faced friends with warring foes.

XXXI.

"My motives these; now let the wise chief tell
What wrongs he suffers; what redress he seeks:
Do not his busied kindred slumber well?
What murdered victim's ghost for vengeance shrieks—
Sends through the hollow woods the warrior's yell,
And from its iron sleep the hatchet wakes?
Or does some impious tongue his anger brave,
By speaking names made sacred by the grave?"

XXXII.

Then passed a murmur through that concourse wide,
And man on man cast the inquiring eye;
At length the old chief laid his pipe aside,
And, musing, sate as pondering his reply;
Then slowly rose, and drew the plumed hide
From his right shoulder, and, with stature high,
Stretched forth his long bare arm and shriveled hand,
And pointing round the sky-encircled land—

XXXIII.

"As far," he said, and solemn was his tone,
"As from Coweset's hill the hunter's sight
Goes tow'rd the Nipnet—tow'rd the rising sun—
And o'er the mighty billows, foaming bright,
Where bleak Manisses' shores they thunder on,
Moved Narraganset warriors—till the White
Came from the Orient, o'er the water's blue,
And brought his thunders in the big canoe:

XXXIV.

"Yes, ere he came, Pocasset's martial band
Did at our bidding come to fight the foe,
And the tall warriors of the Nipnet land
Rushed with swift foot to bend our battle bow;
And e'en the dog of Haurp did cringing stand
Beside our wigwam; and his tribute show—
Then we were strong—we fought the Maquas fell,
And laughed to hear the bordering Poquot's yell.

XXXV.

"But, Yengee, hear: The pale-faced strangers came—
No runners told us that they trod our shores;
Near the big waters rose their council flame,
And to it ran our eastern Sagamores;

Haup's dog forgot the Narraganset name,
 And ate the offal cast from white men's doors,
 Moved at their heels, and after him he drew
 The strong Pocassets, and the Nipnets too.

XXXVI.

"Then the fierce Pequots on our borders broke,
 We sent the belt to claim the accustomed aid;
 The rebel chiefs the angry hatchet shook—
 They were the Yengee's men, not ours, they said;
 We stood alone; and, like a steadfast rock,
 Turned back the torrent to its fountain head,
 Which else had swept those sluggard tribes away,
 That by Awanux's wigwam slumbering lay.

XXXVII.

"These are our wrongs, and who can ever mend
 The belt thus broken by the rebel train?
 The falling waters with earth's bosom blend,
 And who shall hold them in his palm again?
 Against the common foe our warriors spend
 Their blood like rivers—who can wake the slain?
 Heal up the wounds for other men endured—
 Give back the blood which has their thankless truce secured

XXXVIII.

The Sachem ceased, and mingled murmurs ran
 Through all that crowd—"He speaks a manitoo!
 Base Wampanoag! we'll devour that clan,
 And drive the Yengees back o'er ocean blue!"
 And through the concourse motions mixed began,
 With clash of arms, and twanging of the yew;
 But when they saw our Founder rise again,
 Mute stillness hushed the murmurs of the train.

XXXIX.

"Brother," said Williams, "thou art old and wise,
 And know'st the pipe is better than the dart.
 The barb can drink the blood of enemies;
 But the pipe's conquest is the foeman's heart;
 It gives to us his strength and energies,
 And makes the Pequot from our path depart.
 This, to the good, gives triumph long and just—
 That, to the bad, a victory over dust.

XL.

"If, then, my brother can subdue his foes
By the white pipe, he will be very strong !
The offending chiefs, once more, will bend his bows,
And shout around his fire their battle song ;
No more will Pequot harass his repose,
Or Maqua yells resound these hills among—
See not my brothers whence all this distrust ?—
The belt between them and the Yengees rust.

XLI.

"Hearken a space—Deem not the Yengee weak ;
Betwixt him and Haup's chief the chain is bright ;
If thou on him a finger's vengeance wreak,
The conscious chain will vibrate to the White,
And, roused from slumber, will the big guns speak,
And flames will flash from every woodland height—
Pause, brother, pause—and to the pale-faced train
Extend thy friendship, and keep bright the chain.

XLII.

"But hearken still—Thy brother knows no guile ;
His tongue speaks truly what his heart conceives ;
Against the Pequots do your bosoms boil,
And for the Pequot deeds Awanux grieves ;
Their hands are laden with the white man's spoil,
And crimsoned with the stain that murder leaves ;
Soon will the big guns to their nation speak,
And, in their aid, may'st thou just vengeance wreak.

LVIII.

"Thou would'st compel the Wampanoag's aid
To guard thy borders, and chastise thy foes ;
But will my brothers give me to persuade
Them to win more than warriors armed with bows ?
Even Awanux, in his strength arrayed,
Whose thunder roars, and whose red lightning glows—
Make him thy friend, and victory follows sure,
And Narraganset rests in peace secure."

XLIV.

The old chief downward glanced—the warriors round—
Some in stern silence sate of doubtful mood ;
Some grinned a scornful smile—some fiercely frowned,
And others toiled to sharp their darts for blood ;

At length the Sachem, raising from the ground
 His piercing eyes, full in the visage viewed
 Our anxious Founder—"Thou dost speak," he said,
 "The words of wisdom, but these ears are dead—

XLV.

"Dead to a Yengee's voice. When did the tongue
 Of the white stranger fail to speak most fair?
 When did his actions not his speeches wrong,
 And lay the falsehood of his bosom bare?
 Fain would I die in peace, and leave this throng
 To send their glory down to ages far;
 But still I feel the stranger's grasping hand,
 And still he soothes me with his accents bland.

XLVI.

"If true he speak—that should his actions show—
 May not his heart be darker than yon cloud,
 And yet his words white as its falling snow?
 Still, if his speech were true, and not a shroud
 To hide dark thought, then might these gray hairs go
 Down to the grave in peace—and of my blood,
 All, whilst the rivers roll, and rain descends,
 Live with the Yengee kind and loving friends."

XLVII.

'Twas for our Founder now in turn to pause—
 He felt his weakness at rebuff so stern;
 The kid had leaped beneath the lion's paws,
 Whose fangs began to move, and eyes to burn;
 At length he said, "What bold encroachment draws
 The Sachem's mind into this deep concern?
 How have the Yengees given thee offence?
 What deeds of theirs have marred thy confidence?"

XLVIII.

At this, the Sachem from his girdle took
 His snow-white pipe, and snapt the stem in twain:
 "They came intruders, and the pipe was broke,"
 Said the stern Sachem, and it snapt again;
 "Our subject chiefs their ruling chiefs forsook,
 And they were sheltered by the stranger's train.
 This fragment shows the serpent's skin they sent,
 Filled with round thunders to our royal tent.

XLIX.

“ This shows, they raised their bulwarks high and proud,
 And poised their big guns at our distant home.
 This, when at Sowams* raged our battle loud,
 How their round thunders made that battle dumb.
 This, the fire-water how they have bestowed,
 And with its madness have our youth o’ercome.
 This, how amid the Pequot nation they
 Build the square lodge, and whet him to the fray.

L.

“ This, with the Maqua how a league they made,
 And filled with arms his all-destroying hand.
 This, how they claim right over quick and dead—
 Our fathers’ buried bones, their children’s land.
 This, how the earth grows pale, as fast they spread
 From glade to glade, like snow from Wamponand,
 When borne o’er ocean on the sounding gales,
 It crowns the hills and whitens through the vales.

LI.

“ Take thou the fragments—count their numbers well—
 Ten times complains our violated right ;
 They’ll help thy memory, and perchance will tell,
 Ten causes have we to distrust the White ;
 Scarce can the grave our fathers’ spirits quell—
 They come complaining in the dreams of night ;
 Ten times the pipe was by the strangers broke,
 Ten times the hatchet from its slumbers woke.”

LII.

Williams the fragments took, and, counting ten,
 He promptly answered with this calm reply :
 “ Sachem, some charity is due to men
 Who tread upon thy pipe unwittingly.
 Long had the waters tossed those wanderers, when,
 Hungry and cold, they came thy borders nigh ;
 And, Sachem, they were ignorant of thy race,
 They only sought a safe abiding place.

LIII.

“ And this they found in that deserted strand,
 Where slept the dead—where living men were not ;

*See note to stanza xxxiv.

They knew no wrong in this—a rightful hand
 Came, and gave welcome to the vacant spot ;
 Each Sachem seemed as sovereign of his band—
 They took his belt, for t'was a token brought
 Of friendly greeting—who can this condemn ?
 They aid the Whites, the Whites in turn aid them.

LIV.

“ Bound in the skin of the great sachem snake,
 My brother sent his barbs—but to his foe,
 Awanux took the challenge by mistake,
 And let his bullets for an answer go ;
 They deemed the Sachem angry, and did take
 Some wise precaution 'gainst a secret blow ;
 They raise their bulwarks, and their guns they poise ;
 This was respect to sovereign brave and wise.

LV.

“ No leagues have they with the fierce Maqua made,
 Nor with the Pequot hostile is the race ;
 But if my brothers, for the fight arrayed,
 O'er Pokanoket's borders speed their pace,
 I dare not say they would forego the aid
 Of any tribe that would thy battle face ;
 Mohegans, Pequots, Tarrateens would fly
 To join their force, and swell their battle cry.

LVI.

“ To these six fragments of the pipe I've spoke ;
 Take them again, if I have answered well ;
 But those which tell me that the stem was broke
 By the fire-water, and of what befel
 Thee upon Haup—of claims thou canst not brook,
 Made by those strangers from the nations pale
 To these broad forests as their own domain—
 These will I ask Awanux to explain.

LVII.

“ This fragment tells me that his numbers grow ;
 That they are spreading fast, from glade to glade ;
 If the Great Spirit does increase bestow,
 Will the wise Sachem that great Power upbraid ?
 The lands they take, well does my brother know,
 They fairly purchase of the nations red ;

E'en thus would I on Seekonk's marge abide,
If peaceful nations dwelt on either side.

LVIII.

"On Seekonk's bank, betwixt my brothers white
And the red nations I might friendly stand,
And help them still to understand aright
Whate'er was doubtful from each other's hand ;
The chain of friendship hold, and keep it bright,
And strengthen thus all Narraganset's band ;
Till 'gainst our common foes we all unite,
And conquer safety through resistless might.

LIX.

"This question seeks the Sachem's plain reply :
Takes he the pipe—lays he the axe aside ?
Have I his peace, or does he peace deny,
Nor in my honest counsels aught confide ?
Still chooses he the doubtful strife to try,
And brave the Yengees with his foes allied ?
Say—can he listen to an exiled man,
Whose words and deeds might still befriend his clan ?"

LX.

"Brother," the Sachem said in milder tone,
"Six fragments of the pipe, as well explained,
My willing hand receives—I ponder on
The last in doubt—the three, thou hast retained,
Send to Awanux—may he answer soon,
And show our blindness has of them complained ;
Thy heart seems open, and its speech is brave ;
Queries of weight demand an answer grave.

LXI.

"Large is our regal lodge, and furnished well
With skins of beaver, bear, and buffalo ;
Nausamp and venison is its royal meal ;
And its warm fire is like the summer's glow :
There, with that Wampanoag shalt thou dwell,
And all our comforts in full safety know ;
The whilst, our old chiefs shall, in council great,
Upon thy questions gravely meditate."

LXII.

Here closed the long debate, and, from the ground,
Rose the thronged warriors, and hoarse murmurs past

Through all that concourse, like the hollow sound
Of Narraganset's waters, when the blast
Begins to roll the tumbling billows round
The rock-bound cape, which had so lately glassed
Its imaged self—its pendant crags and wood—
In the calm bosom of the silent flood.

CANTO FIFTH.

[SCENES. A Sequestered Dale—Open Glade and Grand National Council—The Summit of Haup.]

DEEP in the dale's sequestered solitude,
Screened from the winter's storm and chilling blast
By branching cedars and thick underwood,
With their brown shadows ever overcast,
Old Narraganset's regal wigwam stood,
Where dwelt her hoary chief, whilst still might last
The stern dominion of the freezing North
To chain his warriors from the work of wrath.

II.

And near it rose an ample council hall,
Where oft the Narraganset senate sate,
When came the wise men, at their Sachem's call,
On great emprises to deliberate ;
And still within the shade were shelters, all
His grave advisers to accommodate ;
And, with the savage as with men polite,
Such kind provisions did delays invite.

III.

Here Father Williams must a space remain,
And, with kind accents born of feelings mild,
Soothe the stern natures of that savage train,
His destined neighbors in that barbarous wild ;
Remove distrust and confidence obtain,
Until suspicion and grim wrath, despoiled
Of all their terrors, leave the vanquished mind
To generous friendship and full faith inclined.

IV.

Day after day he passed from man to man,
Whom e'er of note the mightier Sachems swayed,
And, to the chieftains of each martial clan,
In paints all grim—in horrid arms arrayed—

He talked of peace, then o'er the dangers ran,
 Were war against the Wampanoag made ;
 And then besought that they, with friendly eyes,
 Might see his smoke from Seekonk's margin rise.

V.

Betwixt the tribes, on either side the stream,
 Still he the belt would hold—the pipe would bear—
 But never in his hand should lightning gleam
 For either Sachem when he rushed to war ;
 And with the Yengees still it might beseem
 Him to promote an understanding fair,
 Till wide the tree of peace its branches spread,
 And white and red men smoke beneath its shade.

VI.

But chiefly he did this free converse hold
 With M'antonomi, Sachem young and brave,
 And great Canonicus, so sage and old,
 And in his speech deliberate and grave.
 One eve they sate—the storm without was cold—
 'Twas ere the council their decision gave—
 And thus the converse past among the three,
 The questions simple and the answers free.

VII.

MIANTONOMI.

Why will my brother dwell amid our foes,
 Yet seek from us a peaceful neighborhood ?
 May we not think he'll bend ther battle bows,
 And thirst like them for Narraganset's blood ?
 Why has he Seekonk's eastern border chose,
 And not surveyed Mooshausick's winding flood ?
 Its banks are green—its forests waving fair—
 Its fountains cool—the deer abundant there.

VIII.

WILLIAMS.

Ne'er will I dwell among my brother's foes—
 To make them friends is now thy brother's toil ;
 Too weak I am to bend their battle bows,
 Had I the heart for such unseemly broil.
 The forest fair that by Mooshausick grows,
 Would long withstand the hardy woodman's toil.

The Seekonk's marge will easy tillage yield,
And soon the spiry maize adorn its ample field.

IX.

CANONICUS.

How could my brother's thoughts his friends offend?
Why flies he to the red from faces pale?
How can he still the nations red befriend?
What can his speeches with his foes avail?
No arms he bears—no Yengees him attend—
How dares his foot to print this distant vale?
The path was shut between the nations red—
How dared my brother on that path to tread?

X.

WILLIAMS.

The white man labors to enthrall the mind—
He will not let its thoughts of God be free;
I come the soul's hard bondage to unbind,
And clear her passage to the Deity;
The pale-faced foes, whom I have left behind,
Would still refuse no favor done by me.
I trusted God would guard his servant's head,
Open all paths and soothe my brothers red.

XI.

CANONICUS.

Thy generous confidence has on me won;
That ope'd my ears, to other Yengees deaf.
Brother, the spirit of my son is gone—
I burned my lodge to speak my mighty grief;
If thou art true I am not left alone—
Some comfort is there for the gray-haired chief;
If to thy words the fitting deeds be done,
I am thy father, thou shalt be my son.

XII.

The kindest reader would fatigued complain,
Should I recount each question and reply,
Which passed between our Father and that train
Of barbarous warriors and their Sachems high;
But though he languished on my humble strain,
Till patience left, or dullness closed his eye,
Yet to Sire Williams 'twas no idle song—
The dull reality did days prolong.

XIII.

They had their Corbitants of surly mood,
Who scarce would yield obedience to their lord ;
Alike they thirsted for the Yengees' blood,
And Wampanoag's, and alike abhorred.
By gaudy presents he their wrath subdued,
Or won their kindness by his soothing word ;
But there was one who spurned all proffers kind—
Whose demon hate was to all goodness blind—

XIV.

It was the grim Pawaw.—He came in ire,
From his proud dwelling by Mooshausick's stream ;
He spoke the voice of gods and omens dire,
And loudly chanted his prophetic dream ;
“The white man's gods had set the woods on fire,
And Chepian vanished in its fearful gleam ;
Their fathers' ghosts came from their hunting ground—
Their children sought, and only ashes found.”

XV.

With grave attention did the council hear
That crafty priest his awful omens sing.
The warriors, ruled by superstitious fear,
Half credence gave, and overawed the king.
In groups they thronged the forest, far and near,
With gathered brows and speech dark muttering ;
Whilst moved the prophet through the kindling crowds,
Like a dire comet through night's lowering clouds.

XVI.

And as he passed, the varying rumors flew
Of secret plans sprung from the Yengees' hate ;
And still their fears and doubts and wonder grew,
Whilst on that dream the chiefs prolonged debate ;
For priest was he and politician too,
And oft he meddled with affairs of state,
Wrought on the fears of superstitions' crew,
And the best counsels of the wise o'erthrew.

XVII.

Thus, when the senate dared resist his sway,
He still gained triumph with the multitude,
Till now the chiefs, half yielding to dismay,
Yet vexed and goaded by his rebel mood,

Bade that the clans assemble on a day,
And Williams meet the prophet of the wood,
And in their wondering presence overthrow
His strange dominion, or each hope forego.

XVIII.

I will not say that devils did enlist
To do the bidding of this grim pawaw ;
He may have been a wild ventriloquist,
Formed by rude nature ; but the age which saw
The marvels that he wrought, would aye insist
His spells surpassed material nature's law ;
And that the monarch of the infernal shade
Mustered his legions to the wizard's aid.

XIX.

Great was his fame ; for wide the rumor went
The demons dark were all at his command,
And fiends, in rocks, and dens, and caverns pent,
Came at the beck of his black waving hand ;
The boldest Keenomps, on such purpose bent,
Could not the terrors of his charms withstand ;
Still would they shrink and shudder at the sound,
When spoke his viewless fiends in anger round.

XX.

It too was rumored that he daily held
Communion strange with monsters of the wood—
Heard their rude voices, and their meanings spelled,
And muttered answers which they understood ;
That he had filled with wisdom unexcelled,
A cherished serpent of the sesek's brood—
Had taught his forky tongue to modulate
The voice of man, and speak impending fate.

XXI.

At length the morn of this stern trial rose—
The mustering towns poured forth their eager trains—
From where wild Pawcatuck's dark water flows,
To where Pawtucket cleaves the sounding plains ;
From where Aquidney's blooming bosom throws
The ocean back, e'en to the far domains
Of the rude Nipnet, Narraganset's wood
Poured forth in eager throngs the dusky multitude,

XXII.

Swarm upon swarm, far dark'ning all the ground,
 The countless clans moved Potowomet's plain,
 The dusky rabble filled the borders round,
 But near the centre stood the warrior train ;
 Wild dance their plumes—fierce glance their eyes around,
 And hoarse they mutter like the murmuring main ;
 These accents only o'er the hum prevail,
 "The priest of Chepian grim !—Awanux weak and pale !"

XXIII.

The council formed upon the open glade,
 The Sachems sate around the mounting blaze ;
 Five thousand warriors round that senate made
 A dreadful ring, and stared with fixed amaze ;
 Within the senate, (so the chieftains bade,)
 Apart sate Williams to their open gaze ;
 Confronting him, a little space before,
 Rose the black wizard in dread garniture.

XXIV.

From crown to heel stained black as night he rose,
 All naked save his waist and heaving chest ;
 The sable fox-hide did his loins enclose,
 The sable fox-tail formed his nodding crest,
 Bent o'er his locks which hung, and dangling loose,
 Half veiled his cheeks, and lengthened to his breast ;
 Around that breast the same black fox's hair
 Moved as he breathed, and seemed as growing there.

XXV.

Tall was his form, and in his dexter hand
 He bore a barb with deadly venom fraught ;
 Whilst on his left, supported by a band,
 He held a casket, where the rabble thought
 A manittoo, awaiting his command,
 Coiled in a serpent's folds ; and there was nought
 That in brave warriors could awake affright,
 Save his dire glance and fascinating might.

XXIV.

For, strange to tell ! e'en on the human kind,
 That serpent ventured with mysterious charm,
 And there were those who thought the subtle mind
 Of Chepian's self inspired his winding form ;

All sought his omens.—He was aye enshrined,
 Through winter's cold, 'mong furs, to keep him warm ;
 And ne'er was issued to the open light,
 Till famine rouse his rage, and prey provoked his might.

XXVII.

Thus, in strange terrors armed, the wizard stood,
 And on the casket riveted his eyes,
 And whispered for a space in ghastly mood,
 Until responses from it seemed to rise
 Faintly distinct ; at which the vulgar blood
 Stayed its career, and e'en the Sachems wise
 Heard with a thrill—for these dread accents rose :
 “ Count ye the sands—ye count your pale-faced foes.”

XXVIII.

The prophet glanced around, the throngs to scan ;
 And well he noted by the silence dread
 The moment of effect, and then began,
 (Beseeching first his fearful demon's aid ;)
 “ Chepian, thou power of evil ! dread of man !
 God of destruction ! pouring on the head
 Of thy opposers, ruins, plagues, and pest,
 Let all thy might thy serpent form invest.”

XXIX.

He said ; then turning to the throngs he spoke :
 “ Brothers ! dark tempests overshadow our sky ;
 The characters upon Cohannet's rock
 Set bounds in vain—the stranger doth defy
 And break our spells—dread Chepian feels the shock :
 In wrath he sees the approaching deity
 Of the pale man—and, in his coming stride,
 Feels scathe and death to his dominion wide.

XXX.

“ Now hearken, brothers—twas a dismal night,
 And in his cave sat Tatoban alone ;
 The fading embers shed a dreary light,
 And the big owl sent forth a hollow moan ;
 The god of tempests sped his rapid flight,
 And 'neath his footsteps did the forest groan :
 And whilst he sate, out from the deepest gloom,
 Did the dread form of awful Chepian come.

XXXI.

“ Like two red comets did his eye-balls blaze,
 His form seemed of substantial darkness made ;
 Naked he stood, yet, hidden from the gaze,
 Where round his feet the living shadows played ;
 His lifted arm a lance of fire displays,
 And, robed in terrors, forward bends his head ;
 His long black locks shed sparks of living fire,
 Stood up, self-moved, and curled instinct with ire.

XXXII.

“ Sleeps Tatoban !” the awful demon said,
 “ Sleeps Tatoban ! my Priest, my Prophet sleep !
 Does not a pale man my dominion tread ?
 With hostile gods has he not crossed the deep ?
 Prophet ! the spirits of your kindred dead
 Already o’er their children’s ashes weep—
 Arise ! go forth, and by thy serpent quell
 The daring stranger, and his gods expel !

XXXIII.

“ Hast thou forgot, when, by Cohannet’s stream,
 To curse the strangers every charm was tried ?
 How, at your mutterings, the pale moon’s beam
 Retired from Heaven, and backward rushed the tide ?
 How I appeared, and, by the embers’ gleam,
 To the hard rock my lance’s point applied,
 And scored my mandate—saying to the foe,
 Thus far thy gods shall come—no further go ?

XXXIV.

“ Rouse, Prophet, rouse ! behold, a stranger dare
 Pass the charmed limits, and our peace invade !”—
 He said, “ and, resting on the casket there,
 Melted from sight into the sombre shade :
 “ He chose my serpent for his earthly lair ;
 Swelled his huge volumes, and inspired his head,
 And taught his tongue to speak the future well,
 And charms most wise that can the bravest quell.

XXXV.

“ And durst thou, stranger, brave his glance of fire ?
 Durst thou confront the terror of his charms ?
 Confront grim Chepian in the dread attire
 Of the great Sesek, whose unearthly arms

Wakes fear in Sachems? O, thou fool! retire—
Bear off thy gods; for robed in all their harms
Thou art unsafe.—No power we yield to thee,
Or to thy gods; for Chepian rules by me.”

XXXVI.

Williams replied, “Thou Priest of Beelzebub!
Chepian, I mean, if that’s his better name—
I come not hither to assume thy robe
Pontifical, or emulate thy fame;
Or yet to trouble, with the warrior’s club,
Such saints as thou and thy dark demon claim—
Be thou but peaceful, and thou mayest still
Worship thy manit dark, as suits thy stubborn will.

XXXVII.

“But here I sit, to prove thee to thy face
A foul impostor, and thy charms a cheat—
To ope the eyes of a deluded race,
Strangely misled by thine infernal feat,
That in thy foe they confidence may place,
And him, in friendship, as a neighbor greet;
So try thy spells, thine utmost powers essay,
And if I blench, be thine the victor’s day.”

XXXVIII.

“Die, then!” he said, and down with fury cast
The magic casket, and wide open flew
Its fur-lined cavern. Forth his volumes vast,
In many a glistening fold, the serpent drew;
Glanced on his burnished scales, the sunbeams past
Along his winding spires in many a hue;
Proud of his freedom, o’er the glade he rolled,
And mocked the rain-bow in the hues of gold.

XXXIX.

Now to the sun his glittering breast he rears,
His head high swimming in the wanton gales;
Now coiled in folds, his giant orb appears;
Now stretched recumbent, o’er the plain he trails.
The crowds beheld him, and, with mighty cheers,
Hailed their dread demon in his robe of scales.
The monster paused—his eyes on Williams fell,
And shot dire influence, like a light from hell.

XL.

High towered his head—in many an ample fold
 He coiled his volumes, spire o'er spire ascending ;
 Still lessening as they rose and inward rolled,
 His rustling scales, their thousand colors blending,
 Surpassed the hues of diamond and of gold ;
 Till, from the pyramidal top extending,
 Swam forth on crooked neck his eyes of flame,
 Rang his sharp buzz, and on he slowly came.

XLI.

Shouted the crowds, as they beheld him rise,
 " The manittoo ! The manittoo !" they cried.
 In sooth, their demon, from his burning eyes,
 Seemed looking forth, and his unlabored glide
 Scarce seemed of earthly sort—his glistening dyes,
 In mingling brilliance, changed and multiplied ;
 The curves that move him scarce their curls untwist ;
 But o'er them floating, like a globe of mist,

XLII.

His quivering rattles buzz. With curious eyes,
 Williams beheld him on his spires advance ;
 Then grasped a wand—then paused with fixed surprise,
 To see the radiance of each motion glance
 The hues of Heaven—alternate sink and rise
 His bending spires, and still the colors dance—
 At every change of that deep thrilling hum
 The motions change—the colors go and come.

XLIII.

An odor, strange but not offensive, spread,
 As he advanced and nearer Williams drew ;
 But penetrating, keen, it filled the head,
 Involved his brain, and passed his senses through ;
 Then tranced he sate, and all around him played
 Celestial hues, and music strange and new—
 The heavens, the earth, to various radiance turned,
 And mingling rain-bows all around him burned.

XLIV.

The baneful serpent vanished from his sight ;
 No foreign object did his trance confuse ;
 So rung the hum—so danced the colors bright,
 The hues seemed music, and the music hues ;

Still swelled the sounds—still livelier flashed the light;
 His limbs obedience to his will refuse;
 He strove to rise—he yielded to affright;
 For all seemed spell-bound, as in dreams of night.

XLV.

“ Whence this dread power that steals my strength away?
 This creeping torpor—and this chilling dew?
 Whence this strange rapture mingling with dismay?
 Ye dangerous beauties! vanish from my view—
 Are ye from hell—and come ye to betray?
 One more sad victim seek ye to subdue?
 Are ye the Tempter’s, whose infernal spell
 Bore death to Eden, and gave joy to hell?”

XLVI.

“ And shall my labors thus inglorious end?
 And shall my fate give hell a triumph new?”
 This thought was fire, and did new vigor lend—
 Back rushed his soul through every avenue.
 A seeming cloud did from his brain ascend,
 The magic colors vanished from his view,
 And at his feet, in many an ample sweep,
 The odious reptile coiled him for the leap.

XLVII.

Swift darts the tongue—the horrid jaws unfold—
 Williams beheld—struck—cleft the head away.
 In many an ample coil the body rolled,
 And then relaxed, and all extended lay
 A headless reptile—all its hues of gold
 And diamond vanished with its life’s decay;
 Whilst the foiled wizard looked upon the slain,
 And choked and yelled, then choked with rage again.

XLVIII.

The crowds looked on ’twixt terror and surprise—
 They gazed—they gaped with fixed astonishment;
 Their serpent manit braved—ay, slaughtered lies!
 Is it Awanux that is prevalent?
 But when they gave full credence to their eyes,
 Wild wondering clamors through the masses went,
 Which closed in shouts that through the forest rolled,
 “ The wizard conquered by the Yengee bold!”

XLIX.

Ill could that juggler a white victor brook,
 And Hell's dark passions boiled through all his blood ;
 His eyes shot fire, and from his belt he took
 His deadly dart—and in stern silence viewed
 Its poisoned barb, whose short and horrid crook
 The jaws of seseks armed—jaws all imbued
 With the keen venom gathered from the fangs
 Of such as died by self-inflicted pangs.

L.

Nothing he spake—but, with a hideous yell,
 He raised the dart—and backward as he bent
 His starting eye-balls shot the light of Hell ; ,
 At Williams' breast their vengeful glance was sent—
 But as his muscles did the barb impel,
 Red Waban's grasp obstructed their descent—
 On earth the weapon falls and pants for blood ;
 The lifted arm still threatening vengeance stood.

LI.

Miantonomi, who the scene surveyed,
 Too long had now his rising wrath concealed ;
 A mighty lance his better hand displayed,
 And well he knew its haft of length to wield ;
 Backward its hilt the angry Sachem swayed,
 And 'neath its stroke the staggering wizard reeled ;
 Till from a storm of blows he cringing fled,
 And madly howling through the forest sped.

LII.

“Go, Priest of Chepian, go !” the Sachem said,
 “Thy dreams are false—thy charms are all a cheat ;
 Go to thy manit—tell him that his aid
 Has failed thee once, and thou art sorely beat.
 Thy prophecies have us too long betrayed,
 And in the council vacant is thy seat.
 When aid we need, to him will we apply
 Who conquers thee, and slays thy deity.”

LIII.

A space the throngs sate as in deep amaze—
 A space 'twere doubtful what might be their mood ;
 At length wild shoutings they began to raise ;—
 One transport filled the total multitude ;

Their Sachem's boldness cheerly did they praise ;
 For long had they with dread the wizard viewed ;
 Nor less admired our Founder's courage true,
 Which did that juggler and his charms subdue.

LIV.

Then rose Canonikus, that shrewd old chief ;
 " Brother ! " he said, " much glory hast thou won ;
 Thy deeds this day will scanty gain belief
 With warriors red, 'twixt rise and set of sun :
 Great Chepian's priest, within a moment brief,
 Has by thy firmnes been quite overdone ;
 And thou art greater than his manits are,
 For they are vanquished in the contest fair.

LV.

" Brother ! we take thy calumet of peace,
 And throw the hatchet into quiet shade ;
 The Wampanoag's terrors may surcease,
 And thou may'st plant on Seekonk's eastern glade ;
 But hearken, brother !—better far would please
 Thy council fire if by Mooshausick made—
 But pass we that ; for well our brother knows
 To live our friend surrounded by our foes.

LVI.

" Brother ! thou wilt our belt of friendship take,
 And for us win the kindness of the White,
 That when we war against the Pequot make,
 His hands may aid us, and his counsels light ;
 His thunders speak, and all the forests shake,
 His lightnings flash, and spread a wild affright
 Through town and fortress, wheresoc'er we go,
 Till not a Pequot lives to tell his nation's wo.

LVII.

" Brother ! we grant thee quiet neighborhood—
 The tree of peace o'ershadows thee and me ;
 Thou mayest hunt in Narraganset's wood,
 And catch the fish that in our waters be ;
 But thou must still promote the red man's good,
 His belt keep bright, and make thy counsels free
 When danger shades us ; and if this be done,
 I am thy father, thou shalt be my son."

LVIII.

Scarcely need I say, Sire Williams cheerly gave
 The pipe he bore and took the friendly belt;
 That thanks he tendered to the Sachems brave;
 That what he uttered was as deeply felt;
 That he repeated each assurance grave
 Of friendly favors, whilst he near them dwelt;
 Nor pause I, now, the customs to describe,
 By which the truce was honored by the tribe.

LIX.

He took the Sachem's friendly calumet,
 Then scattered wampum 'mong the warriors all;
 On M'antonimi's lofty brow he set,
 Round waving plumes, the jeweled coronal;
 The scarlet coat the elder potentate
 Most trimly graced, and gave delight withal;
 Then ribbons gave he, various their hue,
 To counsellors and Keenomps, bold and true.

LX.

His mission finished, Father Williams sped,
 With Waban guiding, through the forest lone;
 Nor cold nor hunger did he longer dread,
 Or bore them cheerly now, his object won;
 Quickly to Haup did he the thickets thread—
 To Haup, so well to Pilgrim Father known—*
 And found that Sachem, 'mid his warriors stern,
 Alarmed, but hoping still his safe return.

LXI.

Gladly he heard from Waban's faithful tongue
 Sire Williams' speeches and the answers given,
 And wildly shouted all that warrior throng,
 To learn the dire enchanter's spell was riven;
 And wilder shouts the echoing vales prolong,
 To hear that priest was from the council driven;
 "The tree," they cried, "of peace will bloom again,
 The wizard's banished, and his manit slain."

* All New England has an equal right to look back to a common Protestant pilgrim ancestry. Roger Williams' protest against the intolerance of his ren, worked no corruption of blood; but, on the contrary, purified it, and Rhode-Island precedence in the cause of religious liberty, to which no other elders have any particular pretensions. The pilgrims of Plymouth and Massachusetts were pilgrims for a church-liberty—the Rhode-Island pilgrims were grims for a soul-liberty.

LXII.

Then to the elder chief our Father gave
The Narraganset friendly calumet ;
And it was pleasant to behold that grave
And stern old Sachem, whilst his eyes were wet
With tears of gratitude—he could outbrave
The stake's grim tortures; and could smiling sit
Amid surrounding foes: yet kindness could
Melt into tears this "stoic of the wood."

LXIII.

He clasped our Father by the hand, and led,
In speechless silence, to the mountain's crown ;
And, from the snow-white clift that capped its head,
They glanced o'er bay and isle, and forest brown.
It seemed a summer's eve in winter bred ;
The sun in ruddy gold was going down,
And calm and far the expanded waters lay,
Robed in the glory of the setting ray.

LXIV.

There stretched Aquidnay far tow'rd ocean blue,
In virgin wildness still of isles the queen ;
Her branchy forest caught the western hue.
Her vales and banks were decked with cedars green.
Far tow'rd the south, her swelling bosom drew
Its forests, lessening in the distant scene,
Till, in the vast extent, the following view
Lost them in mists breathed from the briny dew.

LXV.

Beneath his feet, Aquidnay's north extreme
Embraced a cove begemmed with islets gay ;
Its silvery bosom glanced the setting beam.
Where the tall hemlocks gave the radiance way.
Young nature there, tranced in her earliest dream,
Did all her whims in vital forms array ;
Her feathered tribes round isle and headland glide.
Her scaly broods leap from the glassy tide.

LXVI.

Here from Aquidnay tow'rd the setting sun,
Spread the calm waters like a sea of gold
Begemmed with isles, till Narraganset dun
Fringed the far west—there cape and headland bold,

With forest shagged, cast their huge shadows down,
 And glassed them in the flood ; where silence old
 Recalled her reign, save that by times might rise,
 On Williams' ears, the sea-bird's jangling cries.

LXVII.

Or, he might see borne in the light canoe,
 Round jutting point, the lonely fowler glide,
 Who paused to watch, with never-ceasing view,
 Where the long-diving loon might break the tide ;
 Or cautious near the feathered myriads drew,
 And vexed beheld them cleave, with clangor, wide
 Up from the foamy flood, and, mounting high,
 Darken the day, and seek a distant sky.

LXVIII.

Then glancing north, from far could he behold,
 Bright bursting from his source through forests dun,
 Like liquid silver broad Cohannet rolled
 Towr'd parent ocean—there his currents run
 Embrowned by fringing woods—here moulted gold,
 Gleaming and glittering in the setting sun,
 They glance by Haup—there, downward as they pour,
 They cleave Aquidnay from Pocasset's shore.

LXIX.

That rude Pocasset—which, when Williams saw
 From towering Haup, did one broad forest shew ;
 Here, steep o'er steep, there, leaving Nature's law,
 Hill, dale, and swamp in wild confusion threw
 The wildered gaze, where, if the hunter draw
 The sounding bow, and but a space pursue
 The wounded deer, he finds his guidance fail,
 And, lost, halloos through many a winding vale.

LXX.

Yet the rude wigwams smoked from many a glade,
 Where by the flood the oaks were branching wide,
 Where future gardens might invite the spade,
 And the glad swain the fertile glebe divide ;
 Still onward south the hills retiring made
 More ample meadows by the glassy tide ;
 Till far Seconnet shewed her strength of rock,
 Where the loud ocean's rolling mountains broke.

LXXI.

But on Aquidnay dwelt our Founder's gaze,
With rapture high. "Would Seekonk's mead compare
With yon wild Eden?" Whilst he thus delays,
The old chief's hand does on his bosom bear
As thus he speaks: "Another sachem sways
The isle of peace. All Haup's dominions are
Stretched tow'rd the God of frost—look there and choose—
All hast thou won, and well a part may use."

LXXII.

Turned by the hand, and voice that wakes his ears,
Beneath his feet one boundless forest lay;
The mossy giants of a thousand years,
O'er hill and plain their mighty arms display;
Mound after mound, far lessening north, appears,
Till in blue haze the branches melt away;
Here Seekonk wedded with Mooshausick beamed,
And there Cohannet's liquid silver gleamed.

LXXIII.

Here Kikimuet left his woodland height,
Shined 'twixt the hills, or wandered 'neath the shade;
There Sowams gleamed, if names the muse aright,
Till far in forest brown his glories fade;
And, here and there, curled on our Founder's sight
Smokes from the village of each sheltered glade;
Whilst 'neath his feet, just at the mountain's base,
Rose the chief town of Pokanoket's race.

LXXIV.

Embosomed in thick shades the village stood;
Its frequent voices, up the silent steep,
Came on our Founder's ear; in cheerful mood,
The tones of childhood shrill, and manhood deep,
Now told what sports and now what toils pursued
The happy throngs—then would the echoes sweep
Of girlhood's voice, warbling the plaintive strain,
Half chant, half music, to the woodland plain.

LXXV.

Ah! how more lovely than the silence hushed,
That lists in horror for the foeman's tread!
A tender joy our Father's bosom flushed—
His were the toils that had these blessings spread;

The storm, that else had o'er the nation rushed,
 Had by his sufferings and his toils been stayed ;
 And as he mused, his hand the Sachem pressed,
 For like emotions swelled his rugged breast.

LXXVI.

"And oh !" he cried, "what can the Sachem do ?
 How can he give to Winiams recompense ?
 Our foes were many, and our warriors few,
 But Winiams came, and he was our defence ;
 Go, brother, plant—go, plant our forest through—
 All hast thou won by thy benevolence ;
 All hast thou saved from ruthless enemies,
 Take what thou wilt, and take what best may please."

LXXVII.

Our Father answered—"give me bounds and deeds—
 No lands I take but such as parchment names ;
 To future ages will I leave no seeds
 To yield a harvest of discordant claims ;
 If name I must, I name fair Seekonk's meads—
 What first I craved still satisfies my aims ;
 These and the friendship of my neighbors are
 Reward too generous for my toil and care."

LXXVIII.

"My brother gives with palm expanded wide,"
 The Sachem said, "but with a closing hand
 Our gifts are half received and half denied ;
 Ha ! was he born in the white stranger's land ?
 My brother's corn shall wave by Seekonk's tide—
 My brother's town shall on its margin stand ;
 And on the deer-skin, tested by my bow,
 My painted voice shall talk, and to far ages go."

LXXIX.

Whilst thus they spake, the sun declining low,
 In Narraganset's shades, half veiled his light ;
 On rapid pinions did the dark winged crow
 And broad plumed eagle speed their homeward flight ;
 Warned by the signs, the twain, descending slow,
 In converse grave, passed down the wooded height ;
 And, in the Sachem's sylvan palace, share
 Respite from hunger, toil, and present care.

CANTO SIXTH.

[SCENE. Seekonk's Mead, or Place of the First Settlement.]

THE winds of March o'er Narraganset's bay
Move in their strength—the waves with foam are white,
O'er Seekonk's tide the waving branches play,
The woods roar o'er resounding plain and height;
'Twixt sailing clouds, the sun's inconstant ray
But glances on the scene—then fades from sight;
The frequent showers dash from the passing clouds;
The hills are peeping through their wintry shrouds.

II.

Dissolving snows each downward channel fill,
Each swollen brook a foaming torrent brawls,
Old Seekonk murmurs, and, from every hill,
Answer aloud the coming waterfalls;
Deep-voiced Pawtucket thunders louder still;
To dark Mooshausick joyously he calls,
Who breaks his bondage, and, through forests brown,
Murmurs the hoarse response, and rolls his tribute down.

III.

From that far morn, dim in the distant past,
When first she woke the murmur of her song,
She has been free, and freely to the blast
Sung her lone ditty as she passed along;
And gliding slow, or onward hurrying fast,
Has laved her banks, or dashed her current strong
From headlong steep. Sun, moon, and starry night
Came and beheld her wanton in her might.

IV.

But hark! that sound, above the cataracts
And hollow winds, in this wild solitude,
Seems passing strange.—Who, with the laboring axe,
On Seekonk's eastern marge, invades the wood?

Stroke follows stroke—some sturdy hind attacks
 Yon ancient groves, which from their birth have stood
 Unmarred by steel—and, startled at the sound,
 The wild deer snuffs the gales—then, with a bound,

V.

Vaults o'er the thickets, and, down yonder glen,
 His antlers vanish—on yon shaggy height
 Sits the lone wolf, half-peering from his den,
 And howls, regardless of the morning light—
 Unwonted sounds and a strange denizen
 Vex his repose—then, cowering with affright,
 He shrinks away—for, with a crackling sound,
 Yon lofty hemlock bows, and thunders to the ground.

VI.

Who on the prostrate trunk has risen now,
 And does with cleaving steel the blows renew?
 Broad is the beaver on his manly brow,
 His mantle gray, his hosen azure blue;
 His feet are dripping with dissolving snow;
 His garments sated with the morning dew;
 His nerves seem strengthened with the labor past,
 His visage hardened by the winter's blast.

VII.

Though changed by sufferings, 'tis our Founder yet;
 There does he hope, and labor, but in vain,
 On free opinion's base to build a State,
 Where reason aye shall spurn the tyrant's chain:
 But, ah! unhappy man! the bigot's hate
 Will still, I fear, thy lofty soul restrain—
 Will rob thee even of an exile's home,
 And leave thee still in savage wilds to roam.

VIII.

Hard by yon little fountain, clear and sheen,
 Whose swollen streamlet murmurs down the glade,
 Where groves of hemlock and of cedars green
 Stand 'gainst the northern storm a barricade,
 Springs the first mansion of his rude demesne,
 A slender wigwam by red Waban made:
 Such is Sire Williams' shelter from the blast,
 And there his rest, when daily toils are past.

IX.

Yet seldom from the storm he shrinks away,
 With his own hands he's laboring to rear
 A mansion, where his wife and children may,
 In happier days, partake the social cheer;
 Where no stern bigot may in wrath essay
 To make the free-born spirit quail with fear
 At threat of scourge, of banishment and death,
 For the free thought—the soul's sustaining breath.

X.

Day after day does he his toil renew;
 The echoing woods still to the axe resound,
 The falling cedars do the valley strew,
 Or cumber with their trunks the littered ground;
 The solid beams and rafters does he hew,
 Or labors hard to roll their masses round;
 Or squares their sides, or moulds their joints by rule,
 To fit their fellows, and sustain the whole.

XI.

Long did this task Sire Williams' cares engage,
 'Twas labor strange to hands like his, I ween,
 That had far oftener turned the sacred page
 Than hewed the trunk or delved the grassy green;
 But toils like these gave honors to the sage;
 The axe and spade in no one's hands are mean,
 And least of all in thine, that toiled to clear
 The mind's free march—Illustrious Pioneer!

XII.

Boast of your swords, ye blood-stained conquerors—boast
 The free-born millions ye have made your slaves;
 Exult o'er fields where liberty was lost,
 And patriots fell—where, lingering o'er their graves,
 A nation's memory, like a vengeful ghost,
 Broods never slumbering, and forever raves
 Of crimes unanswered—till the gathered wrath
 Of ages bursts on your ensanguined path—

XIII.

And—where are ye? Some remnant left behind,
 Some sculptured marble, or decaying fane,
 May shew where once ye triumphed, mad and blind—
 Shew but for genius ye had fought in vain;

Then look to him whose quiet toils unbind
The bonds which bigots gave you to enchain
Man's angel spirit to some demon's will,
And at your guilty deeds, blush and be still.

XIV.

The dawn beheld him as he issued forth—
Beneath his arm his well-edged hatchet borne ;
Maugre the fury of the stormy north,
His toils resumed anticipate the morn ;
The tempest pours, and in the whirlwind's wrath,
Full many a branch is from the forest torn ;
Yet still his axe resounds—the wearied sun
Goes down to rest and leaves him toiling on.

XV.

The beams now hewn, he frames the building square—
Each joint adjusting to its counter-part—
Tier above tier with labor does he bear—
Timber on timber closes every part—
Save where the door and lattice breathe the air ;
And now the rafters from the wallings start,
And matted o'er is every space between,
And closed against the storm with rushes green.

XVI.

His cot now finished, he begins to rear
A paling rude around that verdant glade ;
His field and garden soon would flourish there,
And wild marauders might their fruits invade ;
His maize might yield a banquet to the bear,
And herds of deer might on his herbage tread ;
But little thought he that intruders worse
Than such invaders would his labors curse.

XVII.

Now milder spring begins its April showers,
And up fair Seekonk woos the southern breeze ;
The birds are singing in their woodland bowers,
Green grows the glade and budding are the trees ;
The purple violet's, and wild strawberry's flowers,
Invite the wandering of the murmuring bees ;
And down the glade the twittering swallow slips,
And in the stream her nimble pinions dips.

XVIII.

And now our Founder, with redoubled haste,
Delves with strong hand to plant the foodful maize ;
He turns the glebe, does nature's rankness waste,
The boscage burn, and noxious brambles raze ;
Then o'er the seed, on earth's brown bosom placed,
The fertile mould with cautious hand he lays ;
Nor this contents—yet for a space he toils
To dress that wild glade with a garden's smiles.

XIX.

He in the forest carved the deep alcove,
And led the climbing vines from tree to tree ;
Still near the cottage rose the birchen grove,
Its tassels waving in the breezes free ;
And o'er the stream their boughs the cedars wove,
Where wound a walk adown the murmuring lea ;
Luxurious vines the little fount embowers,
And gay beneath them blooms a bank of flowers.

XX.

The axe ne'er touched the overhanging bough,
Where the blithe robin built her wonted nest ;
Still round the borders did the wild rose grow,
For there the brown thrush with her brood might rest ;
Nor would he banish from her dwelling low
The long-eared rabbit—but her young caressed ;
Fed from his hand they gambolled through the grove,
Caressed our Sire in turn, and practised human love.

XXI.

And these long toils had faithful Waban's aid ;
His twanging bow announced the early dawn ;
Boldly he pushed into the deepest shade,
Or scanned the tracks upon the dewey lawn ;
His lusty arms oft grappled on the glade
The growling bear, or caught the bounding fawn,
Or his sure arrow, from the sounding bow,
Brought down the turkey from her lofty bough.

XXII.

Sometimes would he the river's bed explore,
When with sure grasp the slippery eels he caught ;
Sometimes he delved along the sandy shore,
And to the lodge the shelly tribute brought ;

And ever shared he with his sagamore,
 (For so to style our Founder was he taught,)
 The fruits of all his toils—'twas aye his care
 To parch the maize, and spread the frugal fare.

XXIII.

Thus for a space the twain in quietude,
 With hopes propitious, urged the task along;
 Not but Sire Williams oft would inly brood
 On the seer's token of a cheering throng,
 To mark the spot ordained for his abode,
 Where never tyrant laws should conscience wrong;
 This yet was wanting. Haply 'twas a vain
 And wayward fancy of a troubled brain.

XXIV.

But omens dark began to frown at last—
 The grim Pawaw had seen his mansion rise—
 Had from Mooshausick's heights full often cast
 On their advancing toils his watchful eyes;
 Williams had hoped, (although the passing blast
 Oft smote his ears charged with his warning cries,)
 That M'antonomi's spear had quelled his pride—
 That with his serpent had his courage died.

XXV.

But vain these hopes, as vain his labors were—
 For the dark priest had not forgot his hate;
 A grinding vengeance prompted him to dare
 The sure destruction of the rising State;
 Or it perchance was salutary care
 For Chepian's weal, that could not tolerate
 A State where man, with conscience unconfined,
 Reasoned—then worshipped as his faith inclined.

XXVI.

Scarce had our Founder made his close secure,
 Ere Seckonk's western marge was blazing bright,
 And decked with horns and furs, and paints impure,
 The savage prophet danced and howled all night
 Around the flame, not failing to adjure
 His Manittoo, that most abhorred the light,
 To lend him aid, and, or by force or fraud,
 Expel the intruder from his new abode.

XXVII.

He had a comrade by the blaze was seen,
And Waban thought that Chepian's self was there ;
But then he said, that on Mooshausick's green,
The prophet had his slaves and dwelling fair ;
And when he uttered charms with ghastly mien,
And when his hideous yells trilled on the air,
The twain could note his ireful gestures well,
And kindling Waban could their import spell.

XXVIII.

War ! War ! he threatened. And, when morning came,
The flame was quenched ; but on the margin he,
All trim for strife, bent his gigantic frame
Over the Seekonk, and toward the lea,
Shook his ensanguined barb, and smote the stream,
And muttered curses numbering three times three ;
Then bent his bow, and sent, across the flood,
Darts armed with serpents' fangs, and red with blood.

XXIX.

And brandishing his blade, he jeering said,
That vengeance gave it eyes and appetite,
It soon would eat, but eat in silence dread ;
That if the red men were all turning white,
He'd seek the white men that were turning red ;
The path was open, and his foot was light ;
The Shawmut* hunters would with greedy ear
Hear in what covert couched their stricken deer.

XXX.

Then, with a hideous yell that rent the skies,
He sternly turned, and tow'rd Mooshausic flew.
Waban beheld the scene with kindling eyes,
And answered with a shout of valor true.
Williams might harm from threats like these surmise ;
But then he deemed the wily wizard knew
The weight of M'antonmi's angry spear,
And when he listed might be taught to fear.

XXXI.

Waban in sooth might many a peril know,
For him the Sachem would too coldly feel ;

* Shawmut—Indian name for Boston.

Yet if the wizard could a secret blow,
 Near Maqua path in lonely forests, deal,
 And fain some vestige of marauding foe,
 To shift suspicion and his guilt conceal,
 Williams ne'er doubted that the blood of both
 Would flow alike to quench his boundless wrath.

XXXII.

But scarce, from this portentous morn, a sun
 Looked on that glade, but brought some fresh alarm;
 If Waban delved the winding shores upon,
 Darts showered around him from some hidden arm;
 His snares were plundered ere the morning shown;
 Clubs smeared with blood and threatening deadly harm
 Lay in his path, and voices strangely broke
 From viewless forms on shrub, or tree, or rock.

XXXIII.

Oft came from vacant air the bitter jeer,
 In gibberish strange—oft times from under ground
 The hellish mockery smote the hunter's ear;
 Then would he start—but if he glanced around
 And Williams saw, he banished every fear;
 For well he knew his Sachem could confound
 Such airy phantoms—he who lately slew,
 In Potowomet's glade, that serpent manittoo.

XXXIV.

Then courage taking would he seek the brake,
 Cull the straight haft, and arm it with the bone
 Or tooth of beaver, and the plumage take
 From Neyhom wild to guide it truly on
 Its destined course, or with nice caution make
 Of sinewy deer the bowstring tough—or hone
 His glittering scalping-knife, and grimly feel
 How sharp its point, how keen its edge of steel.

XXXV.

At length, disdainful longer of disguise,
 Upon the opposing bank the wizard stood,
 With meet compeer—both armed—their battle cries
 And challenge bold fired martial Waban's blood;
 Scorning all counsel, to the marge he flies,
 And showers his arrows o'er the severing flood;

To taunts and jeers his bow alone replies,
And hostile darts begin to span the skies.

XXXVI.

From tree to tree the furious champions flew,
Driving or driven from the sheltering screen,
Each change, each movement, yielding to the view
Their swarthy members through the foliage green ;
Then would their bows the hostile showers renew,
And hideous yells fill every pause between ;
Now down the stream—now at the tumbling falls,
The petty battle raves, and wrath to vengeance calls.

XXXVII.

Hour after hour thus raged the doubtful fight,
Until the combatants their arrows spent ;
Then to the river's marge, in peaceful plight,
Bearing the pipe with fumes all redolent,
The fraudulent wizard came, as to invite
Across the stream to cheer quite innocent
And friendly league, a neighbor and a friend ;
“ Come, let the pipe,” he said, “ the battle end.

XXXVIII.

“ Waban is brave, and Tatoban is brave ;
Hereafter may we live as neighbors kind,
So let thy arrows sleep—no more shall rave
This knife and hatchet—Tatoban was blind !”
“ Go !” Waban cried, “ thou and thy dastard slave !
Go trap the Neyhom, or the foolish hind ;
But thinkest thou into thy open snare
To lure the cunning fox, and slay him there ?”

XXXIX.

Thus closed that day the strife—another came,
And all was peace—another sun, and still
Another sun, rose and still brought the same
Unbroken peace—no threatening sign of ill—
Quite undisturbed red Waban trapped his game
Or delved the shore—no foe appeared—until
Williams, beguiled, deemed he might safely bless
His weary hours with all earth's happiness.

XL.

Waban, his only counsellor and friend,
Warrior and subject in this lone domain,

Did now the summons of his chief attend,
 And to each question gave the answer plain.
 "Waban," said Williams, "do our battles end?
 Is the war over—have we peace again?
 No more the prophet on yon margin stands—
 No more he wings his darts, or whirls his blazing brands.

XLI.

Waban replied, "Did ever noon-day light
 On midnight darkness break?—or tempest shed,
 Just as it gathered, radiance mild and bright?
 Heard not my Sachem what the prophet said—
 That if the red men were all turning white,
 He'd seek such white men as were turning red?
 Perchance he goes, and Waban has a fear
 That to his cunning speech they'll lend a listening ear."

XLII.

"Waban, fear not; my pale-faced brethren are
 All Christians, or at least would so be thought;
 And think'st thou Beelzebub, however fair
 His speech may be, could move their feelings aught
 Against their brother? It is better far,
 If the grim savage hath such vengeance sought,
 Than lurking be among the bushes here,
 To fill our days with care, our nights with fear.

XLIII.

"But, Waban, I have now a task for thee—
 Think not of him, be thy attention here;
 Whilst the snows covered earth, and ice the sea,
 I left my consort and my children dear;
 'Twas stormy night—the hunter sheltered me,
 And in his lodge he gave abundant cheer;
 Then to the rising sun he cheerly sped,
 And saw 'mong faces pale the wanderer's shed.

XLIV.

"There too he saw his little children play,
 And the white hand which gave the blanket red;
 But now far distant seems that gloomy day,
 When from their presence thy white sachem fled;
 The lodge is built—the garden smiling gay—
 Will the swift foot once more the forest thread,

And guide the children and the snow-white hand
Along the howling wilds to this far distant land?"

XLV.

Waban replied: "The nimble-foot will go—
But a gaunt wolf may haunt the hunter's way;
And he will sharp his darts, and string his bow,
And gird his loins as for the battle fray;
The Priest of Chepian ne'er forgets a foe—
His vengeance lasts until a bloody day
Shall feed the crows, or still a bloodier night
Give the gaunt wolf a banquet ere 'tis light."

XLVI.

"God is our trust!" our pious Founder said,
"Arm, and go forth confiding in his might;
Far as a banished exile's foot dare tread,
On ground forbidden, will thy sachem white
Journey to meet thee. When the sun has shed
Five times from orient skies his flaming light,
Williams will meet his spouse and children dear,
Hid in brown shades forbidden Salem near."

XLVII.

Our Founder then the brief epistle traced;
Entreating first that some kind Salem friend,
To aid his little Israel through the waste,
Would for a space two well-trained palfreys lend;
Then to his spouse, with kind expression graced,
Did meet directions for her guidance send;
Called her from Egypt—bade her cheerly dare
The desert pass, and find her Canaan there.

XLVIII.

The next morn dawned, and Waban stood prepared—
His knife well sharpened and his bow well strung—
He waited only till his chief declared
His purpose full—then on his mantle flung—
Girded his loins—his brawny arms embared—
Then with a plunge through rattling thickets sprung—
And soon the thunderings of the partridge tell
Where bounds his distant foot from dell to dell.

XLIX.

Ne'er from himself had Father Williams hid,
That his own strength had on that journey tired;

But his hard lot all tenderness forbid,
And hearts scarce feminine in all required ;
But whilst he mused new apprehensions chid
Each softer thought, and dire alarms inspired ;
Still Waban's words would on his mind intrude :
“ That Prophet's wrath was quenched alone by blood.”

CANTO SEVENTH.

[SCENES. Seckonk's Mead—The Wilderness—Salem—The Wilderness—The Night
at the Cavern—The New Home.]

MUCH Williams dreaded that dark priest, I ween,
Albeit he hid his fears from Waban's eyes ;
His threat'ning arrows and his savage mien
Would often now in midnight dreams arise ;
And, rising, bring of blood a woful scene—
His Mary pale—his children's wailing cries—
Then would he start, and marvel how a dream,
Delirium's thought, should so substantial seem.

II.

If in the lonely wilds, by evening dim,
That vengeful savage should the path waylay
Of all the riches earth contained for him,
Those jewels of the heart, what power could stay
His thirst for blood—his fury wild and grim
As is the tiger's bounding on his prey—
Oft came obtrusive this appalling thought—
He shook it off—still it returned unsought.

III.

Not long he brooks this torturing delay,
But soon tow'rd Salem through lone forest goes ;
Nor will the Muse now linger on his way,
And sing in horrid shades each night's repose,
Until she shuddering mingle with her lay,
And seem herself to bear her hero's woes ;
Let it suffice, that he in forests brown,
Upon the third day's dawn, saw that forbidden town.

IV.

He saw the cottage he must tread no more,
And sighed that man should be so stern to man ;
Two harnessed palfreys stood beside the door,
And, by the windows busy movement ran ;

Then did his eyes the village downs explore ;
 The hardy throngs not yet their toils began—
 All there was sleep, save where the watch-dog bayed,
 Or lowed the grazing herds along the dewy glade.

v.

And many a field new traces of the plough,
 And many a roof its recent structure showed,
 And, in the harbor, many a sable prow,
 On the dark billows, at her anchor rode ;
 And, ah ! he saw (to him no temple now)
 That roof where erst in solemn prayer he bowed,
 And strove to lead his little flock to Heaven—
 That flock now torn with strife, their shepherd from them rive

vi.

Again his eyes turned to that dearer spot—
 The palfreys laden with their burdens stood ;
 Such furniture they bore as Mary thought
 The tender exiles now to thread the wood
 Could ill dispense withal—nor was forgot
 Aught that might comfort most their far abode,
 And homely garnitures of housedhold were
 A cumbrous burden for a journey far.

vii.

At length red Waban took each palfrey's rein,
 And slowly strode the burdened beasts before ;
 Then saw he Mary, with her little train
 Of blooming children, issue from the door ;
 Some loving neighbors seemed them to detain
 A space, of Heaven a blessing to implore,
 Then broke the farewell hymn, a pensive strain,
 From mingled voices, as they trod the plain.

viii.

And it was pleasant, and was mournful too,
 To see the matron leading by the hand,
 From all their joys to toils and dangers new
 In the drear wilderness, that infant band ;
 Hand clasped in hand did they their way pursue,
 All blithe and innocent, to that far land—
 Full as unconscious of the ills that wait,
 As that their labors were to found a State.

IX.

But Father Williams' patriarchal eyes
Saw in that infant group a people's germ ;
The nursery of ages, whence should rise,
For thee, Soul-Liberty ! defenders firm ;
And felt that God, o'er their young destinies,
With smiles benign would stretch a sheltering arm ;
Yet when he thought what trials they must know,
The Father's bosom hove, and tears began to flow.

X.

Now Waban passed him where concealed he stood,
And slowly led the burdened beasts along,
And then his Mary glided 'neath the wood,
Still guiding by the hand the prattling throng ;
No more in secret he the angels viewed,
But in a rapture from the thicket sprung—
" O, Father ! Father !" the loved infants cried,
And Mary clasped his hand, and glancing heavenward sighed.

XI.

Spare ! spare my numbers ! for to whom belongs
To sing of wo-attempered joy like this ?
Or if to any, what but angel tongues
Could fitly speak a glance of Heaven's own bliss,
Shed on pure hearts still struggling with the wrongs
Of persecution—lighting the abyss
Of sufferings else uncheered—'twas like the ray
Which paints the bow upon the tempest spray.

XII.

Short is the transport—soon must they resume
The weary march, and from the dawning gray
Hour after hour, to pensive evening's gloom,
Through the lone forest urge their devious way ;
O'er river, vale, and steep, through brake and broom,
And rough ravine, their tender feet did stray ;
The father's arms oft bore the lovely weight,
Or on the palfrey's back the weariest wanderer sate.

XIII.

And thus they past o'er many a rapid flow,
Climb'd many a hill—through many a valley wound,
Whilst wary Waban moved before them slow,
And for their path the smoothest passage found ;

The river deep—the miry fen and low,
 The floods had swollen to their utmost bound ;
 Unbridged by frost, no passage now they show,
 And by a devious route the anxious wanderers go.

XIV.

The sun from middle skies his course now bent,
 And they a space paused on a rising ground ;
 And, as they respite took, their glance they sent
 O'er the vast sea of forest that embrowned
 Hill, dale and plain ; the vaulted firmament—
 And that brown waste clipped by the azure round,
 And yon bright sun—yon eagle soaring high—
 And yon fair wigwam's smoke, are all that cheer the eye.

XV.

At times the eagle's scream trills from on high—
 At times the pecker taps the mouldering bough,
 Or the far raven wakes her boding cry—
 All else is hushed the boundless prospect through :
 And, ah ! they feel in this immensity,
 Whilst thus they scan it from this lofty brow,
 As feel in ocean's mid some ship-wrecked crew,
 Wandering the shoreless vast borne in the frail canoe.

XVI.

Here sate the little group our Founder nigh,
 There stretched the waste they were to journey through,
 Embosomed in its drear immensity,
 The land of hope, far, far beyond their view,
 That dusky man, whose quickly glancing eye
 Might doubt and peril to their course foreshew,
 Their only pilot through the dark profound—
 Their only earthly aid when death and danger frowned.

XVII.

And something was there, in that red man's mien,
 Which through the morn had drawn our Founder's view ;
 For he moved speechless, and was often seen
 To bend his ear, or start at object new ;
 And now he stood behind the thicket's screen,
 And, o'er the vast, far-searching glances threw,
 Then paused—nor started till a distant howl
 Did, with long echoes, through the forest roll.

XVIII.

It seemed a wolf's—but Waban's practised ear
Could well the language of the forest spell—
Again he paused—until from distance drear,
A faint response in dying cadence fell ;
Then came in haste—"Does not my sachem hear
The voice of vengeance in the breezes swell ?
Come ! Let us hasten to some friendly town,
For murder tracks us through the forest brown !

XIX.

"Comrade to comrade calls !—The demon's priest
Is on our trail !"—No more the red man spoke—
And this, in Narraganset's tongue addressed,
Nought to the matron told—save that the look
And earnest gesture might inspire her breast
With apprehensions vague—she soon mistook
These for the savage in his wonted mood,
And seemed confirmed as she our Founder viewed ;

XX.

Who, in like speech, thus to his faithful guide,
"Waban, be calm ! wake not in bosoms frail
A groundless fear—the tokens may have lied—
Some other wolf may be upon our trail."
"Waban was hunted," quickly he replied,
"Far tow'rd the white man's town through yonder vale
When there the priest oft in his pathway stept,
And watched the wigwam where the white hand slept."

XXI.

Sire Williams shuddered thus to realize
What he had hoped was but his fancy's fear,
But quelled he yet each symptom of surprise,
And thus to Waban : "Brother, be your ear
Quick as the beaver's, and your searching eyes
Like to the eagle's, and, the foeman near,
Be your heart bolder than the panther's when
He slays the growling bear, and drags him to his den."

XXII.

They left the steep, and, o'er the woodland plain,
Passed with all speed the tender group could make ;
They ford the rivers, and their course maintain
Through ancient groves, where, bare of broom and brake,

The lurking foe might scant concealment gain ;
 Waban still moved before, and nothing spake ;
 His rapid glance scanned every thicket near,
 And when he paused he bent the listening ear.

XXIII.

Hour after hour, thus did the hunter go,
 His eyes still roving and his ears still spread ;
 His was a spectre's glide—but toiling slow,
 The lagging group pursued with faltering tread.
 At last he paused beneath a birchen bough,
 Where alders dense seemed a safe barricade,
 Waiting the group's advance.—With anxious breast
 Willams approached, and thus his guide address'd :

XXIV.

“ Sees not my brother that the shadows grow
 . Fast tow'rd the east, and that the forest brown
 Soon hides the sun?—then whither does he go
 To rest in safety till the morrow's dawn?”
 Waban replied, “ O'er yon far distant brow,
 Smokes in the vale Neponset's peopled town ;
 Thy red friends there will thee in safety keep,
 There may the white hand and the children sleep.”

XXV.

As thus he spake, across their pathway sped
 The startled partridge on the whirring wings ;
 An arrow glanced—it grazed the hunter's head,
 And the shrill forest with the bowstring rings ;
 Flashed Waban's eyes, and all the warrior red
 Flames through his blood, and every muscle strings ;
 He stooped to mark where twanged that hostile bow,
 Then sprang from tree to tree, to reach the assailing foe.

XXVI.

But ere he gained the destined point, or viewed
 The fell assassin, the dry fagots' crash,
 The waving coppice, and re-echoing wood,
 And sounding foot-falls, down the lawns that dash,
 Told him how vainly he his foe pursued,
 Or that pursuit were dangerously rash ;
 Then turning slowly he retraced his track,
 As his foiled leap the lion measures back.

XXVII.

The matron trembled, at the scene dismayed,
 For she had marked that hostile arrow's flight,
 And Williams' glance, and Waban's mien betrayed
 That pressing perils did their fears excite;
 No frantic shrieks the mother's acts degrade;
 A mother's cares did every thought invite;
 And o'er the little fountains of our blood,
 She stretched her arms' frail shield, and trembling stood.

XXVIII.

Though with more calmness, yet with equal dread,
 The anxious father viewed the threatening harm;
 And, under God, what was there now to aid,
 Save his own firmness and red Waban's arm?
 Behind—before—a dreary forest spread—
 Far off Neponset—here the dire alarm
 Of lurking savage—whilst the gathering night
 Still added horror to a doubtful flight.

XXIX.

He paused one moment, and his means forlorn
 To guard his onward march, he thus arrayed:
 The palfreys shielded by the burdens borne,
 Each side the moving group, were slowly led;
 This reined by him, that by his eldest born,
 Whilst nimble Waban scoured the threatening shade—
 On every side the watchful hunter ran;
 Now fenced their flanks—now pioneered their van.

XXX.

As when the eagle, from her airy rest,
 Watching her callow young with anxious eye,
 Sees the dark thickets moved, by footsteps press'd,
 Close in the precincts of her nursery high,
 With outstretched pinions round her fostered nest,
 She wildly wheels, then darts into the sky—
 Then sweeps o'er thickets—gathering every sound,
 She soars through fields of air, or sails along the ground;

XXXI.

So Waban watched and ran—whilst moving slow,
 The anxious father aids the group along;
 In dreadful silence sleeps the forest now—
 Hushed is the prattling of each infant's tongue—

No sound is there, save that of footsteps low,
 Or of the breeze that sighs the leaves among,
 Or palfrey's tramp—whose hoofs, with iron shod,
 Now clink on rocks, now deaden on the sod.

XXXII.

The sun at last sunk in the western shade,
 And the thick forest cast a darker frown,
 And now they paused, amid an open glade,
 More than a bow-shot from the thickets brown;
 Then Father Williams to the hunter said,
 "Where! where! O Waban, is Neponset's town?"
 And Waban answered, "Full one half a sleep
 This lagging march requires to bring us to its steep."

XXXIII.

"Then here we rest, to take whate'er may come,"
 Our Founder said, "and do you all prepare
 To tread those realms which lie beyond the tomb;
 There are no foes or persecutors there,
 To drive the guiltless forth, and bid them roam
 In savage wilds—yet do not quite despair;
 When comes the foe—and come he doubtless will—
 Brother! we must be firm—if needful, we must kill!"

XXXIV.

"Waban is firm," the hunter said, and smote
 His naked breast, and raised his stature high—
 "Yet hear the red man still—not far remote
 Is Waban's rock, where he is wont to lie
 When the far-striding moose has tired his foot,
 And night comes down, and tempests rule the sky—
 There may we rest; the foe's approach is hard
 But by one pass, and that will Waban guard."

XXXV.

This place they sought, through a deep rocky dell,
 Where scarce the palfreys found a footing sure—
 Where deeper darkness from the forest fell,
 And thicker bosage did the pass immure—
 At last, before them, like a citadel,
 Rose a tall rock: its frowning frontals lower
 O'er a green lawn, whose sides, with brambles dense,
 Stretched to the rock's steep base impenetrable fence.

XXXVI.

“Here,” said the red man, (as he raised a mass
 Of vines that clustered down the rock’s descent,)
 “Here’s Waban’s cavern—here is ample space
 For thee and thine—in this rude tenement,
 Ten hunters oft have found their biding place;
 Nor by its limits were too closely pent;
 Waban will now far down the opening raise,
 In yon dry fagot’s heap, the mounting blaze.”

XXXVII.

“Stay! stay!” said Williams, “wouldst thou lure the foe?
 Wouldst wake the flame to tell him where we sleep?”
 The hunter smiled: “My Sachem does not know
 How true the foe will to our footsteps keep;
 He hears, perchance e’en now, our accents low,
 Or marks us from some tree on yonder steep;
 Waban will wake the fire—’twill serve to show
 His posture, numbers, and will aid our blow.”

XXXVIII.

Williams assented—and whilst Waban fired
 The arid fagots, he the burdens took
 From off the palfreys, that o’erwrought and tired,
 Now stretched their toil-worn members forth and shook
 Their liberated frames—the ample breath respired,
 And quiet grazed the lawn. Then to the rock
 The father hastened with a blazing brand—
 His spouse and children linking hand in hand,

XXXIX.

Pursued his steps. It was a cavern rude,
 Its floor a level rock—its vaulted roof
 Of granite masses formed—whose arches stood
 More firmly for the weight they propped aloof—
 And here and there upon the floor were strewed
 Extinguished brands—these and like signs gave proof
 Men there had dwelt—then, through the screening vines
 Sire Williams glances out and marks where shines,

XL.

Full upon Waban’s face, the mounting blaze—
 Though half a bow-shot from the cavern, he
 Stands at the fire, yet its bright gleam displays
 His hue and shape, and then could Williams see

How well the hunter judged thus far to raise
 The burning pyre—no passage could there be
 For hostile foot, save by that glittering flame,
 Which well would light the arrow's certain aim.

XLI.

Such furniture, as for their strongest need
 The wretched exiles had themselves supplied,
 Was now brought to the cave, with bread to feed
 The little children clustering at the side
 Of their fond parents.—Then did thanks succeed
 To God who deigned such comforts to provide,
 And earnest prayers that His protecting might
 Would shield them through the dangers of the night.

XLII.

With trembling haste a slight repast they took,
 Then to their several places they repaired ;
 The mother sate deep in the rocky nook
 Beside her children, and their pallet shared ;
 Red Waban sate upon a jutting rock,
 Hard by the cavern's mouth, the pass to guard ;
 Whilst at its entrance, Williams listening stood,
 Screened by the vines, and every passage viewed.

XLIII.

Deep night came down o'er forest, vale and hill—
 The dismal hootings of the darkling owl,
 The melancholy notes of Whip-poor-will,
 And the far distant lone wolf's long-drawn howl,
 Answered at times by panther screaming shrill,
 Such hideous echoes through the forest roll,
 That Mary shudders, and, from transient sleep,
 The infants starting up, for terror weep.

XLIV.

But Williams listened with accustomed ear,
 The dread of man alone disturbed his breast,
 Hour after hour, unmarked by danger near,
 He watched the passage for the savage priest ;
 With eyes toward the flame still does he hear
 Whatever steps the rustling leaves molest ;
 And oft he thought o'er thickets brown he saw
 Wave the black fox-tail of the grim Pawaw.

XLV.

At last within the hollow forest rose
Sounds that seemed quite unmeaning to his ear,
'Twas as if human hands were breaking boughs
All green with verdure of the new-born year;
Crash follows crash.—“Are these approaching foes?
Do one or more their march thus pioneer?”
Nought answered Waban, but he seemed to shrink
More closely 'mong the vines that clad the rock's dark brink.

XLVI.

A moment passed, when bounding o'er the hedge,
A monster trotted tow'rd the mounting flame;
Then turned and bayed—'twere doubtful to allege
Dog, fox, or wolf, his aspect best became;
Still did he howl, with still increasing rage;
And Waban rose, and gave his arrow aim,
But ere its flight, a whistled signal rang—
The hybrid turned, and to the forest sprang.

XLVII.

“The fell Pawaw! his dog!” red Waban cried,
In tone suppressed, and hid himself again;
And Williams feared he had too much relied
Upon the courage of that dusky man;
He took the hatchet from the hunter's side,
And dropp'd the feebler bludgeon from his span;
“Thy sachem,” said he, “will himself essay
To aid his warrior in the approaching fray.”

XLVIII.

“'Tis good!” said Waban, “so red sachems do—
But there! behold! behold! They come! They come!”
And Williams glanced, and, peering thickets through,
Half in the light—half in the changeful gloom—
The forest boughs seemed moving out to view,
Branch heaped on branch, a weight most cumbersome
For human feet, yet human feet, he knew,
That burden bore, and with it dangers new.

XLIX.

Straight to the blaze they moved, and, dashing down
The branches groen upon the mounting flame,
Put out the light, and smoke and shadow brown,
In one dense rolling night, the glade o'ercame;

The mother shrieked—the father, with a groan,
Heard the wild cry, and stayed her sinking frame ;
And both now felt that with that glancing ray
The last faint trembling hope had died away.

L.

A fearful growl, close to the cavern's vent,
First broke the thrall of horror and surprise ;
And, by the gleam the mouldering embers sent,
That canine hybrid, shooting from his eyes
A baleful glance, crouched, seemingly intent
On the scared infants as his famine's prize ;
The father drove the hatchet to his brains,
One horrid yell he gave, and writhed in dying pains.

LI.

Seeking the cavern's mouth along the rock,
Some groping hand the vine's thick foliage stirred—
“Where art thou Waban !” and the war-whoop broke—
Palsied with fear the trembling mother heard—
“Where art thou, Waban !” and, with horrid look,
A giant savage through the foliage stared ;
But, at that moment, from his rocky mound,
Red Waban's bow twanged with its sharpest sound.

LII.

Back reeled the savage with a dismal howl,
And on the earth like stricken bullock fell ;
But still new terrors filled the father's soul ;
He heard another and more fearful yell ;
Across the glade a new assailant stole ;
The blaze reviving showed his movements well ;
And Williams sprang his warrior to sustain,
Just as he strained the yielding bow again.

LIII.

But as he drew the arrow to the head,
The cord snapp'd short—he dashed the weapon down,
And leaping from the rock upon the glade,
With glittering scalping-knife and haughty frown,
Before the assailant stood—who paused—surveyed—
Measuring the hunter's height from heel to crown—
Then, swift as thought, the vengeful hatchet sent—
At Waban's head the well-aimed weapon went.

LIV.

But well the wary hunter knew his foe ;
He'd scanned his purpose in his glancing eye—
He marked the coming steel, and, bending low,
The whirling hatchet cleft the air on high ;
The clift behind rings with the shivering blow,
And o'er the glade its scattered atoms fly,
Then with wild yells they wave the scalping-knife,
Together rush, and thrust and strike for life.

LV.

O ! 'twas a fearful scene—a moment dire ;
For on the issue of that contest lay
The lives of infants, mother, and of sire,
And the fair fame, which crowns a distant day ;
Soon closed the champions by the glimmering fire,
Limbs locked in limbs in terrible affray—
They writhe—they wrench—they stagger to and fro—
Hands grasping hands that aim the fatal blow.

LVI.

Now struggling by the flames they pass'd from sight ;
For Williams lingered yet to guard the cave,
And there, enveloped in a deeper night,
Still with more fury did the contest rave—
The blow—the wrench—the pantings of the fight—
The crash of fagots and of thickets, gave
A dreadful signal of each effort made,
Where life for life strove in that shuddering shade.

LVII.

Now darting high above the deeper glooms,
Hands clinched in hands, their naked arms they strain ;
Now toss'd o'er thickets brown, heads, crests, and plumes
Confusedly shake—stoop—rise—and stoop again—
At every effort each fierce champion dooms
His foeman's blood to redden all the plain ;
And as they storm and tempest o'er the glade,
Earth thunders under their resounding tread.

LVIII.

Beside the father sunk the mother pale,
Infantile sympathy her fears partook ;
At times the children raised the fearful wail—
At times all breathless with grim terror shook—

Now Williams glanced along the kindling vale ;
 No signs of other foe his fears awoke ;
 Then, with a word that quick return presaged,
 He rushed tow'rd where the doubtful contest raged.

LIX.

As he advanced, the tumult seemed to swell,
 And rapidly approach its awful close ;
 On every side the crashing thickets fell,
 As here and there still strove the panting foes ;
 From flaming breasts oft burst the maddening yell,
 And thick and fast resounded blows on blows ;
 Still undistinguished struggle they in night—
 Earth shakes—the thickets rend, and wilder storms the fight.

LX.

He pass'd the flame and paused—for on his ear
 There came, with louder crash, a heavy sound—
 He listens still—and silence—sudden, drear—
 Reigns o'er the glade, and through the gloom's profound.
 Who is the victim ? and ill-boding fear
 Tells him that Waban gasps upon the ground ;
 One bubbling groan, as if the life-blood gushed—
 A shuddering struggle then—and all was hushed.

LXI.

In dire suspense the anxious father stood,
 Yet did he still unmanly terrors quell ;
 His hand, yet guiltless of a mortal's blood,
 Now grasped the axe to meet the victor fell ;
 When, 'neath the arches of the dreary wood,
 Trilled the far-trembling, death-announcing yell,
 So like a demon's, issuing from his pit—
 Who but that savage could the sound emit ?

LXII.

Then slowly issuing from the gloomy wood—
 Doubtful and darkling for the ghostly shade—
 A form approached, and as it onward trod,
 It came distinct along the open glade ;
 'Twas Waban !—Waban bathed in hostile blood—
 And by the lock he held a trunkless head.
 He stooped beside the mounting blaze to shew,
 Still more distinct, the trophy to his view.

LXIII.

With lips still quivering, and with eyes unglazed,
 The reeking fragment seemed as living still ;
 Fierce on the horrid thing the victor gazed ;
 The battle's wrath still did his bosom fill ;
 His eyes looked fire—another yell he raised—
 Re-bellowing forests shrieked from hill to hill—
 Then, by the long dark lock swung from the ground,
 He whirled on high the ghastly ball around.

LXIV.

Around—around—still gathering force it went—
 Still on his sinews strained the whirling head,
 Till cleaving from the scull the scalp was rent,
 And through the air the ponderous body sped ;
 Deep in the hollow woods its force was spent—
 Thrice bounding from the ground—then falling dead ;
 He turned and spoke : “ No more the babes shall weep !
 The grim Pawaw now sleeps ! and Waban now can sleep.”

LXV.

They passed the turf, as they the cavern sought,
 Where fell the body of the earliest slain,
 And Waban said, as paused he o'er the spot,
 “ The black Priest's comrade never wakes again ;”
 Then did he seize the body by the foot,
 And dragged the bleeding corpse along the plain,
 And o'er the rocky steep the burden dashed ;
 It dropped in night—re-echoing thickets crashed.

LXVI.

Then the rude victor washed the stains away,
 Cast him on earth, and soon deep slumber shewed
 How lightly in his rugged bosom lay
 The horrid memory of that scene of blood ;
 But Williams watched until the dawning gray,
 And Mary's fitful sleep the scenes renewed,
 Whilst the young dreamers, in her circling arms,
 Oft shrieked and sobbed in slumber's vain alarms.

LXVII.

The morning dawns, and they their march resume,
 No perils now annoy their toilsome way ;
 The night came down, and with its sober gloom
 Brought quiet sleep until the morning's ray ;

Again they rose, and gained their joyous home
On Seekonk's marge, just at the close of day ;
And Him they blessed, who had in safety led
Them through dire perils, to their humble shed.

CANTO EIGHTH.

[SCENE. The New Home in Seekonk's Mead.]

THROUGH Seekonk's groves the morning sun once more
Flames in his glory. Waving verdant gold,
The boundless forest stands. Wild songsters pour,
From every dewy glade and tufted wold,
The melody of joy. From shore to shore
The tranquil waters dream, and soul-like hold
An imaged world within, of softest hue,
And its far downward bending vault of blue.

II.

And Williams issued from his humble cot—
Not as of late in solitary mood,
With cheerless heart and ill-foreboding thought—
But with light step, and breast of quietude,
Attended by the partner of his lot,
And their young hopes; who with blithe interlude
Of prattling speech, softened the graver talk
Of their fond parents in the morning's walk.

III.

In sooth, the buoyance of his spirits spread
O'er all his labors their own cheerful flush;
Ne'er was the grass so verdant on the glade,
Ne'er did the fountains sparkle with such gush;
Ne'er had the stream such lovely music made,
Ne'er sung so blithe the robin on the bush;
The woodland flowers far brighter hues displayed,
More sunny smiled the lawn, and deeper frowned the shade.

IV.

They walked and talked—he told his trials o'er;
And oft his Mary brushed aside the tear,
And oft they joined to thank kind Heaven once more,
That thus his sufferings were rewarded here;

Then would they sit beneath the fountain's bower,
 And woo the breeze, or smiling bend the ear
 To infant mirth, which, in its silver tone,
 Soothed those rude wilds with music erst unknown.

v.

All, all was happy—was security
 In blest seclusion.—The rude storm seemed past;
 The bow of promise arched life's future sky,
 No threatening cloud their journey overcast;
 Bliss was around them—Heaven, with gracious eye,
 Looked down with smiles, and blest their toils at last.
 Their Salem friends will soon a journey try—
 They are not here is all that wakes a sigh.

vi.

Thus for a space did they anticipate
 The bliss which Heaven for pilgrims has in store,
 When their freed souls shall view their former state,
 And their past pains enhance their joys the more;
 But yet one fear of darkly frowning fate,
 Our Founder's bosom slightly brooded o'er—
 No Indian throng, as spake that wondrous seer,
 Them yet had welcomed with Whatcheer! Whatcheer!

vii.

But this were idle—'twas perchance a dream;
 His thoughts seemed wandering, or disturbed at best,
 When stood, or seemed to stand, in doubtful gleam,
 That form scarce earthly, and his ears addressed;
 So let it pass—for it would ill beseem
 One staid and grave to be at all unblest,
 Whilst Heaven is showering mercies on his head,
 For visionary fears and superstitious dread.

viii.

"Waban," he said, "a generous feast prepare,
 We can be cheerful without being mad;
 The good man's smiles may be a godly prayer;
 The wicked only should be very sad.
 Mary, God feeds the tenants of the air—
 Mark how they thank Him with their voices glad—
 The heart of man should nearer kindred own,
 Joy in his smiles, and sorrow in his frown."

IX.

Then forth fared Waban to the winding shore,
And laid the tribute of its bosom bare ;
Nor failed he next the dingles to explore,
And trap the partridge or the nimble hare ;
Soon 'neath a beech, hard by the cottage door,
On marshalled stones the fagots blazing are ;
And when with hissing heat the furnace glows,
Waban the tribute gives, and shuts the vapors close.

X.

The whilst our Founder passed from place to place,
And did each plan of village grandeur name ;
This rising mound the future church should grace,
Yon little dell the village school should claim ;
That sloping lawn the council hall should base,
Where freemen's voices should the law proclaim,
And ne'er to bigot yield the civil rod,
But save the Church by leaving her to God.

XI.

Thus passed their hours—at last, from middle skies,
The sun began his course of glory down ;
From Waban's ready feast the vapors rise ;
The group is seated 'neath the beech's frown ;
"Thou kind and generous man," our Founder cries,
"Our brave defender ! thy complexion brown
Bars not thy presence—sit thou at the board,
God made thy kind of these bright lands the lord.

XII.

"My valiant warrior like a Keenomp fought,
And Chepian's priest before his valor fell !
But his white Sachem in the battle wrought
Too little for a chief he loves so well."
"The dog—the dog ! that had the children caught,"
Exclaimed the red man, "does his valor tell—
A manit-dog was he—for well he knew
Whate'er the priest of Chepian bade him do.

XIII.

"The priest of Chepian and his comrade came
To fight the white man and his warrior brave ;
The fox-eared demon sought for other game,
And went to filch it from the rocky cave ;

My Sachem white a manitto o'ercame,
 To demon dark a fatal wound he gave ;
 Brave is my Sachem ! for he nobly slew
 What Waban dreaded most—that fearful manitto !”

XIV.

“ Brother,” said Williams, “ under Power Divine,
 That shields the just man in dark peril's hour,
 Thine was the victory—and the glory thine,
 To quell Apollyon's priest—a demon's power !
 Henceforth the demon must his lands resign,
 And thou must be Mooshausick's Sagamore,
 The right of conquest will do very well,
 When Hell assails us, and we conquer Hell.

XV.

“ But might the choice of either blameless go,
 Mary ! these fruits of sufferings and of toils,
 And racking cares through fourteen weeks of wo,
 I'd prize far higher than the reeking spoils
 Of all the nations laid by Cæsar low,
 When he victorious o'er Rome's civil broils,
 Sate, like the Jove he worshipped, o'er a world
 Whose crowns were offered, and whose incense curled.

XVI.

“ And there is cause, I trow.—Who cannot see
 That a dark cloud o'er our New England lowers ?
 The tender conscience struggles to be free—
 The tyrant struggles, and retains his powers.
 O, whither shall the hapless victims flee—
 Where be their shelter when the tempest roars ?
 May it be here—may it be Heaven's decree,
 To make its builder of a worm like me.”

XVII.

Whilst thus he spake, the neighboring thickets shook,
 And issued from them one of mien austere ;
 And Williams knew a Plymouth elder's look,
 In doctrines stern—in practice most severe ;
 His gait was slow, his brows could scanty brook
 Such signs of comfort and of earthly cheer ;
 And up he came, scarce could they reason why,
 Like a dark cloud along a cheerful sky.

XVIII.

The glooms that gathered o'er our Father's breast,
 With heavy efforts strove he to dispel;
 "Elder!" he said, "thou art an honored guest;
 To see our ancient friends should please us well;
 Thy journey long must give the banquet zest;
 Come, take thou freely of our sylvan meal,
 And speak the whilst what tidings thou may'st bear
 From Plymouth's rulers and our brethren there."

XIX.

"Williams," he said, "I need no food of thine—
 I ne'er thread wilds without a store my own;
 But 'neath that roof, there, I would fain recline,
 And rest my limbs until the morning shown;
 And through the eve some reasoning, I opine,
 (For all may err,) a weighty theme upon,
 May not be deemed amiss.—Perchance some light
 May on thy darkness break, and set thy footsteps right."

XX.

"Elder, whatever themes" (our Founder said)
 "My scant attainments fit me to essay,
 Shall not avoided be from any dread
 That thy strict logic may my faults betray;
 That all may err, means that our friends have strayed,
 Not that ourselves have wandered from the way;
 It is a maxim to perversion grown,
 And points to others' faults to hide our own."

XXI.

"But even as my Plymouth friend requests,
 We'll seek that cottage—I have called it mine—
 These hands have built it—but all friendly guests
 May call it theirs, and, Elder, it is thine
 Whilst thou sojournest here. Whoever rests
 Beneath its roof, may not expect a fine,
 A dungeon, scourge, or even banishment,
 For heresy avowed, or doubted sentiment."

XXII.

They sought the cottage—its apartments rude,
 But still a shelter from the cold and heat,
 A cheerful fire and fur-clad settles shewed,
 And other comforts, simple, plain, and neat.

The Elder paused, and all the mansion viewed,
 Then, with a long-drawn sigh, he took his seat,
 And briefly added—"Thou hast labored, friend,
 Hard—very hard! I hope for worthy end."

XXIII.

He paused again, then solemnly began
 A sad relation of the Church's state;
 O'er many a schism and false doctrine ran,
 That had obtruded on their peace of late;
 But most alarming was our Founder's plan,
 To leave things sacred to the free debate;
 To make faith bow to erring reason's shrine,
 And mortal man a judge of creeds divine.

XXIV.

"This simple truth no Christian man denies,"
 He thus continued, "that the natural mind
 Is prone to evil as the sparks to rise,
 And to all good is obstinately blind;
 Who then sees not, that looks with wisdom's eyes,
 That God's elect should rule the human kind?
 The good should govern, and the bad submit,
 That saints alone are for dominion fit?"

XXV.

Our Founder answered, "Art thou from the pit?
 Get thee behind me, if such thoughts be thine;
 Did Christ his gospel to the world commit,
 That his meek followers might in purple shine?
 He spurned the foul temptation, it is writ,
 And the Great Tempter felt his power divine;
 Art thou far wiser than thy Master grown,
 And spurn'st a heavenly for an earthly crown?"

XXVI.

"Nay—nay, friend Williams!" the grave elder cried,
 "It is that crown of glory to secure
 That the True Church should for her saints provide
 The shield of law 'gainst heresy impure;
 Quell every schism—crush the towering pride
 Of the dark Tempter, ere his reign is sure;
 For finds he many who are servants meet
 To sow the noxious tares among the wheat.

XLVII.

“Men ever busy—searching for the new—
 Scanning our creed as if it doubtful were—
 Such would we chain down to our doctrines true,
 And the vain labor of conversion spare ;
 God may in time create their souls anew,
 And of his grace give a redeeming share ;
 The whilst our Church their wanderings may restrain,
 And to her creed their erring minds enchain.”

XXVIII.

“A mortal thou !” our Founder here replied,
 “Yet judge of conscience—searcher of the heart !
 Thou art the elect !—but if that be denied,
 How wilt thou prove it, or its proofs impart ?
 God gave to man that bright angelic guide,
 A reasoning soul, his being’s better part—
 He gave her freedom ; but thou wouldst confine,
 And cramp her action to that creed of thine.

XXIX.

“Who binds the soul extends the reign of hell ;
 She’s formed to err, but, erring, truth to find ;
 Pity her wanderings, but, O never quell
 The bold aspirings of this angel blind !
 God is her strength within, and bids her spell,
 By outward promptings, the eternal Mind :
 Long may she wander, still in quest of light,
 But day will dawn at last upon a polar night.”

XXX.

“A dangerous tenet that !” the Elder said ;
 “A fallen angel doubtless she may be ;
 If truth she find by natural reason’s aid,
 It ever leads her to some heresy ;
 Indeed, the truth too often is betrayed
 To minds ill-fitted for inquiry free ;
 From bad to worse, from worse to worst we go,
 And end our being in eternal wo.

XXXI.

“Nature’s own truths do oft the mind mislead ;
 From partial glimpses men will judge the whole ;
 And it were better if our Church’s creed
 Were learning’s object and its utmost goal ;

Reason would then no higher purpose need,
 Than, by it, point the yet erratic soul
 To her high hope and everlasting rest !"
 Williams this heard, and spake with kindling breast—

xxxii.

"God gave man reason, that his soul might be
 Free as his glance that spans the universe ;
 All things around him prompt inquiry free,
 All do his reason to research coerce ;
 The Heavens—the Earth—the many breeding sea—
 All have their shapes and qualities to nurse
 The soul's aspirings, and, from blooming youth,
 To ripe old age, provoke the quest of truth.

xxxiii.

"Truth ! I would know thee were thou e'er so bad—
 Bad as thy persecutors deem or fear—
 Were thou in more than Gorgon terrors clad—
 Thy glance a death to every feeling dear—
 Taught thou that God a demon's passions had—
 That Earth was Hell, and that the damn'd dwelt here,
 And death the end of all—still would I know
 The total Curse—the sum of being's wo.

xxxiv.

"Yet fear not this, for each new truth reveals
 Of God a nearer and a brighter view ;
 Anticipation lags behind, and feels
 How mean her thought at each discovery new ;
 Her stars were stones fired in revolving wheels—
 Truth ! thine are worlds self-moved the boundless throu,
 Who checks man's Reason in her heavenward flight,
 Would shroud, O God ! thy glorious works in night !

xxxv.

"Whence didst thou learn that the Almighty's plan
 Required thy wisdom to protect and save—
 That when he sent his Gospel down to man,
 Thou to defend it must the soul enslave—
 Enthroned deceit, and place beneath its ban
 The honest heart, that dares its sentence brave ?
 Full well I trow the Prince of Darkness fits
 The blood of martyrs shed by hypocrites.

XXXVI.

“Hearken for once ; just as the conscience pure
 Is here God’s presence to my wayward will—
 Not to constrain, but kindly it to lure
 On duty’s path, away from every ill ;
 So to the State the Christian Church, secure
 From human thrall, should be a conscience, still
 Ne’er to constrain, save by that heavenly light
 Which layeth bare the Wrong, and maketh plain the Right.”

XXXVII.

“No more, friend Williams,” said the Elder here,
 “No more will we on this grave theme delay ;
 My hopes were high, and ’twas an object dear
 To shed some light on thy benighted way ;
 But still wilt thou with sinful purpose steer,
 Thy little bark against the tempest’s sway ;
 On may’st thou go—I cannot say God speed !
 But would thy object were some better deed.

XXXVIII.

“Couldst thou renounce thy purpose here to base
 A State where heretics may refuge find,
 I do not doubt that to some little grace
 The Plymouth rulers would be well inclined ;
 But as it is, perhaps some other place,
 Still more remote, may better suit thy mind—
 But till the morn as may a guest befit,
 My message hither do I pretermit.”

XXXIX.

Our Founder pondered on the Elder’s word ;
 What could this dark portentous message be,
 That its strange birth were to the morn deferred,
 Lest it should mar night’s hospitality.
 The wrath of Plymouth he had not incurred,
 He with her Winslow was in amity ;
 Then what strange message had the Elder borne,
 That utterance sought, and yet was hushed till morn !

XL.

This cause, mysterious, darkling, undefined,
 Did by degrees each cheerful thought efface,
 And poured portentous glooms along his mind,
 That seemed reflected by each friendly face ;

The matron sighed, and childhood, disinclined
 To mirth or sport, sought slumber's soft embrace,
 And soon the gathered night did all dispose,
 To shun their boding thoughts in dull repose.

XLI.

Again 'tis morn—the inmates of the cot
 Rise from scant slumber, and their guest they greet;
 “Williams,” he said, “it is my thankless lot,
 Thee with no pleasant message now to greet;
 Nor hath our Winslow in his charge forgot
 (For his behest I bear and words repeat)
 His former friendship—but right loth is he
 To vex his neighbors by obliging thee.

XLII.

“In short, thou art on Plymouth's own domain;
 Beyond the Seekonk is the forest free—
 This must thou leave—but there may'st thou maintain
 Thy State unharmed, and still our neighbor be;
 Fain had I spared thee this deep searching pain,
 By showing thee thy dangerous heresy;
 This may not be—hence, therefore, must thou speed—
 The Narragansets may protect thy creed.”

XLIII.

To breathless statues turned the listeners stood—
 As marble silent and as cold and pale—
 With vacant gaze our Sire the Elder viewed,
 O'erwhelmed, confounded by this sudden bale—
 As when some swain, deep in the sheltering wood,
 Ere he has seen the tempest on the gale,
 Marks the bright flash—the smitten senses reel—
 He stands confounded ere he learns to feel.

XLIV.

At length reviving from the stunning shock,
 His thoughts returning in a broken train
 Across his mind, he thus the silence broke:
 “I to my ancient friend may yet explain—
 Just is my title here—the lands I took
 Are part of Massasoit's wide domain,
 And fairly purchased—mine they dearly are—
 Make this to Plymouth known, and Plymouth must forbea

XLV.

“ And didst thou think,” the Elder cried, “ to win
 Of Pagan chief a title here secure ?
 Why not derive it from that man of sin
 At papal Rome—the Antichrist impure ?
 Our Church of Truth, against the Heathens thin,
 Asserts her Canaan, and will make it sure.
 By the black Prophet was to Dudley shown
 Thy purchase feigned—by him to us made known.”

XLVI.

“ My purchase feigned !” our Founder quickly cried—
 “ God made that Pagan, and to him He gave
 Breath of this air, drink from yon crystal tide,
 Food from these forest lawns and yonder wave ;
 Yea, He ordained this region, far and wide,
 To be his home in life—in death his grave—
 Is thy claim better ? Canst thou trace thy right
 From one superior to the God of might ?”

XLVII.

The Elder answered : “ Thinkest thou this land
 For demons foul and their red votaries made ?
 Did not Jehovah, with his own right hand,
 Tempest for Israel when the Heathen fled ?
 Does Plymouth’s Church less in his favor stand ?
 Or spares he devils for the savage red ?
 As to our title, then, we trace it thus :
 God gave James Stuart this, and James gave us.”

XLVIII.

“ God gave James Stuart this !” our Founder cried,
 Up-starting from his seat as he began,
 “ God gave James Stuart this !”—a choking tide
 Of kindling feeling through his bosom ran—
 His better part the angry speech denied ;
 For all the Christian strove against the man,
 And strove not all in vain—yet, bursting forth,
 His soul came big with grief, that stifled half her wrath.

XLIX.

“ God gave James Stuart this !—I marvel when !
 Fain would I see the deed Omniscience wrote ;
 Elder ! there are commandments counting ten,
 Which Great Jehovah upon Sinai taught—

Has He of late exempted Plymouth's men—
 Reversed his justice and made sin no fault?
 Taught them to covet of their neighbor's store,
 And licensed robbery of the weak and poor?

L.

"Behold these hands, which labor has made hard—
 Look at this weather-beaten brow and face—
 And ask yourself if to be thus debarred
 And hunted from their fruits like beast of chase,
 Demands not meekness more than God has spared
 To human heart in his abundant grace?
 Followed e'en here!—Again compelled to flee!
 As if this desert were too good for me!

LI.

"But I can go.—Aye, I can e'en submit—
 God in his mercy will give shelter still;
 Go—tell your Dudley in the book 'tis writ
 That the oppressor shall hereafter feel;
 Yet, gracious Lord, grant that repentance fit
 Him to receive the everlasting seal
 Of thy salvation—that his lost estate
 Be yet revealed, ere it is all too late!

LII.

"Grieve not, my Mary!—Children, do not weep!
 Though yonder verdant lawns, and opening flowers,
 And groves whose shades the murmuring streamlets sweep,
 Now perish all to us—yet on far shores,
 Perchance by yonder bay or rolling deep,
 Far from white brethren, 'mid barbarian powers,
 Your father's hands another glade may form,
 And rear another roof to shield you from the storm."

LIII.

As here he ceased, in all the agony
 Of mental pain he paced the cottage floor;
 Absorbed within his woes, scarce did he see
 The Elder pass, and leave his humble door;
 His toils—cares—hopes—all lost—and poverty—
 Sudden—gaunt—naked—spread its glooms once more;
 A clashing sound first broke this mental strife—
 'Twas Waban, edging sharp his scalping knife.

LIV.

And such an ireful look—(his eyes so bright—
 So played his muscles and so gnashed his teeth)—
 Ne'er did red warrior show, save when in fight ;
 His weapon makes the hostile heart a sheath,
 And forces out the soul.—He looked a sprito
 Kindling a hell within !—Recoiling 'neath
 The horrid feelings that the image woke,
 Our Founder backward shrunk, and thus the form bespoke :

LV.

“ What fiend, O Waban ! thus inflames thy breast ? ”
 The spell of frenzy at the accents broke ;
 The red man paused—his hand the bosom pressed—
 His eyes still flashing fire—and thus he spoke :
 “ My chief is angry with his pale-faced guest—
 My heart has of my sachem's ire partook—
 I can pursue—for viewless pinions lift
 My nimble feet to speed thy vengeance swift.”

LVI.

A freezing horror crept through every vein,
 As Williams heard the son of Nature speak,
 Yet stood he humbled—for that ire profane
 Was but his own that did new semblance take
 In that wild man—there stood the ancient Cain
 And here the modern, better skilled to check
 The wayward passions—and how dark soe'er
 The mirror there might be, the real form was here.

LVII.

“ Waban ! ” at length he said, “ I grieve to see
 That all I sowed fell on a barren rock ;
 How could my brother hope to gladden me
 By such a deed—thou dost thy sachem shock !
 O ! from thy savage nature try to flee—
 Lay down thy murderous knife and tomahawk,
 And dwell on better themes—new toils invite,
 And high rewards my brother shall requite.

LVIII.

“ Oft have I heard my hunter name with pride
 His long, deep, hollow, arrow-winged canoe ;
 Now drag her from the fern to Seekonk's tide,
 And bid her skim once more the waters blue ;

She loves to rove, and we must far and wide
 Seek other forests for a dwelling new;
 Our toils here end—a cloud from Wamponand
 Hangs o'er our glade, and blackens all the land."

LIX.

A fickle race the red man's kindred were—
 Free as the elk that roved their native wood—
 Here did they dwell to-day, to-morrow there,
 As want or pleasure ruled their changeful mood;
 And Waban loved adventures bold and rare,
 Nor heard with sorrow of a new abode;
 And forth he goes to seek his long canoe,
 And trim her breast to skim the waters blue.

LX.

The whilst the infant group, from noon to night,
 Pass'd here and there through all that cultured glade;
 And sighed and wept, by turns, or sobbed outright,
 As to its charms their last farewell they bade;
 "Here father labored—here he slept till light
 Renewed his toils," they often thought or said;
 And still the springing tears suffused their eyes,
 They dash them off—but still their sorrows rise.

LXI.

They plucked the blossom from the blushing bush—
 They quaff'd the waters from the purling rill—
 Their bread they scattered to the gentle thrush,
 That seemed half-conscious of the coming ill;
 The rabbit eyed them from his covert brush—
 Their crumbs supplied the little sparrow's bill;
 And sadly then they sighed their last adieu,
 "Our little friends, farewell! we sport no more with

LXII.

Meantime the parents in the cottage sate—
 Their bosoms heaving and their thoughts in gloom—
 "O! what," cried Mary, "is our coming fate—
 And where, my husband, is our future home?
 Will not dire famine on our footsteps wait,
 And perils meet us wheresoe'er we roam?
 Our harvest gone—who now can food supply?
 Forced from this roof—where shall our children lie?"

LXIII.

“Trust we in God !” our pious Founder said ;
 “Doubt not the bounty of His providence,
 Who Israel’s children through the desert led,
 And in all perils was there sure defence ;
 He bade us not this distant forest tread,
 To leave us here in want and penitence.
 Warnings, my Mary, from strange source were given,
 Such as I sometimes deem were sent from Heaven !

LXIV.

“Well can thy mind that stormy night recall—
 The last in Salem that I dare abide—
 In fleecy torrents did the tempest fall,
 Our little dwelling reeled from side to side ;
 The fading brands just glimmered on the wall,
 Lonely I sate, my heart with anguish tried,
 When lo ! a summons at the door I heard—
 Deemed it a wretch distressed—the pass unbarred.

LXV.

“And straight appeared a venerable seer,
 Such as on earth none ever saw before ;
 His temples spake at least their hundreth year,
 In many a long and deeply furrowed score ;
 But, Oh ! his eyes, in youthful glory clear,
 Did in bright streams celestial radiance pour ;
 And then that face scarce seemed to veil the rays,
 (Too bright for mortal !) of an angel’s blaze.

LXVI.

“And when he spake, methought the music clear
 Of tongue seraphic, filled his heavenly tone ;
 It came so full, yet gently, on my ear,
 It well might serenade the Almighty’s throne ;
 ‘Williams !’ it said, ‘I come on message here,
 Of moment great, to this blind age unknown ;
 Thou must not dally, or the tempest fear,
 But fly by morn into the forest drear.

LXVII.

“‘Thou art to voyage an unexplored flood,
 No chart is there thy lonely bark to steer,
 Beneath her rocks, around her tempests rude,
 And persecution’s billows in her rear,

Shall shake thy soul till it is near subdued ;
 But when the welcome of *Whatcheer ! Whatcheer !*
 Shall greet thine ears from Indian multitude,
 Cast thou the Anchor there, and trust in God.'

LXVIII.

" He passed away, nor could I him detain
 From the drear forest and the stormy night ;
 He only said he should be seen again
 Where faith in freedom should my rest invite.
 Oft have I dwelt on that prophetic strain,
 Recalled the voice—yet can I but recite
 The words it spake.—Oh ! had I heeded more
 Its import high, and shunned this tyrant shore !

LXIX.

" Deem not, my Mary, it a sinful thought,
 That Heaven should give her counsels to restore
 The soul to freedom.—Lo ! what wonders wrought
 The God of Christians for the Church of yore ;
 With heathen darkness was the conscience fraught,
 And tyrants chained it to a barbarous lore ;
 To break like thralldom in a Christian land,
 Angels may speak, and God reveal his hand.

LXX.

" This spot I rashly chose—no Indian train
 Gave the glad welcome to my raptured ear,
 And that mysterious form comes not again,
 Inspiring courage—therefore hence we steer—
 Nor land nor dwelling augur we to gain
 Until the greeting of *Whatcheer ! Whatcheer !*
 Our journey stay—there, there is our abode ;
 Our Anchor there—our Hope, Almighty God !"

LXXI.

Thus spake our Founder—and with ready hand,
 Her spirits cheered, did Mary now prepare
 For their drear journey to another land—
 Alas ! they knew not how, and knew not where.
 At eventide, red Waban from the strand,
 The children from the glade, with cheerless air,
 Revisited the cot.—One more sad night,
 And hence they journey at the rising light.

LXXII.

Upon the cottage roof the Whip-poor-will
That night sang mournful to the conscious glade ;
The lonely owl forsook her valley still,
And perched and hooted in the neighboring shade ;
The wolf returned, and lapped the purling rill,
Sate on its marge, and at the cottage bayed ;
From all his howling depths the desert came,
And seemed his lost dominion to reclaim.

CANTO NINTH.

[SCENES. Seekonk's Stream and Banks—Whatcheer Cove and Shore—Mooshau-sick's Vale, or Site of Providence.]

'Tis early morn—Pawtucket's torrent roar,
A solemn bass to Nature's anthem bold,
Alone wakes Williams' ear—its currents pour
Along with foaming haste, where they have rolled
Ages on ages—fretting, here from shore,
The basin broad, and there 'twixt hill and wold,
Furrowing their channel deep—far hastening on—
Now lost in shades—now glimmering in the sun.

II.

No thraldom had they known, save winter's frost ;
No exile yet had their free bosom borne ;
Deep in that glade, (now to our Founder lost,)
Their wave eternal had a basin worn ;
Oft thence their flow had borne the stealthy host,
In light canoes, before the dusk of morn,
Darkling to strike the foe—but now no more,
They blush to bear the freight of men that thirst for gore.

III.

Early that morn, beside the tranquil flood,
Where ready trimmed rode Waban's frail canoe,
The banished man, his spouse and children, stood,
And bade their lately blooming hopes adieu.
As yet the mother had but half subdued
Despondent sorrow, and the briny dew
Stole frequent down her cheeks—her's was the smart—
The searching anguish of the softer heart.

IV.

And as she viewed the illimitable shade,
The haunt of savage men and beasts of prey,
Thought of her children, and what fears arrayed,
Their, haply, long uncomfortable way ;

"Ye houseless babes!" she in her anguish said,
"What crimes were yours, what dire offences, say,
That even ye should share this cruel doom,
Beg of barbarians bread, and savage deserts roam?"

V.

But Father Williams, to his lot resigned,
Now cherished feelings of a loftier tone;
Heaven to vigor had restored his mind,
And firmly armed it for the task unknown;
He scanty glanced upon his toils behind;
His soul inspired did bolder visions own,
And from his breast dispelled each cheerless gloom,
And winged him onward to his destined home.

VI.

As the bold bird that builds her mansion high,
On some tall crag, or hemlock's lofty bough,
Deep in the desert, far from human eye,
And deems herself secure from every foe,
Does, in a pine's o'ershadowing branch, descry
The threatening eye-balls of the wild cat glow—
She spurns her eyry with a heavenward flight,
And builds upon some ash that crests the mountain's height;

VII.

Thus his vain toils he coldly now surveyed;
He'd sunk, but 'twas a bolder wing to try;
He snatched the weepers from the hated glade,
And bore them lightly to the shallop nigh;
Then sprang himself into the stern, and bade
The dusky pilot now his paddle ply;
Shoved from the bank the settling skiff descends
Low in the flood, and 'neath the burden bends.

VIII.

Now, with a giddy whirl, the wheeling prow,
Veering around, looks on the downward tide;
Then Waban's paddle pierced the glassy flow;
The mimic whirlpools pass'd on either side;
The surface cleaves—the waters boil below—
The cot—the glade—the forests backward glide;
Until the shadows, moving as they flew,
Closed round the green, and shut the roof from view.

IX.

Pawtucket's murmurs die upon their ears,
 As cleaves the expanded sheet the swift canoe ;
 And now the river's straitened pass appears,
 And jutting mounds their lofty forests shew ;
 Each giant trunk a navy's timber rears—
 Their mighty shadows o'er the flood they threw,
 Shut out the heavens, and scarce could glimmering day
 The long, dark, hollow, winding path display.

X.

Stern silence reigned o'er all the sable tide,
 Broke only by the swarthy pilot's oar ;
 Beneath the arching boughs the wanderers glide,
 And the dark riplings curl from shore to shore ;
 The startled wood-ducks 'neath the waters hide,
 Or on fleet pinions through the branches soar ;
 Whilst overhead the rattling boughs, at times,
 Speak where the streak'd racoon or furious wild cat climbs

XI.

Oft, on the lofty banks, from jutting rocks,
 The buck looked down wild on the swift canoe ;
 Oft o'er the bramble leaped the wary fox,
 With bushy tail, and fur of ruddy hue ;
 Or wheeling high, and gathering still in flocks,
 The dark-winged ravens, by their clamors shew
 Where the lone owl, perched on his moss-grown seat,
 Insists, unvanquished yet, upon his drear retreat.

XII.

Far down the winding pass at length they spy,
 Where wider currents, bright as liquid gold,
 Spread glimmering in the sun—and to the eye
 Still further down, broad Narraganset rolled
 His host of waters blue—blue as the sky ;
 For breezes from the hoary ocean cooled
 His heaving breast, and joying in their glance,
 From shore to shore, the wanton waters dance.

XIII.

And now did Williams in his mind debate,
 Should he that night cleave Narraganset's flood,
 Or on the Seekonk's bank till morning wait,
 And scour the whilst Mooshausick's gloomy wood ?

“Would that kind Heaven might there predestinate,
 On earth, Soul-Liberty ! thy first abode,”
 (He often thought) “or where, in ocean’s arms,
 Smiles wild Aquidnay, robed in virgin charms.”

XIV.

Whilst thus he ponders, down the stream he sees,
 Where from the invading cove the wood retires,
 Dark wreaths of smoke curl o’er the lofty trees,
 And deems that there some village wakes its fires.
 “Waban,” he says, “seest thou yon dusky breeze ?
 Say, from what town yon curling smoke aspires ?
 What valiant sachem holds dominion there ?
 What dreadful numbers leads he forth to war ?”

XV.

“No town—the feast of peace !”—the red man cried,
 As still his swarthy arm impelled the oar ;
 “The clans from Narraganset far and wide,
 And every tribe from Pokanoket’s shore,
 There smoke the pipe, and lay the axe aside,
 The pipe my chief to Potowomet bore ;
 Much they rejoice—their ancient hate forego,
 And deem the White Chief a good Manittoo.”

XVI.

A secret joy o’er Father Williams’ breast,
 Stole like the fragrance of the balmy morn,
 That breathes on sleep with fearful dreams oppressed,
 And wakes to its delights the wretch forlorn ;
 His toils and wanderings were not all unblessed,
 Some joys to others had his sufferings borne ;
 But promised good brings doubt to the distressed,
 And thus still dubious he his guide addressed :

XVII.

“What singing bird has, on the wandering wing,
 Borne these strange tidings to my hunter’s ear ?
 Where, on her pinions poised, thus did she sing,
 And with her faithless song his bosom cheer ?”
 Waban replied, whilst he was journeying
 Toward the white man’s town, through forests drear,
 He on Cohannet’s banks his brethren met,
 Bound to the banquet of the calumet.

XVIII.

Now murmurs hoarse came on our Founder's ear,
 That rose behind a cape from crowds unseen,
 Then by the eastern marge they swiftly steer,
 Till showed a tufted isle its welcome screen ;
 Veering to this, they found a prospect near
 Of the red hosts that thronged the opposing green ;
 Hundreds on hundreds did their fires surround,
 Ran on the shores, or verdant banks embrowned.

XIX.

Along the strand their speed the racers try,
 With flying feet they scarcely touch the ground ;
 From goal to goal the nimble hunters fly ;
 Crowds shout above them, and the woods resound ;
 Here their lithe, swarthy limbs the wrestlers ply ;
 They tug, they writhe, they sweat, crowds shout around ;
 And there the circles watch the doubtful game,
 Or greet the victor with a loud acclaim.

XX.

Then Williams saw, beneath a shady bower,
 Miantonomi, Sachem young and brave,
 And Massasoit, Haup's kind Sagamore,
 And old Canonicus, so wise and grave,
 Known by his peaceful pipe and tresses hoar,
 And by the scarlet coat our Founder gave ;
 Round them their captains intermingled stood,
 All mild and peaceful now, though lately fierce for blood.

XXI.

From chief to chief the calumet they passed ;
 In solemn silence sate the council bound ;
 Each thrice inhaled, thrice forth the vapors cast—
 First to the power that bids the thunder sound,
 Then to the gods that ride the angry blast,
 Then to the fiends that dwell beneath the ground ;
 These made propitious, they the hatchet gave,
 The bloody hatchet, to a peaceful grave.

XXII.

" Waban," said Williams, " we may venture now,
 But pause ye short of the sure arrow's flight ;"
 Instant the red man drove the foaming prow
 Along the cleaving flood, and, at the sight

Of the red multitudes, the rose's glow
 Fading, at once, left Mary's cheek all white ;
 And sudden fears her children's breasts surprise,
 And, with their little hands, they trembling veil their eyes.

XXIII.

Full in the front of that vast multitude,
 Within an arrow's flight their skiff they stayed ;
 A sudden silence hushed the listening wood ;
 The crowds all paused, and with wild eyes surveyed
 The pale-faced group—which in like stillness viewed
 The wondering throngs.—At length the woodland glade
 Moves with their numbers—down the banks they pour,
 Swarming and gathering on the dark'ning shore.

XXIV.

As when some urchin, with a heedless blow,
 The insect nations of the hive alarms,
 Down from their cells the watchful myriads flow,
 And earth and air rolls black with murmuring swarms ;
 So from the woods the wondering warriors go,
 So o'er the dark'ning strand their number forms ;
 None save their haughty chiefs remain behind,
 And they the lofty banks and forest margin lined.

XXV.

Then silence reigned again—but still they stared—
 Some clasped their knives, and some their arrows drew ;
 Then from his seat his form our Founder reared,
 Beneath him rocking rolled the frail canoe ;
 His hand he raised, and manly forehead bared,
 And straight their former friend the Sachems knew ;
 “Netop, Whatcheer !” broke on the listening ear ;
 “Whatcheer ! Whatcheer !” was echoed here and there.

XXVI.

And straight the kindling words burst on his ear,
 Their shouts embodied sought the joyous sky ;
 With open arms, and greeting of “Whatcheer,”
 Lived all the shores, and banks, and summits high ;
 “Whatcheer ! Whatcheer !” resounded far and near,
 “Whatcheer ! Whatcheer !” the hollow woods reply ;
 “Whatcheer ! Whatcheer !” swells the exulting gales,
 Sweeps o'er the laughing hills, and trembles through the vales.

XXVII.

Mooshausick, quick with future glories, hears,
 Rolls up a brighter wave and downward pours,
 To Narraganset's bay the shout he rears,
 The bay resounds it to rejoicing shores ;
 Coweset's wilds repeat the echoing cheers,
 Pocasset answers from her mountain bowers ;
 Wild o'er the joyous isles the rapture roves,
 And fair Aquidnay smiles, and waves her blooming groves.

XXVIII.

"Speed ! Waban, speed !" with haste our Founder cried,
 Soon as the hollow murmurs died afar ;
 With lusty arm the hunter clove the tide,
 The swift canoe seemed moving through the air ;
 One instant more, and Williams, from her side,
 Sprang on a rock, (thence giving it to share
 His deathless fame,) and straight around him stood,
 In cheerful throngs, the Indian multitude.

XXIX.

Miantonomi, stepping from the crowd,
 Stretched forth his brawny hand, and cried "Whatcheer
 Welcome, my brother ! say, what lowering cloud,
 O'er Seekonk's eastern marge, impels thee here ?
 Be it the Pequot in his numbers proud,
 I hold his greeting in this glittering spear ;
 But, oh ! perchance my brother seeks this place,
 To share with us the sacred rites of peace ?"

XXX.

"Not so, brave chief—it is to seek a home,
 By seer announced, by Heaven to me assigned ;
 Yonder abode lies wrapt in sable gloom,
 Sprung not from Pequot, but the Plymouth kind ;
 My promised harvest blighted in the bloom,
 My voiceless roof—all, all have I resigned,
 And hither come to seek Mooshausick's plain,
 And beg the gift once proffered me in vain."

XXXI.

Good Massasoit, who did these accents hear,
 Would now our Founder greet—and with a face,
 That spake a sorrow deep, and most sincere,
 "Long have I strove," he gravely said, "to guess

What Manit most my Plymouth friends revere ;
For aye their deeds their better words efface—
Their tongues much speak of Spirit good and great—
Their hands much do the work of Chepian's hate."

XXXII.

Here grave Canonicus came from the throng—
"Welcome, my son !" exclaimed the aged chief,
"Bear thou the inflictions of thy kindred's wrong
Like a brave man, not with a woman's grief ;
The lands thou seest shall all to thee belong ;
And for thy comforts lost, a moment brief
Shall e'en their loss repair—o'er yonder height
Is the domain where Chepian ruled of late.

XXXIII.

"There all abandoned by his Priest it lies—
Abandoned by his slaves, for slaves had he,
Who tilled his field and made his mansion rise,
Adorned with mats and colors fair to see ;
The Priest is gone—how, nothing care the wise ;
His timid followers from their labors flee—
All fear to dwell within the fiend's control—
For who but Chepian's Priest can Chepian rule ?"

XXXIV.

Thus spake Canonicus, the wise and old ;
With shouts the warriors their accordance shewed,
Then turned and sought the late forsaken hold ;
Our Sire, the matron, and her charge pursued ;
The following nations far behind them rolled—
In march triumphal moved the multitude,
Cheering the exile's home ; and as they sped,
Earth rumbled under their far-thundering tread.

XXXV.

The forest branches, woven overhead,
Shut out the day and cast a twilight gloom ;
Where now long since extends the verdant mead,
Shines the fair palace, or the gardens bloom,
Frowned one green vault above—the palisade
Of trunks, of brambles, boscage, brake and broom,
Beneath it vexed the warriors' surly mood,
And cracked and crashed the thickets as they trod.

XXXVI.

They gained the height where now the Muses reign—
 Where now Brown's bounty* to the human mind
 Links earth and heaven—the fruits of honest gain
 Moulding the youthful soul by taste refined
 To truth's eternal quest—With what disdain
 Frowns such high bounty on a meaner kind?—
 But this in after times—for forests then
 Mantled the height, and swarmed with savage men.

XLXVII.

Thence, from its frowning brow, our Founder sees
 Mooshausick rolling to his watery vasts;
 Across his flood the overhanging trees
 Lock their thick shadowy arms—thick as the masts,
 In after times, should on the wanton breeze
 Roll forth their spangled banners—when the blasts,
 Fraught with the volume of the cannon's voice,
 Bid a whole nation through its realms rejoice.

XXXVIII.

And thence, with prescient eye, he gazes far
 O'er the rude sites of palaces and shrines,
 Where Grecian beauty to the buxom air,
 In after times, should rise in beaming lines;
 Ay, almost hears the future pavements jar
 Beneath a people's wealth, and half divines,
 From thee, Soul-Liberty! what glories wait
 Thy earliest altars—thy predestined state.

XXXIX.

Then down the steep, by paths scored in its side,
 Where frequent deer had sought the floods below,
 He pass'd, still following his dusky guide,
 And stooping oft 'neath overhanging bough,
 'Till a broad cultured field expanded wide,
 Betwixt dense thickets and Mooshausick's flow.
 Its deep green rows of waving maize foretold
 Abundant harvest from a fertile mould.

XL.

The Priest's forsaken lodge rose in the mid,
 Beside a fountain on a verdant lawn;

* Brown University.

Its arches broad by chimbing vines were hid ;
 Spacious it seemed and like a chieftain's shown ;
 Then Williams thought of what his warrior did,
 Upon that bloody night in forests lone ;
 He mourns the fate that urged the felon's doom,
 Yet sees its fruits a temporary home.

XLI.

But still some scruples do his mind assail ;
 What horrid rights had made the place profane !
 When thus the chief—"No more my son bewail
 Thy comforts lost—let the Great Spirit reign
 Where Chepian reigned—ay, let thy God prevail—
 Be thou his Priest, and this thine own domain—
 From wild Pawtucket to Pawtuxet's bounds
 To thee and thine be all the teeming grounds.

XLII.

High thanks Sire Williams paid—but as he spake,
 Came o'er his mind a feeling passing strange ;
 A prophet's rapture did his bosom wake ;
 For, at that moment, down the boundless range
 Of angel spheres, did some bright being take
 Wing to his soul, and wrought to suited change
 The visual nerve, and straight in outward space
 Its form stands manifest, in all its heavenly grace.*

XLIII.

At once he cried, "I see ! I see the seer !
 His very form, his very shape and air !
 By yonder fount—the same his robes appear ;
 The same his radiant eyes and flowing hair ;
 Mary ! my children ! come ! his accents hear—
 See age and youth one heavenly beauty share !"
 They with him moved, (yet ne'er the vision saw,)
 Until the father paused, transfixed in sacred awe.

XLIV.

For strange to tell, youth's lingering light began
 To spread fresh glories o'er that aged face ;
 Till over beard, and hair, and visage wan,
 Burst the full splendor of angelic grace ;
 A lambent flame around the forehead ran,
 And rainbow hues the earthly robes displace ;

* See Note.

The curling locks, like beams of living light,
Streamed back, and glowed insufferably bright.

XLV.

The figure seemed to grow—its dazzling eyes
Were for a space upon Sire Williams bent,
Then upward turned. It, pointing to the skies,
Spake Hope in God, with silence eloquent.
Still did it brighten—still its stature rise—
With Heaven's full glories seemed it to augment—
The pilgrim staff no longer did it hold;
But on an Anchor leant, that blazed ethereal gold.

XLVI.

Our Father gazed, and, from that heavenward eye,
Saw the pure streams of angel radiance flow;
An inward glory, as it towered on high,
Filled all the stature to the lofty brow;
And then the shape translucent seemed to grow,
And still expanding, fade its glories fair,
Like those of evening, or the radiant bow,
Till all dissolving in transparent air,
It melted from the sight, and left no traces there.

XLVII.

Then, on the bended knees, he bowed to own
The Heaven-born vision, and his soul declare;
His wife and children, by him kneeling down,
Sent up their hearts upon the wings of prayer;
The dusky nations formed a crescent far,
Their ears in awful silence do they bend;
Hills, vales and floods, and forests listening are—
Force to each word their faithful echoes lend,
And with their Ruler's prayers do theirs to Heaven ascend

XLVIII.

“Mysterious Power! who dost in wonders speak,
We note thy tokens and their import spell;
Let Persecution still its vengeance wreak—
Let its fierce billows roll with mountain swell,
Here must we Anchor, and their force repel.
Here, moored securely, shall our bannered State
Blazon the conscience sacred—ever free—
Here shall she breast the coming storms of fate

And ride triumphant o'er the raging sea,
Her well-cast Anchor here, her lasting Hope in Thee !

XLIX.

“ Here, thy assurance gives our wanderings rest,
And points where all our future toils must be ;
Lord ! be our labors by thy mercies blest,
And send their fruits to far posterity ;
Let our example still the Conscience free,
Where'er she dwells by tyrant force enchained,
And whilst the thraldom lasts, Oh ! let her see,
Her ark of safety here, where, unprofaned
By Persecution's brands, free altars are maintained.

L.

“ Accept, O Lord ! our thanks for mercies past ;
Thou wast our cloud by day, and fire by night,
Whilst yet we journeyed through the dreary vast,
Thou Canaan more than givest to our sight.
Lord ! 'tis possessed, not seen from Pisgah's height.
We deeply feel this high beneficence ;
And ages far shall o'er our graves recite
Of thy protecting grace their Father's sense,
And, when they name their Home, proclaim Thy PROVIDENCE !”

NOTES.

CANTO FIRST.

STANZA .I

*I sing of trials stern, and sufferings great,
Which Father Williams in his exile bore,
That he the conscience-bound might liberate,
And her religious rights the soul restore.*

"ROGER WILLIAMS was born of reputable parents, in Wales, A. D. 1598. He was educated at the University of Oxford; was regularly admitted to Orders in the Church of England, and preached for some time as a minister of that Church; but on embracing the doctrines of the Puritans, he rendered himself obnoxious to the laws against the non-conformists, and embarked for America, where he arrived with his wife, whose name was Mary, on the 5th of February, A. D. 1631." He had scarcely landed ere he began to assert the principle of religious freedom, and insist on a rigid separation from the Church of England. A declaration that the magistrate ought not to interfere in matters of conscience could not fail to excite the jealousy of a government constituted as that of Massachusetts then was; and this jealousy was roused into active hostility when, in the April following his arrival, he was called by the Church of Salem as teaching Elder under their then Pastor, Mr. Skelton.

"Of this appointment," says Winthrop, "the Governor of Massachusetts was informed, who immediately convened a Court in Boston to take the subject into consideration." Their deliberations resulted in a letter addressed to Mr. Endicot, of Salem, to this effect:—"That whereas Mr. Williams had refused to join the churches at Boston, because they would not make a public declaration of their repentance, for having communion with the Churches of England while they tarried there, and besides had declared his opinion that the magistrate might not punish the breach of the Sabbath, nor any other offence that was a breach of the first table; and therefore they marveled they would choose him without advising with the council, and withal desired him that they would forbear to proceed until they had considered about it."

This interference of the government forced him to leave Salem. "He removed to Plymouth, and was engaged assistant to Mr. Ralph Smith, the pastor of the church at that place. Here he remained until he found his views of Religious Toleration and strict non-conformity gave offence to some of his hearers, when he returned again to Salem, and was settled there after Mr. Skelton's death, which took place on the 2d of August, 1634." In this situation Williams preached against the cross in the ensign, as a relic of papal superstition. His preaching however, on

this topic, does not seem to have been a subject of complaint, only as it led some of his friends to the indiscretion of defacing the colors. His persecutors, in excusing this act to the government of England, say that they did so "with as much wariness as they might, being doubtful themselves of the lawfulness of a cross in an ensign." But though he may have given no offence by declaring an opinion on this subject so little at variance with their own, yet when he ventured to speak against the king's patent, by which he had granted to his subjects the lands which belonged to the Indians; and, above all, to maintain that the civil magistrate ought not to interfere in matters of conscience, except for the preservation of peace, his presence within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts could no longer be tolerated. A summons was granted for his appearance at the next court.

He appeared accordingly. "It was laid to his charge," says Winthrop, "that, being under question before the magistracy and churches for divers dangerous opinions, viz: That the magistrate ought not to punish for the breaches of the first table, otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the public peace. 2d. That he ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man. 3d. That a man ought not to pray with such, though wife, children, &c. 4th. That a man ought not to give thanks after sacrament nor after meat, &c., and that other churches were about to write the church of Salem to admonish him of these errors, notwithstanding the church had since called him to the office of Teacher."

These charges having been read, all the magistrates and ministers concurred in denouncing the opinions of Williams as erroneous and dangerous, and agreed that the calling him to office at that time was a great contempt of authority. He and the church of Salem were allowed until the next General Court to consider of these charges, and then either to give satisfaction to the Court, or else to expect sentence.

Much warmth of feeling was exhibited in the discussion of these charges; and in the course of the debate it seems the ministers were required to give their opinions severally. All agreed that he who asserted that the civil magistrate ought not to interfere in case of heresy, apostacy, &c., ought to be removed, and that other churches ought to request the magistrates to remove him. Nothing will give a better idea of the state of feeling on this occasion than the fact that when the town of Salem at this time petitioned, claiming some land at Marblehead as belonging to the town, the petition was refused a hearing, on the ground that the church of Salem had chosen Mr. Williams her teacher, and by such choice had offered contempt to the magistrates.

The attendance of all the Ministers of the Bay at the next General Court was requested. This was held in the month of November, 1635. Before this venerable congregation of all the dignitaries of the church, Williams appeared and defended his opinions. His defence, it seems, was not satisfactory. They offered him further time for conference or disputation. This he declined, and chose to dispute presently. Mr. Hooker was appointed to dispute with him. But Mr. Hooker's logic, seconded as it was by the whole civil and ecclesiastical power of Massachusetts, could not force him to recognise the right of the civil magistrate to punish heresy, or to admit that the king's patent could of itself give a just title to the lands of the Indians. The consequence was, that on the following morning he was sentenced to depart, within six weeks, out of the jurisdiction of Massachusetts.

Such were the causes of Williams' banishment, and such the circumstances under which the decree was passed. He was a man who fearlessly asserted his principles, and practiced upon them to their fullest extent. Persecution could not drive him to a renunciation of his opinions. His observance of any principle which he adopted was conscientiously strict; but this very strictness of observance had its advantages,

in enabling him with more certainty to detect any latent error which his opinions involved. He was as free to declare his errors as he was to assert whatever appeared to him to be right. His very honesty in this respect has given occasion to his enemies to brand his character with inconsistency and apostacy; but he remained true to every principle espoused by him, which posterity has since sanctioned, and inconstant in those things only which are unimportant in themselves, and which are unscathed even in the present day. A tacit confession of his own fallibility was implied in the great principle of which he was the earliest asserter, that government ought not to interfere in matters of conscience; and therein consisted a wide difference between his errors, whatever they were, and those of his persecutors. This fact, in estimating the character of Williams, cannot be too well considered.

"Subsequently to his banishment, he was permitted to remain until spring, on condition that he did not attempt to draw others to his opinions." But the friends of Williams could not consent to see their favorite pastor leave them, without frequently visiting him whilst they yet had an opportunity. In these interviews, the plan of establishing a colony in the Narraganset country, where the principle of Religious Freedom (the assertion of which had been the chief cause of his banishment) should be carried into effect, was discussed and matured. It is also highly probable that he did not fail to do what he conceived to be the duty of a faithful pastor in other respects. At length the rumor of these meetings reached the ears of the civil authorities; and in January, 1635, (O. S.,) "The governor and assistants," says Winthrop, "met in Boston to consider about Mr. Williams; for they were credibly informed, that he, notwithstanding the injunction laid upon him, (upon liberty granted him to stay until spring,) not to go about to draw others to his opinions, did use to entertain company in his house, and to preach to them even of such points as he had been sentenced for; and it was agreed to send him into England by a ship then ready to depart. The reason was because he had drawn about twenty persons to his opinions, and they were intended to erect a plantation about the Narraganset bay, from whence the infection would easily spread into these churches, the people being many of them much taken with an apprehension of his godliness. Whereupon a warrant was sent to him to come presently to Boston, to be shipped, &c. He returned for answer, (and divers of Salem came with it,) that he could not without hazard of his life, &c. Whereupon a pinnace was sent with commission to Captain Underhill, &c., to apprehend him, and carry him on board the ship, which then rode at Nantascutt. But when they came to his house, they found he had been gone three days, but whither they could not learn."

It thus appears that the object of his government, in directing his immediate apprehension at this time, was to prevent the establishment of a colony in which the civil authority should not be permitted to interfere with the religious opinions of the citizens.

Williams was in the thirty-seventh or thirty-eighth year of his age, at the time of his banishment. He fled to a wilderness inhabited only by savages. The two principal tribes—the Narragansets and Wampanoags—had, but a short time before he entered their country, been engaged in open hostilities. The government of Plymouth had on one occasion extended its aid to its early friend and ally, Massasoit, chief sachem of the Wampanoags. This interference had smothered, but not extinguished the flame. With these warring tribes, one of which (the Narragansets) was a very martial and numerous people, and exceedingly jealous of the whites, Williams was under the necessity of establishing relations of amity. He himself says that he was forced to travel between their sachems to satisfy them and all their dependent spirits of his honest intentions to live peaceably by them. He acted

the part of a peace-maker amongst them, and eventually won, even for the benefit of his persecutors, the confidence of the Narragansets. It was through his influence that all the Indians in the vicinity of Narraganset bay were, shortly after his settlement at Mooshausick, united, and their whole force, under the direction of the very men who had driven him into the wilderness, brought to co-operate with the Massachusetts forces against the Pequots. [See Winthrop's Journal, and a Sketch of the Life of Roger Williams, appended to the first volume of the Rhode Island Historical Collections, for the above extracts.]

STANZA XII.

Much less my consort and these pledges dear.

Williams was the father of six children, viz: Mary, Freeborn, Providence, Mercy, Daniel, and Joseph. I am not able to determine their number at the time of his banishment.

STANZA XLV.

Thrice did our northern tiger seem to come.

Frequently called the Panther, the Cat of the Mountain, or Catamount. There is indeed no animal of America entitled to the appellation of the Panther; but this name is frequently applied to the animal mentioned, and is adopted in this production for that reason.

STANZA LXI.

'Twas Waban's cry at which the monsters ran.

The Indians imitate very perfectly the cry of wild beasts, and use that art in conveying signals and for other purposes, during their hunts and other expeditions. The known antipathy between the wolf and the catamount or panther, and the superiority of the latter over the former, may justify the text.

STANZA LXIX.

*Where never shall the flame of fagot glow,
Kindled by wrath of persecuting men.*

I know not that the fagot has been generally used in any protestant country for the extirpation of heresy, yet its very general application to that purpose by Roman Catholics has, by common consent, made it the appropriate emblem of persecution in all countries.

STANZA LXXII.

Until Sowaniu's breezes scatter flowers again.

Sowaniu, or the Paradise of the Indians, was supposed to be an island in the far southwest. It was the favorite residence of their great god, Cawtantowit, and the land of departed spirits. The balmy southwest was a gale breathed from the heaven of the Indians.

STANZA LXXXIII.

"And may the Manitto of dreams," he said, &c.

Manitto—a God. It is a word which seems to have been applied to an extraordinary power, or mysterious influence. Any astonishing effect, produced by a cause which the Indians could not comprehend, they appear to have ascribed to the agency of a Manitto. It is natural for man to draw his ideas of power or causation, from what he feels in himself; and when he does so he will ascribe the effects which he observes to the influence of mind. As he advances in knowledge the number of these mysterious agents diminishes, until at last he is forced upon the idea of one great, designing, first cause or agent. Man, from his very constitution, therefore,

must be a believer in the existence of God. He approaches a knowledge of His unity by degrees, and improves in his religious opinions in the same manner as he advances in the science of astronomy. How essential then is that freedom of opinion which our Founder sought to establish !

CANTO SECOND.

STANZA XIII.

*In a vast eagle's form embodied, He
Did o'er the deep on outstretched pinions spring.*

It was the belief of the Chippewas, a tribe supposed to have descended from the same original stock (Lenni Lenape) with the Narragansets, that, before the earth appeared, all was one vast body of waters ; that the Great Spirit, assuming the shape of a mighty eagle, whose eyes were as fire, and the sound of whose wings was as thunder, passed over the abyss, and that, upon his touching the water, the earth rose from the deep. It was a prevailing tradition among the Delawares and other tribes, according to Heckewelder, that the earth was an island, supported on the back of a huge tortoise, called in the text Unamis. It is the object of the author to embrace in the text a selection of their scattered traditions on the subject of creation, and to give them something like the consistency of a system. Waban, therefore, adopting their leading ideas, has drawn out his description into the appropriate sequency of events. Their Creator was a Manitto, a mysteriously operating power, and of the same nature with that principle of causation which they felt in themselves, as constituting their own being. The term *Cowicewonck*, in the Narraganset dialect, signified the soul, and was derived from *Cowicene*, to sleep ; because, said they, it operates when the body sleeps. Hence in the text, whilst the Great Spirit slept, He is represented as commencing the work of creation—operating on the immense of waters as a part of his own being, and imparting to it organic existences, (as the soul from itself creates its own conceptions,) thus giving a sort of dreamy existence to the earth and all living things, ere He assumed the shape of the eagle, and at his fiat imparted to them substantial form and vital energy. The idea, that the earth was raised out of the bosom of the Ocean, seems to have been pretty general amongst the Aborigines.

STANZA XIX.

*Yet man was not ; then Great Cawtantowit spoke
To the hard mountain crags, and called for man.*

According to the traditions of the Narragansets, the Great Spirit formed the first man from a stone, which, disliking, he broke, and then formed another man and woman from a tree ; and from this pair sprang the Indians.

STANZA XXII.

Then did he send Yotaanit on high—

Yotaanit was the God of Fire ; Kecsuckquand, God of the Sun ; Nanapaushat, of the Moon ; and Wamponand was the ruling Deity of the East.

STANZA XXIII.

*All things were formed, thus, from materials good,
And the foul refuse every evil had ;
But it had felt the influence of the God—
(How should it not ?)—*

Heckewelder ascribes to the Indians the opinion that nothing bad could proceed

from the Great and Good Spirit. Waban is here speaking in conformity to that opinion. Hence he represents the creation of Chepian, or the evil principle, as an incidental but necessary effect, yet forming no part of the original design.

STANZA XXVII.

*And manittoos, that never death shall fear,
Do too within this mortal form abide.*

"They conceive," says Williams, "that there are many gods, or divine powers, within the body of man—in his pulse, heart, lungs, &c."

STANZA XXVIII.

*But if a sluggard and a coward, then
To rove all wretched in the gloom of night."*

"They believe that the soules of men and women go to the southwest—their great and good men to Cawtantowit his house, where they have hopes, as the Turks have, of carnal joys. Murtherers, liars, &c., their soules (say they) wander restless abroad." —Williams' Key.

STANZA XXXVIII.

This yet unproved and doubted by the best.

The Charter of Pennsylvania was granted in 1681. The philanthropic Penn was preceded by Williams in the adoption of a mild and pacific policy toward the natives. Both seem to have been equally successful.

STANZA XLVI.

*Ere dark pestilence
Devoured his warriors—laid its hundreds low,
That sachem's war-whoop roused to his defence
Four thousand bow-men, and he still can show
A mighty force.*

The pestilence, to which Waban has reference, is that which shortly preceded the arrival of the Plymouth planters. The Wampanoags, before this calamity, were relatively a powerful people. Patuxet, afterwards Plymouth, was then under the government of their sachem, who, at times, made it his place of residence. Indeed the whole country between Seekonk and the ocean, eastward, seems to have been occupied by tribes more or less subject to him. Those toward the Cape and about Buzzard's Bay were, however, rather his tributaries than his subjects. The different clans or communities, in this extensive territory, were under the government of many petty sachems, who regarded Ousamequin (afterwards Massasoit) as their chief. Availing themselves of the misfortune of their neighbors, the Narragansets extended their conquests eastward over some of these under-sachems; and when Ousamequin fled from Patuxet to Pokanoket, to avoid the devouring sickness, he found not only Aquidnay, but a part of Pokanoket, subject to his enemies. (See note to stanza xxxiv canto iv.) Pokanoket was the Indian name of the neck of land between Taunton river on the east, and Seekonk and Providence rivers on the west. Mount Hope, or Haup as it is called in the text, forms its southeastern extreme. The number of warriors stated in the text as subject to Ousamequin, is hypothetical. Some of the Nipnets were tributary to the Narragansets, but the greater part of them were the allies or subjects of the Wampanoag Chief.

STANZA XLVI.

*His highest chief is Corbitant the stern—
He bears a fox's head and panther's heart.*

Mr. Winslow, who had frequent conferences with this chief, represents him as "a

hollow-hearted friend to the Plymouth planters, a notable politician, &c." He, with others, was suspected of conspiring against the whites, and Captain Standish was sent, on one occasion, to execute summary justice upon him and his confederates. He however escaped, and afterwards made his peace with them through the mediation of Massasoit. His residence was at Mattapoiset, now Swanzey.

STANZA XLVII.

*Yet oft their children bleed
When the far west sends down her Maquas fell—
Warriors who hungry on their victims steal,
And make of human flesh a dreadful meal.*

In compliance with the common orthography, the name of this tribe is written *Maqua*. Williams says, that in the Narraganset dialect they were called *Mohawagsuck*, or *Mauquauog*, from *mobo*, to eat; and were considered Cannibals. It is probable, from its location, that he speaks of the same tribe under the name of *Mitucknechakick*, or tree eaters, "a people," says he, "so called, living between three and four hundred miles west into the land, from their eating *Mituckquash*—that is, trees. They are men-eaters—they set no corn, but live on the bark of the chestnut and other fine trees," &c. Again, he says, "The *Maquaogs*, or men-eaters, that live two or three hundred miles west," &c. Thus it is plain that the *Maquas* were considered, by the Narragansets and their neighboring tribes, Cannibals.

STANZA XLVIII.

Here lies Namasket tow'rd the rising sun.

Namasket was within the limits of the territory which now constitutes the township of Middleborough, and was about fifteen miles from Plymouth.

*Here farther down, Cohannet's banks upon,
Spreads broad Pocasset, strong Appannow's hold.*

The territory under that name, now forms a part of Fall-River, Mass., and all, or nearly all, Tiverton, R. I. The territory south to the sea, was called *Sagkonate*, now written *Sekonnet*, or *Seconnet*, forming at this time the township of Little-Compton. The northeasterly part of the island of Aquidnay was also called *Pocasset*. This word may be a derivative from the Indian name of the strait separating the island from the mainland. The name of the chieftain in the text must be received exclusively on Waban's authority.

STANZA L.

*Two mighty chiefs, one cautious, wise, and old,
One young and strong, and terrible in fight,
All Narraganset and Coweset hold;
One lodge they build—one council fire they light.*

In a deposition of Williams, dated the 18th June, 1682, he says, that it was the general and constant declaration that the father of Canonicus had three sons—that Canonicus was his heir—that his youngest brother's son, whose name was *Miantonomi*, was his marshal, or executioner, and did nothing without his consent.

Five thousand warriors give their arrows flight.

This is the number at which Williams estimates them. Calendar says they were a numerous, rich, and powerful people, and though they were, by some, said to have been less fierce and warlike than the Pequots, yet it appears that they had, before the English came, not only increased their numbers by receiving many who

fled to them from the devouring sickness or plague in other parts of the land, but they had enlarged their territories, both on the eastern and western boundaries. Their numbers must have diminished rapidly, as Hutchinson estimates their warriors in 1675 at two thousand; this estimate, however, might not embrace those tribes which were subject to, or dependant on them, when Williams entered the country. They seem to have been a people greatly in advance of their neighbors. They excelled in the manufacture of Wampompeag, and supplied other nations with it—also with pendants, bracelets, tobacco pipes of stone, and pots for cookery. After the arrival of the whites, they traded with them for their goods, and supplied other tribes with them at an advance.

STANZA LI.

*Dark rolling Seekonk does their realm divide
From Pokanoket, Massasoit's reign—*

Under the general name of Narraganset, was included Narraganset proper and Coweset. Narraganset proper extended south from what is now Warwick to the ocean; Coweset, from Narraganset northerly to the Nipmuck country, which now forms Oxford, Mass., and some other adjoining towns. The western boundaries of Narraganset and Coweset cannot be definitely ascertained. Gookins says, the Narraganset jurisdiction extended thirty or forty miles from Seekonk river and Narraganset bay, including the islands, southwesterly to a place called Wekapage, four or five miles to the eastward of Pawcatuck river—that it included part of Long Island, Block Island, Coweset and Niantick, and received tribute from some of the Nipmucks. After some research, I am induced to believe that the Nianticks occupied the territory now called Westerly; if so, then the jurisdiction of the Narragansets extended to the Pawcatuck, and perhaps beyond it. The tribe next westward was that which dwelt “in the twist of Pequot river,” now called the Thames; and was under the control of the fierce and warlike Uncas, a chief who had rebelled against Sassacus, the Pequot sachem, and detached from its allegiance a considerable portion of his nation, of which he had formed a distinct tribe.

STANZA LIII.

*Awanux gave him strength, and, with strange fear,
Did M'antonomi at the big guns start.*

“We cannot conceive,” says Mourt in his journal, “but that he [Massasoit] is willing to have peace with us; for they have seen our people sometimes alone, two or three in the woods at work and fowling, whereas they offered them no harm: and especially, because he hath a potent adversary, the Narrohigunssets, that are at war with him, against whom he thinks we may be of some strength to him; for our pieces are terrible unto them.”

STANZA LXXIV.

*At length his vision opened on a space,
Level and broad, and stretching without bound
Far tow'rd the south—nor rose, o'er all its face,
A tree, or shrub, or rock, or swelling mound.*

It may excite our wonder that the barren plains of Seekonk should have been at first selected by our Founder for a place of settlement. But it is possible that at the time when the selection was made they were in a state, as to fertility, different from their present. However this may be, one thing is certain, that Williams made the selection during the winter, when vegetation afforded no criterion of the soil, whilst its very nakedness was in some respects a recommendation. It was an object with

the early settlers to establish themselves in the neighborhood of some clearing, and particularly on meadows in the vicinity of rivers. These yielded pasturage through the summer, and forage for their cattle during winter, and, it may be added, land for tillage without the preparatory steps of clearing.

CANTO THIRD.

STANZA VII.

War! War! my brother.

Williams says that, at the time of his first entering the Narraganset country, a great contest was raging between Canonicus and Miantonomi on one side, and Massasoit or Ousamequin on the other. Williams, at this time, had come to the resolution of settling at Seekonk, on a part of the lands belonging to the latter sachem. But should actual hostilities be commenced between these tribes, his situation would become peculiarly dangerous, occupying as he would, lands on the frontiers of the weaker party. The Narragansets might regard his settlement as a mere trading establishment, supplying their enemies with arms. Besides, the Narragansets and Wampanoags, in many instances, laid claim to the same lands. [See note to stanza the thirty-fourth, canto fourth.] To obtain a peaceable possession of these lands it was necessary to have the consent of both. A reconciliation, therefore, of the contending tribes became indispensable. Williams incidentally mentions that he travelled between them to satisfy them of his intentions to live peaceably by them, and it is hardly possible that the equally necessary object of their reconciliation was neglected. Indeed, we find, shortly after Williams entered their country, these chiefs, so recently hostile, amicably granting their lands to him and his associates, and one of them yielding to the authority of the other. Hence we may infer that Williams not only attempted to pacify them, but that his efforts were crowned with success.

Ousamequin, or Ashumequin, was the name of the Wampanoag chief, until about the time of the Pequot war, when he assumed the name of Massasoit, or Massasoit, for it is variously written. The latter is used in the text as that by which he is most generally designated. It was common for the Indians to change their names. That of Miantonomi was originally Mecumeh.

STANZA VIII.

*The Narraganset hatchet stained with gore—
Miantonomi lifts it o'er his head,
Gives the loud battle yell, and names our valiant dead.*

To name the dead was considered a great indignity, and, among chiefs, a sufficient cause for war. Philip pursued one who had thus offended to Nantucket. The life of the offender was saved only by the interference of the whites. To avoid uttering the names of the dead they used circumlocutions, such as *Sachem-aupan*, *Nee-mat-aupan*; the sachem that was here, our brother that was here.

STANZA XI.

*And Annawan, who saw in after times
Brave Metacom, and all of kindred blood,
Slain, or enslaved and sold to foreign climes.*

Metacom was the original name of Philip. Annawan was the last of Philip's captains that fell into the hands of the English. He was with Philip at the time he

was surprised and slain. Church, giving an account of the battle, says, "By this time the enemy perceived they were waylaid on the east of the swamp, and tacked short about. One of the enemy, who seemed to be a great surly old fellow, hallooed with a loud voice, and often called out, 'Iootash! Iootash!' Captain Church called to his Indian, Peter, and asked who that was that called so. He answered that it was Annawan, Philip's great captain, calling to his soldiers to stand to it, and fight stoutly."

STANZA XIX.

*Scarce do they leave a scant and narrow place,
Where we may spread the blanket of our race.*

"We have not room to spread our blankets," was a phrase by which the Indians signified that they were straightened in their possessions.—*See Heekwelder.*

STANZA XXII.

*"'Tis not the peag," said the Sagamore,
"Nor knives, nor guns, nor garments red as blood,
That buy the lands I hold dominion o'er—
Lands that were fashioned by the red man's God;
But to my friend I give."*

Williams says the Indians were very shy and jealous of selling their lands to any, and chose rather to make a grant of them to such as they affected; but at the same time expected such gratuities and rewards as made an Indian gift often times a very dear bargain.

Of Peag there were two sorts—the white and black. The former was called Wampom or Wampum, the latter Suckauhock. The first was wrought from the white, the last from the black or purple part of a shell.

STANZA LV.

*Westward till now his course did Waban draw;
He shunned Weybosset, the accustomed ford.*

I am informed that Weybosset, in the Indian language, signified a ford, or crossing place. It is now the name of a street in Providence, extending southwesterly from the place in the river so designated by the Indians.

STANZA LVI.

*And now did Indian town to town succeed,
Some large, some small, in populous array.*

"In the Narraganset country (which is the chief people in the land) a man shall come to many townes, some bigger, some lesser, it may be a dozen in 20 miles travell."—*Williams' Key.*

STANZA LXV.

For they were gone to Potowomet's fires.

The words *Note* or *Yote* signified fire; *Potowash*, to make fire; *Wame* signified all, and *Et* is a termination denoting place. If this be so, it would seem that Potowomet, or Potowamet, signified the place of all the fires, or place where all the tribes assembled and kindled their council or festal fires. The shell-fish, in which the shores of Potowomet abound, and the numerous remains of Indian feasts found on the upland, offer additional proof of the correctness of this inference.

CANTO FOURTH.

STANZA II.

There bristled darts—there glittered lances sheen.

Lances were arms which distinguished their sachems and other leaders. At this early period the Indians had scarcely become familiarized to the use of fire-arms. The French and Dutch had indeed begun to supply them with these strange implements of death; but the English colonists had taken every precaution to prevent their being furnished with them. There were, however, no restraints on the trade of knives, hatchets, lances, &c.

STANZA XII.

*Wampanoag gore
Will M'antonomi's feet in battle trace
Ere dies another moon.*

This was the phraseology by which they described the change of the moon.

STANZA XXI.

*On settles raised around the mounting blaze
Sate gray Wauontom, Keenomp, Sagamore.*

Wauontom, a counsellor; Keenomp, a captain; Sagamore, a chief or sachem.

The sage Canonicus.

Williams considered Canonicus, at the time he wrote his *Key to the Indian Languages*, about fourscore years old.

STANZA XXII.

The Neyhom's mantle did his shoulders grace.

"Neyhomaushunck, a coat or mantle curiously made of the fairest plumes of the Neyhommauog, or turkies, which commonly their old men make, and is with them as velvet with us."—*Williams' Key*.

STANZA XXXIV.

*Yes, ere he came, Pocasset's martial band
Did at our bidding come to fight the foe,
And the tall warriors of the Nipnet land
Rushed with soft foot to bend our battle bow;
And e'en the dog of Haup did cringing stand
Beside our wigwam, and his tribute show.*

The reader will not expect in the text minute historical accuracy, yet it has been the wish of the author, throughout, not to violate known historical truth; and the following facts, he thinks, give something more than mere probability to the presumption, that Massasoit was, before the arrival of the whites, in some sense, one of the subject sachems of the Narraganset chiefs. The following extract of a deposition of Williams, dated at Narraganset, the 18th of June, A. D. 1682, will shew that Canonicus had authority of some sort over Massasoit, and that the latter had claims, subordinate to those of Canonicus, to certain lands which Williams procured of the last named chief. In this deposition Williams says, "I desire posterity to see the most gracious hand of the Most High, (in whose hands are all things,) that when the hearts of my countrymen and friends and brethren failed me, his infinite wis-

dom and merits stirred up the barbarous heart of Canonicus to love me as his own son to the last gasp, by which I had not only Miantonomi and all the Coweset sachems my friends, but Ousamequin also, who, because of my great friendship for him at Plymouth, and the authority of Canonicus, consented freely, (being also well gratified by me,) to the Governor Winthrop's and my enjoyment of Providence, yea of Providence itself, and all other parts I procured which were upon the point, and in effect, whatever I desired of him." A distinction seems here to be intended between Providence and other places. It is probable that Providence was conquered by the Narragansets, whilst in possession of some under-sachem of Massasoit. And when the latter renounced all claims to this Island, he at the same time assured to Williams the peaceable enjoyment of Providence and all other places purchased of him.

A similar state of things appears in the deed, made by Canonicus and Miantonomi to the settlers of Aquidnay, to have existed both in reference to that island and a part of Pokanoket, where Massasoit resided. This deed or memorandum is as follows: "We, Canonicus and Miantonomi, the two chief sachems of Narraganset, by virtue of our general command of the Bay, as also the particular subjecting of the dead sachem of Aquidnick and Kitackumuckqut, [Kikemuet] themselves and lands unto us, have sold unto Mr. Coddington and his friends united, the great Island of Aquidnick, lying from hence eastward in this bay, as also the marsh or grass upon Quinnannacut, [Conanicut] and the rest of the island in the bay, (excepting Chubackuweda, formerly sold unto Mr. Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, and Mr. Williams of Providence,) also the grass upon the rivers and coasts about Kitakumuckqut, and from thence to Pauparquash [Poppasquash] for the full payment of forty fathoms of white beads."

Ousamequin was present, and granted the use of the grass and trees on the main land, Pocasset side. Tradition points out the spot on which the battle was fought that decided the fate of Aquidnick, and assigns a date to the event anterior to the arrival of the English at Plymouth. Callender evidently considers it to have taken place during the great sickness or plague which prevailed among the eastern Indians before the coming of the Whites. When the English arrived, Massasoit was at Pokanoket, in a part of that territory so recently wrested by the Narragansets from (probably) one of his under-sachems. He was then in no condition to resist any of the demands of the victors, and there can be little doubt that he submitted to them as a tributary or subject chief. The arrival of the English, however, gave him allies, and enabled him to set the Narragansets at defiance. Hence the hostility of the Narragansets to the Whites; and hence Massasoit's uniform adherence to them. That Massasoit was considered by the Narragansets a tributary chief, and bound to comply with the requisitions of their sachems, is rendered very probable by the following passage in Winthrop's Journal. It is under date of April, 1632:

"The Governor received letters from Plymouth signifying that there had been a broil between their men at Sowamset and the Narraganset Indians, who set upon the English house, there to have taken Ousamequin, the Sagamore of Pokanoscott, [Pokanoket] who fled thither with all the people for refuge, and that Captain Standish, being gone thither to relieve the English which were in the house, sent home in all haste for more men and other provisions, upon intelligence that Canonicus was coming with a great army against them. On that, they wrote to our Governor for some powder to be sent with all possible speed, for it seemed they were unprovided. Upon this the Governor presently dispatched away a messenger with so much powder as he could carry, viz: twenty-seven pounds. The messenger returned and brought a letter from the Governor, signifying that the Indians were retired from Sowamset to fight the Pequins, [Pequots] which was probable; because John Saga-

note and Chickatabott were gone, with all their men, to Canonicus, who had sent for them."

Here Canonicus, on the point of marching against the Pequots, sent to certain sachems of Massachusetts to join him; there is little doubt but that the same requisition was made of Massasoit, and attempted to be enforced. He took shelter, however, under the English, and the Narragansets finding that they could not compel obedience without involving themselves in a war with the English, retired and prosecuted the expedition without his assistance. But in 1636, when they were somewhat relieved from the pressure of their enemies, they were probably about engaging in a war with the Wampanoags, to punish this contempt of their chief's authority. Hence the great contest to which Williams alludes.

As a further proof that Massasoit was in some sort a subordinate sachem of the Narraganset chiefs, it may be added, that the above deed of Aquidnick appears to have been made in his presence, and that he and his tribe were afterwards compensated for their rights in the lands conveyed. Those rights were therefore considered of a character subordinate to those of the Narraganset chiefs.

Since the foregoing remarks were written, the author has noticed a deposition of Williams, quoted by Backus in his History of the Baptists, and dated twenty-five years after the settlement of Providence was commenced, which applies directly to the question here discussed, and abundantly confirms the views already taken. Williams, in his deposition, says, "After I had obtained this place, now called Providence, of Canonicus and Miantonomi, [the chief Nanhiganset sachems,] Osamaquin laid his claim to this place also. This forced me to repair to the Nanhiganset sachems aforesaid, who declared that Osamaquin was their subject, and had solemnly, himself in person with ten men, subjected himself and his lands unto them at the Nanhiganset, only now he seemed to revolt from his loyalty, under the shelter of the English at Plymouth. This I declared from the Nanhiganset sachems to Osamaquin, who without any stick acknowledged to be true that he had so subjected, as the Nanhiganset sachems had affirmed; [but] that he was not subdued by war, which himself and his father had maintained against the Nanhigansets; but God, said he, subdued us by a plague which swept away my people, and forced me to yield."

STANZA XXXVI.

They were the Yengee's men, not ours, they said.

"He [Massasoit] also talked of the French, bidding us not to suffer them to come to Narrohiganset; for it was King James his country, and he was King James his man."—*Mourf's Journal*.

STANZA XXXVIII.

He speaks a Manittoo!

"There is a general custom amongst them," says Williams, "at the apprehension of any excellence in men or women, birds, beasts, or fish, &c., to cry out Manittoo! that is, it is a god; as thus, if they see one man excel others in wisdom, valor, strength, or activity, they cry out Manittoo!"

• STANZA XLII.

And for the Pequot deeds Awanux grieves.

"News came to Plymouth that Captain Stone, who last summer went out of the Bay or Lake, and so to Aquawaticus, where he took in Captain Norton, putting in at the mouth of Connecticut, (on his way to Virginia,) where the Pequins [Pequots] inhabit, was cut off with all his company, being eight in number."—*Winthrop's Journal*.

STANZA XLVI.

*If true he speak—that should his actions show—
May not his heart be darker than yon cloud,
And yet his words white as yon falling snow?
Yet if his speech were true—*

"Canonicus, the old high sachem of the Narraganset bay, (a wise and peaceable prince,) once in a solemn oration to myself, in a solemn assembly, using this word [Wannaumwayean, if he speak true,] said, I have never suffered any wrong to be offered to the English since they landed, nor never will. He often repeated the word, Wannaumwayean, Englishman, if the Englishman speak true, if he meet me truly; then shall I go to my grave in peace, and hope that the English and I and posterity shall live in love and peace together. I replied that he had no cause (I hoped) to question the Englishman's Wannaumauonck, that is, faithfulness, having had long experience of their faithfulness and trustiness. He took a stick and broke it into ten pieces, and related ten instances, (laying down a stick at every instance,) which gave him cause thus to teare and say. I satisfied him on so many presently, and presented the rest to the governors of the English, who I hope will be far from giving just cause to have barbarians question their Wannaumauonck or faithfulness."—*Williams' Key*.

STANZA XLVIII.

*This fragment shows the serpent's skin they sent,
Filled with round thunders to our royal tent.*

"The people called Narragansets," says the N. E. Memorial, "sent messengers unto our plantations with a bundle of arrows tied together with a snake-skin which the interpreter told them was a threatening and a challenge, upon which Governor of Plymouth sent them a rough answer, viz: That, if they loved peace better than peace, they might begin when they would; they had done them no wrong, neither did they fear them, nor should they find them unprovided; and by another messenger they sent the snake-skin back again, with bullets in it; but they would not receive it, but sent it back again." Mr. Davis in a note adds: "The messenger was accompanied by a friendly Indian, Tockamahamon. The messenger inquired for Squanto, who was absent. The bundle of arrows was left for him, and the messenger departed without any explanation. When Squanto returned, and the dangerous present was delivered him, he immediately understood the object." The plantations, however, seem to have considered themselves threatened. They immediately began to strengthen their defences, and every precaution was taken against surprise.

STANZA XLIX.

*This, upon Haup when raged our battle loud,
How their round thunders made that battle dumb.*

See the passage from Winthrop, in note to stanza xxxiv.

*This, how amid the Pequot nation they
Build the square lodge, and whet him to the fray.*

The Plymouth Company had established a trading house on the Connecticut, early as 1633. Their trade with the Pequots in arrow points, knives, hatchets, &c. might very probably give offence to the Narragansets. "We found," says Winthrop, "that all the sachems of Narraganset, except Canonicus and Miantonomi were the contrivers of Mr. Oldham's death, and the occasion was because he went to make peace and trade with the Pequots."

CANTO FIFTH.

STANZA XI.

*Brother, the spirit of my son is gone ;
I burned my lodge to speak my mighty grief.*

Williams says, "The chiefe and most aged peaceable father of the countrey, Cassanious, having buried his sonne, he burned his own palace, and all his goods in it, (amongst them to a great value,) in a solemn remembrance of his son, and in a kind of humble expiation to the gods, who (as they believe) had taken away his sonne from him."

I am thy father, thou shalt be my son.

See the extract from Williams' testimony, in note to stanza xxxiv, of canto iv.

STANZA XXIV.

*The sable fox-hide did his loins inclose—
The sable fox-tail formed his nodding crest.*

The Indians had a superstitious regard for the black fox. Williams says, they considered it a Manittoo—a god, spirit, or divine power.

STANZA XXXIII.

*Hast thou forgot, when, by Cohannet's stream,
To curse the strangers every charm was tried.*

"But before I pass on, let the reader take notice of a very remarkable particular which was made known to the planters at Plymouth some short space after their arrival; that the Indians, before they came to the English to make friendship with them, got all the Pawaws in the country, who, for three days together, in a horrid and devilish manner, did curse and execrate them with their conjurations, which assembly and service they held in a dark and dismal swamp."—*N. E. Memorial*.

*How I appeared, and, by the embers' gleam,
To the hard rock my lance's point applied,
And scored my mandate.*

The inscriptions on the rocks by Taunton river have afforded a subject of much speculation to the antiquary. It would not be strange if the Indians ascribed to them a supernatural origin.

STANZA XLIII.

*An odor, strange but not offensive, spread
As he advanced and nearer Williams drew.*

If my recollection serves me, Dr. Good, in his Book of Nature, supposes that the seeming power of fascination in serpents may arise from an odor emitted by them. The tale of the Hunter and the Rattlesnake, in the New England Legends, must furnish the author with a justification for the use which he has made of this serpent in the text; and it ought also to be added, that his discription of the serpent, in the act of exercising his mysterious powers, is not essentially different from that in the tale to which he has referred.

STANZA LXIIV.

Here stretched Aquidnay far tow'rd ocean blue.

Aquidnay is the Indian name for Rhode Island. This name is variously written—sometimes Aquidneck, sometimes Aquetnet, and sometimes Aquidnet. Winthrop

generally writes it Aquidnay, and the author has chosen so to write it, for no other reason, than that the sound is a little more agreeable. There is some reason to conclude that Aquetnet is nearer its true etymology. See the following note.

STANZA LXXI.

*Another sachem sways
The Isle of peace.*

Aquene signified, in the Narraganset dialect, peace. It is possible that *Aquetnet*, as the name of this island has been sometimes written, may be its derivative; *et* is a termination usually denoting place. But whether this be or be not its etymology, the designation is not inapplicable, since the island must have been a place of security against the roving Maquas, Pequots, Tarrateens, &c.

STANZA LXXIII.

*There sowams gleams, if names the Muse aright,
Till far in forests brown his glories fade.*

Calender intimates that sowams is properly the name of a river, where the two Swansey rivers meet and run together for near a mile, when they empty themselves in the Narraganset Bay. Sowamset may, therefore, indicate some town or other place on the banks of the river. These names have been used by some as synonyms.

CANTO SIXTH.

STANZA III.

*Who with the laboring axe,
On Seekonk's eastern marge, invades the wood.*

Nothing is said of Williams, by the histories of the age, from the time he left Salem, until his expulsion from Seekonk, afterwards called Rehoboth. We learn, from some of Williams' letters, that, after purchasing land from Massasoit, he there built and planted, before he was informed by Governor Winslow that he was within the limits of the Plymouth patent. Until this information, he had supposed himself to be beyond the limits of either Plymouth or Massachusetts. And, certainly, the language of the Plymouth patent was sufficiently equivocal to countenance almost any construction of it in reference to the western (otherwise called southern) bounds of its grant. I will transcribe its words, that the reader may judge for himself. It grants the lands "lying between Cohasset rivulet toward the north, and Narraganset river toward the south, the great Western Ocean toward the east, and a straight line, extending into the main land toward the west, from the mouth of Narraganset river to the utmost bounds of a country called Pokanoket, alias Sowamset, and another straight line, extending directly from the mouth of Cohasset river toward the west, so far into the main land westward, as the utmost limits of Pokanoket, alias Sowamset."

What is here intended by Narraganset river? Is it the bay or some river falling into the bay? What is intended by the utmost bounds of Pokanoket? Do the words of the patent include or exclude that territory? The truth is, that the geography of the country was, at that time, very imperfectly understood, and the words of the patent are not a true description of the territory intended to be granted. The charter of Rhode Island is a proof that the Plymouth patent was not considered as embracing within its limits what is called Pokanoket, alias Sowamset; since that charter covers a considerable part of that very territory. But, if Pokanoket was not

included by the Plymouth patent, Williams ought not to have been treated as a trespasser. It is not my purpose to discuss the question of boundaries. These observations are made for the purpose of showing that Williams had his reasons for believing that he was out of the jurisdiction of Plymouth.

STANZA XXVIII.

*And brandishing his blade, he jeering said,
That vengeance gave it eyes and appetite;
It soon would eat—but eat in silence dread.*

“He [an Indian slain by Standish] bragged of the excellency of his knife: *Hinnaim namen, hinnaim michen, malla cuts*: that is to say, by and by it should see, by and by it should eat, but not speak.”

STANZA XXX.

*And feign some vestige of marauding foe,
To shift suspicion and his guilt conceal.*

When the Indians were desirous of involving a neutral tribe in their wars, it seems to have been a common artifice to kill an enemy and leave the war club or the arrow of the neutral party by the dead body.

CANTO SEVENTH.

STANZA V.

That flock now torn with strife, their shepherd from them riven.

The opinions for which Williams was banished, were but the beginning of schism in the Massachusetts churches, and his banishment but the commencement of persecution. Many members of the church of Salem still adhered to him, and finally followed him to Providence.

STANZA XXIV.

*O'er yon far distant brow
Smokes in the vale Neponset's peopled town.*

Neponset is the name of a river in Massachusetts. On the banks of this river there seems to have been several Indian towns or villages, at the time of Williams' banishment.

STANZA LXII.

And by the lock he held a trunkless head.

“Timequassin, to cut off, or behead, which they are most skillful to do in fight.”—*Williams' Key*.

CANTO EIGHTH.

STANZA XVI.

*Who cannot see,
That a dark cloud o'er our New England lowers?
The tender conscience struggles to be free—
The tyrant struggles, and retains his power.*

Williams seems to have had a strong presentiment that a season of persecution was approaching, and often expressed a desire, that his plantation might be a shelter for persons distressed for conscience.

STANZA XIX.

*And, through the eve, some reasoning, I opine,
(For all may err) a weighty theme upon,
May not be deemed amiss.*

It was the first intention of the author to have drawn the materials of the conversation in the text from the controversy between Williams and Cotton; but, on examination, he was satisfied that it was not suited to a performance of this kind. This controversy originated as follows: A prisoner (one who was doubtless suffering for heretical opinions) addressed a letter to a Mr. Hall, in which he discussed and argued against the right of government to persecute for matters of conscience. Hall sent this letter to Mr. Cotton, who answered it. Hall, dissatisfied with the answer, transmitted it to Williams. In the hands of Williams it remained some time; for he was struggling with all the difficulties incident to his situation at Providence. He however composed a reply to Cotton's answer, which he entitled the *Bloody Tenent*. He says it was written whilst engaged at the hoe and oar, toiling for bread—whilst attending on Parliament—in a change of rooms and places; in a variety of strange houses; sometimes in the field, in the midst of travel; where he had been forced to gather and scatter his loose thoughts and papers. And, certainly, considering the circumstances in which it was composed, it is a work calculated to increase our admiration of the man. The *Bloody Tenent*, together with Mr. Cotton's answer to the prisoner's letter, was published in London, at a time when his puritan brethren in England were addressing him and others in Massachusetts, with most earnest remonstrances against their cruel persecutions of other denominations.

He, in his replies, had been endeavoring to extenuate and excuse the conduct of the civil government, and had taken particular care to exculpate himself. It is easy, therefore, to conceive what a shock this reverend dignitary must have suffered, when his answer to the prisoner's letter, which went in principle the full length of the most unsparing persecution, together with Williams' reply, was published and circulated among the brethren there. He instantly raised a cry, that Williams was *persecuting him*, by publishing his answer to the prisoner's letter, and commenting upon it. But he felt himself under the necessity of doing something more. His brethren in England would require some sort of justification, and one consistent with the sentiments he had already expressed in his letters to them. Hence the controversy between him and Williams, is, on the part of Cotton, a sophistical attempt to avoid the charge of persecuting for matters of conscience. We do not persecute consciences, says he, but we do punish those who commit violence on their own consciences. If the reader should be so curious as to inquire, how Mr. Cotton ascertained when a man committed violence on his own conscience, I will state his process as I understand it. When it was discovered that any member entertained opinions inconsistent with the fundamental doctrines of the order to which he belonged, he was in the first place called before the church, and admonished of his error. If he still persisted, he was summoned before the magistracy, where the charges were specified, and the magistracy determined whether he was or was not convinced in his own mind of his errors. His judges never failed to be satisfied that he was convinced. If the accused afterwards persisted in his opinions, he was considered as one committing violence on his own conscience, and treated as an incorrigible heretic and disturber of the peace, and as such banished, imprisoned, scourged, or hanged, as the enormity of his heretical opinions might require. I have necessarily given the conversation between Williams and the Plymouth elder a turn different from that of the controversy between him and Cotton; but have

endeavored to preserve something of the tone of feeling which pervades the latter. I flatter myself, however, that the Plymouth elder is a more moderate man than Mr. Cotton. As a proof, hear Mr. Cotton in his own words set forth the advantages which a state derives from persecuting heretics, and the summary mode in which the civil magistrate may deal with them.

To the question of Mr. Williams, What glory to God—what good to the souls and bodies of their subjects, did these princes bring in persecuting? Mr Cotton thus replies: "The good that is brought to princes and subjects, by the due punishment of apostate seducers and idolaters and blasphemers, is manifold.

First; It putteth away evil from the people, and cutteth off a gangrene which would spread to further ungodliness.

Secondly; It driveth away wolves from worrying and scattering the sheep of Christ; (for false teachers be wolves.)

Thirdly; Such executions upon such evil doers causeth all the country to hear and fear, and do no more such wickedness.

Fourthly; The punishments, executed upon false prophets and seducing teachers, do bring down showers of God's blessings upon the civil state.

Fifthly; It is an honor to God's justice that such judgments are executed."

He says, "If there be stones in the streets the magistrate need not fetch a sword from the smith's shop, nor a halter from the roper's, to punish a heretic."

It will appear that time has made no improvement upon the leading principles of Williams, as gathered from different parts of his replies to Cotton. He says that "the people are the origin of all free power in government." "That the people are not invested by Christ Jesus with power to rule his Church." That they can give no such power to the magistrate. "That the kingdom of Christ is spiritual"—that to introduce the civil sword into this spiritual kingdom is "to confound Heaven and earth together, and lay all upon heaps of confusion"—"Is to take Christ and make him king by force (John vi, 15)—to make his kingdom of this world—to set up a civil and temporal Israel—to bound out new earthly lands of Canaan; yea, and to set up a Spanish inquisition, in all parts of the world, to the speedy destruction of millions of souls," &c.

Cotton says, "that when the kingdoms of this earth become the kingdoms of the Lord, it is not by making Christ a temporal king; but by making the temporal kingdoms nursing fathers to the Church"—"that religion was not to be propagated by the sword; but protected and preserved by it."

Williams replies, "that the husbandman weeds his garden to increase his grain, and that consequently it is the object of the hand that destroys the heretic to make the Christian"—"That the sword may make a nation of hypocrites, but not of Christians," &c.

I have thrown together these few detached sentences, that the reader, who may have little inclination to peruse a controversy on a question which happily has no place in the present age, may form some opinion of its character. The discussion occupies two considerable volumes.

STANZA XL.

*Williams, he said, it is my thankless lot,
Thee with no pleasant message now to greet;
Nor hath our Winslow, in his charge, forgot
(For his behest I bear and words repeat)
His former friendship, but right loath is he
To vex his neighbors by obliging thee.*

After Williams had built and planted at Seekonk, he was visited by a messenger

from Plymouth with a letter from Winslow, then Governor. Professing his and others friendship for him, he lovingly advised Williams, since he had fallen into the edge of their bounds, and they were loath to displease the Bay, to remove but to the other side of the water, and there he had the country before him, and might be as free as themselves, and they should be loving neighbors together.—See Williams' letter to Mason. Mass. His. Col.

STANZA XLV.

*By the black prophet was to Dudley shewn
Thy purchase feigned—by him to us made known.*

Williams, in his letter to Mason, says, that Governor Winthrop and some of the council of Massachusetts were disposed to recall him from banishment, and confer upon him some mark of distinguished favor for his services. "It is known," says Williams, "who hindered—who never promoted the liberty of other men's consciences." Mr. Davis, in a note to his edition of the New England Memorial, conjectures that he alludes to Mr. Dudley. The reader will not consider me as doing violence to historical probability, by supposing that this man gave information to the magistrates of Plymouth that Williams had established himself within the limits of their patent, and required his expulsion. He was the author of the following lines :

"Let men of God in courts and churches watch
O'er such as do a toleration hatch,
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice
To poison all with heresy and vice.
If men be left and otherwise combine,
My epitaph's I dy'd no libertine."

Yet we ought, perhaps, to blame the system, rather than the magistrate whose duty it was to carry it into effect.

STANZA XLVI.

God gave James Stuart this, and James gave us.

The patents of the companies which settled in this country granted them lands without any reference to the rights of the natives. But the companies never availed themselves of these grants to that extent. Whatever may have been their opinions, they acted under them as if they had only invested them with the right of pre-emption. Cotton Mather is the only historian, that I recollect, who makes a merit of paying the Indians for their lands, and of not expelling them immediately from the soil in virtue of these patents.

CANTO NINTH.

STANZA III.

*Early that morn, beside the tranquil flood,
Where, ready trimmed, rode Waban's frail canoe,
The banished man, his spouse and children stood,
And bade their lately blooming hopes adieu.*

I have represented Williams, throughout this narrative, as unaccompanied by any of his Salem friends. And such, I think, was the fact up to the time he left, or was about leaving, Seekonk. Indeed, there was no necessity for any of his friends to accompany him in his flight from Salem "in the winter's snow." They could

im no assistance in negotiations with the Indians.—They could not alleviate hardships by participating in them. But what seems to settle the question, (it be a question) is, that he himself, though he frequently alludes to his land transactions “during that bitter cold winter,” no where intimates that he man participated in them. He uniformly speaks in the first person singular. I was sorely tossed for fourteen weeks—I left Salem in the winter’s snow—I saw a great contest going on between the chiefs—I travelled between them—I landed and began to build and plant at Seekonk—I received a message from Seekonk—I crossed the Seekonk and settled at Mooshausick.” It is strange that he should, on no occasion, mention that some of his friends suffered with him, who actually did. All accurate information concerning Williams, during these weeks, must, I apprehend, be drawn from his writings; and I have chosen from them. And indeed had he been accompanied by one, or more of his friends, they could not have aided the author in the conduct of his narrative, any more than they could have borne a part in the trials and labors of Williams. Williams says that he mortgaged his house and land in Salem to go through, and that those who came with him afterwards were not engaged, but came and went at pleasure; and that he was forced to go through and stay by it. (His purchase of the Indians.) Williams has not been able to ascertain in what particular part of Seekonk Williams intended to form his plantation, and have consequently felt myself at liberty to suppose that it was in the neighborhood of Pawtucket Falls.

STANZA XXV.

“Netop, Whatcheer!” broke on the listening ear.

—friend. The tradition is, that when Williams in a canoe approached the banks of the river, at a place now called Whatcheer Cove, he saw a gathering of Indians. When he had come within hail, he was accosted by them in broken English with the friendly salutation, “Wha-cheer! Wha-cheer!” Here he landed, and was warmly received by them. The land which was afterwards set off to him included a spot, and he commemorated the amicable greeting of his Indian friends by the name of the field there assigned to him the Manor of Whatcheer, or Whatcheer Manor. This is now the property of Governor Fenner, and the field adjoining it, which was also set off to Williams, has continued to the present day in the possession of his descendants. We are probably indebted to the name which Williams gave to the mentioned field, for the preservation of this tradition.

STANZA XXXVIII.

*Ay, almost hears the future pavements jar
Beneath a people’s wealth, and half divines,
From thee, Soul-Liberty! what bright glories wait
Thy earliest altars—thy predestined state.*

Now that Williams was not without a presentiment of the temporal advantages that might arise to his projected settlement, from a full liberty in religious concerns, I quote the following from his memorial to Parliament, prefixed to his Bloody Memorial, made more bloody, &c. Speaking of Holland he says: “From Enchuysen, a den of persecuting lions and mountain leopards, the persecuted fled to Amsterdam, a poor fishing town, yet harborous and favorable to the flying, though not to the settling of consciences. This confluence of the persecuted, by God’s most gracious blessing, drew boats—drew trade—drew shipping, and that so mightily in a time, that shipping, trade, wealth, greatness, honor, (almost to astonish the eyes of all Europe and the world,) have appeared to fall, as out of a crown or garland upon the head of this poor fishertown.”

STANZA XLI.

*From wild Pawtucket to Pawtuxet's bounds,
To thee and thine be all the teeming grounds.*

The first grant made by Canonius and Miantonomi to Williams, appears to have been a verbal grant of all the lands and meadows upon the two fresh rivers, called Mooshausick and Wanaskatucket; but on the 24th of March, 1637, they confirmed this grant by deed, and, in consideration of the many kindnesses and services he was constantly rendering them, made the bounds Pawtuxet river on the south, Pawtucket on the northwest, and the town of Mashapauge on the west. This grant includes nearly all the county of Providence, and a part of the county of Kent.

STANZA XLII.

*For at that moment down the boundless range
Of angel spheres, did some bright being take
Wing to the soul, and wrought to suited change
The visual nerve, and straight in outward space
Its form stands manifest in all its heavenly grace.*

This passage, it is true, supposes action on the mind by a supernatural being, but it does not suppose the outward bodily manifestation of the angelic form described. It simply supposes the image or conception, wrought in the mind by the supernatural agency, to *externize* itself through a change effected by a sympathetic action in the visual organ. Or, in other words, it supposes the internal image to become so distinct as to reflect itself into the retina and overcome the action of external objects thereon; whereby the internal image is made to appear in the field of vision as an external reality. In justification of this idea, I am glad to have it in my power to refer to No. C. of the Family Library, entitled "Outlines of Disordered Mental Action, by Professor Upham, of Bowdoin College"—p. 117.

I feel that these remarks are due to the very friendly criticism which this poem has received on the other side of the Atlantic; in which, understanding (as I suppose) the apparition to be represented as an external reality, the reviewer blames it as an extravagance not in accordance with the general character of the narrative.

STANZA XLVIII.

Her well-cast anchor here—her lasting hope in Thee.

The Anchor, with the motto Hope, which formed the device on the seal of the Colony, may be considered as having reference to the dangers and difficulties through which the settlers had passed, and were passing at the time it was adopted. This was done in 1663.

STANZA L.

*And ages far shall o'er our graves recite
Of Thy protecting grace their father's sense,
And, when they name their home, proclaim Thy Providence.*

Williams carried the philanthropy, which breathes in his great principle of Soul-Liberty, into all the important acts of his life. Although the munificent grant of Canonius and Miantonomi had been made to him only, he shortly after made it the common property of his friends who joined him at Providence, reserving to himself no more than an equal share, and receiving from them the small sum of thirty pounds, not as purchase money, but as a remuneration for the gratuities which he had made to the Indians out of his own estate.

"The following passage," says Mr. Benedict, "in his history of the Baptists, explains, in a very pleasing manner, Mr. Williams's design in these transactions.

'Notwithstanding I had frequent promise from Miantonomi, my kind friend, that it should not be land that I should want about these bounds mentioned, provided I satisfied the Indians there inhabiting, I having made covenant of peaceable neighborhood with all the sachems and natives round about us, and having in a sense of God's merciful Providence to me in my distress, called the place Providence; I desired it might be for a shelter to persons distressed for conscience. I then considered the condition of divers of my countrymen. I communicated my said purchase unto my loving friends, John Throckmorton and others, who then desired to take shelter here with me. And whereas, by God's merciful assistance, I was procurer of the purchase, not by moneys nor payment, the natives being so shy and jealous that moneys could not do it, but by that language—acquaintance and favor with the natives, and other advantages which it pleased God to give me, and also bore the charges and venture of all the gratuities which I gave to the great sachems and natives round about us, and lay engaged for a loving and peaceable neighborhood with them to my great charge and travel; it was therefore thought fit that I should receive some consideration and gratuity.' Thus, after mentioning the said thirty pounds, 'this sum I received, and in love to my friends and with respect to a town and place of succor for the distressed as aforesaid, I do acknowledge this said sum a full satisfaction,' he went on, in full and strong terms, to confirm those lands to said inhabitants, reserving no more to himself than an equal share with the rest; his wife also signing the deed."

APPENDIX.

HAVING in the preceding notes given some account of the principal events which marked the life of Williams up to the time he settled at Mooshausick, it may be agreeable to such of my readers, as have not his biography at hand, to find here some notice of the actions which distinguished the remainder of his days. The following summary is drawn chiefly from Mr. Benedict's History of the Baptists, and the Sketch of the Life of Williams annexed to the first volume of the Rhode Island Historical Collections.

Williams was soon joined at Providence by a number of his friends from Salem. In a short time their number amounted to forty persons. They then adopted a form of government, by which they admitted none to become their associates, but such as held to the principle of Religious Freedom.

The year following his settlement, a formidable conspiracy of the Indians was planned against the English colonists. He gave his persecutors information of the fact. He addressed a letter to the Commissioners of the United Colonies, "assuring them that the country would suddenly be all on fire, meaning by war—that by strong reasons and arguments he could convince any man thereof that was of another mind—that the Narragansets had been with the plantations combined with Providence, and had solemnly settled a neutrality with them, which fully shewed their counsels and resolutions for war."* Had this plot been carried into effect, it would probably have eventuated in the ruin of the colonies from which he had been banished. Instead of indulging resentment by remaining inactive, he immediately exerted himself to bring about a dissolution of the Indian confederacy. He accomplished what no other man in New England at that time would have attempted. By his influence with the Narragansets, he broke up the combination, and formed treaties between them and the United Colonies, by which the latter had their aid in the war which followed with the Pequots.

The four first years that succeeded Williams' settlement at Providence, were necessarily occupied by him there about the affairs of the plantations. He travelled amongst the Indians, and secured the friendship of their chiefs and warriors. He promoted the settlement of Rhode Island and Warwick. Much of his time must also have been required in making provisions for the support of his family, cast out, as they were, into the depths of a savage wilderness. Soon after his settlement, he had embraced the leading tenets of the Baptists, and had been baptized. He then formed a society of this order, and preached to it; but resigned his pastoral office on his going to England to solicit the first Charter.

Not being permitted to pass through Massachusetts in order to embark on this voyage, he went by land to Manhattan, [New York,] then under the Dutch. A war between the Dutch and Indians was at that time raging with great violence. In this war, Mrs. Ann Hutchinson and family, who had been banished from Massachu-

* *Hutchinson's State Papers.*

sett, had fallen victims to Indian barbarities; and, as if every step of this remarkable man was to bear the impress of his benevolence, he was here instrumental in pacifying the savages, and stopping the effusion of blood. After this, he took ship for England. Whilst on this voyage, that no time might be lost in laying posterity under obligations to him, he composed his *Key to the Indian Languages*. This, together with his *Bloody Tenent*, was published on his arrival in England. Here, as agent for the colonies of Providence, Rhode Island, and Warwick, he obtained a charter of incorporation, signed by the Earl of Warwick, then Governor and Admiral of the English Plantations, and by his council.

On the 17th September, 1644, he landed at Boston, bringing a letter of recommendation to the Governor and Assistants of Massachusetts Bay, from some of the most influential members of the Long Parliament. He thus avoided the penalty incurred by entering their bounds. At the first General Assembly formed under this Charter, a law was passed establishing the most unlimited toleration in matters of conscience. Unconfined to those who professed Christianity, its provisions extended to the whole human family. I mention this, because it has been said that Maryland furnishes the first example of a legislative act of this kind. The Maryland act was passed in 1649, and its privileges extended only to those who professed to believe in Jesus Christ.

Mr. Coddington afterwards procured a Charter, which gave him almost unlimited authority over the islands of Narraganset bay. This caused great discontent. It was called *Coddington's Obstruction*. Williams and Clark were sent to England, in 1651, to procure its revocation. They effected the object of their mission in October, 1652. Whilst in England, Williams resided with Sir Henry Vane, at his seat in Lincolnshire. He returned in 1652, and brought a letter from Sir Henry, inviting the planters to a close union. The colony, during his absence, had been distracted by many divisions. This letter, together with the earnest solicitations of Williams, restored harmony. He was several times after, as well as before this time, elected to the office of President or Governor of the colony.

Williams died in 1683, at Providence, and was buried under arms, in his family burying ground, with every testimony of respect which the colony could manifest.

The religious sentiments of Williams seem to have become more and more liberal as he advanced in life. Whatever rigid forms those sentiments may have assumed, in the early part of his career, they gradually melted down, and blended themselves in that warm and deep feeling of universal benevolence, which had given birth to his great principle of Soul-Liberty. The dominion of that feeling, over every other in his breast, is sufficiently indicated by the firmness with which he adhered to this principle in circumstances the most trying. This feeling naturally sought for a congenial nature in other breasts, and Williams soon learned that there were good men in all societies. He freely joined in worship with all, and imparted his instructions to all who were disposed to hear him. This liberality, however, was not inconsistent with theological discussions, in which he occasionally participated. His dispute with the Friends gave umbrage to some of that order. It occupied two or three days, and eventuated by a publication by Williams, entitled "*George Fox digged out of his burroughs*." Although some of this order seem, for a time, to have remembered this dispute to his disadvantage, yet there were others who cherished for him the kindest and most respectful feelings. Among these was Governor Jenks, who though a Quaker, bestows the highest praise on Williams, both as a man and a Christian.

When not engaged abroad on business of the colony, he statedly preached to the Indians in Narraganset; and those amongst them, who would hear no one else, were attentive to him. That branch of the Narragansets, called the Nianticks, seem

to have been an object of his peculiar care. They were so far Christianized by his labors that they took no part in Philip's war, and their present existence, as the only remnant of a once powerful people, may be traced to the effects of his ministry.

Williams retained his influence with the Indians nearly to the last of his life and the end of the war. While Philip was making preparation for war, in 1671, commissioners were sent to Taunton to inquire into the cause. Philip, suspicious of their designs, remained in his camp; and when summoned by the commissioners to meet them, he required that they should meet him. Matters remained in this posture until Williams, then seventy years old, with a Mr. Brown, offered to become a hostage in Philip's camp. Philip then met the commissioners, delivered up seventy guns and promised fidelity. This event gave the colony four years to prepare for the final struggle.

Whilst, in 1676, this cruel and exterminating war was raging, the Indians approached the town of Providence. Williams, it is said, on seeing their advance, still feeling his wonted confidence in his influence over them, took his staff and left the garrison. But some of the old warriors on seeing him approach, advanced from the main body, and told him, that as for themselves they would do him no harm nor would any amongst them who had long known him, but their young men could not be restrained. Upon which he returned to the garrison.

THE SCHOOL OF QUEEN MAB.

THE SCHOOL OF QUEEN MAB.

SCENE I.—*Fairy Land.*

Enter QUEEN, in state, attended by a train of young Fairies.

SONG OF THE YOUNG FAIRIES.

ALL hail the Queen—the Fairy Queen !

Who comes in state so proud ;
Her robes are of the rainbow's sheen,
Her car of the golden cloud.

Her peacocks are of the ether born,
The stars their plumage kissed ;
Their reins are from the moonbeams shorn,
Their harness wrought from the mist.

All hail the Queen, who comes to teach
Her youthful fays to-night,
What charms the dreamer's soul will reach,
And how to use them right.

QUEEN.

Hist ! fairies, hist ! for yet it seems
I must again repeat,
I cannot teach ye the lore of dreams
Without a subject meet.
A bard ye must find, of volatile mind,
Whose powers yet tranquil lie
As the pool that sleeps in caverned deeps,
That ripples if ye sigh.

Then when such soul, free from alarm,
Shall sleep in fairy bower,
She'll body forth at every charm,
Dreams answering to its power ;

For the human mind is, in its kind,
 Like a fountain that reflects ;
 It hath its laws, and to each cause
 Responds the meet effects.

FAY.

O Queen, I come from the land of men,
 And I saw the needed wight ;
 He is a youthful bard in a mountain glen,
 Whose soul is a mirror of light ;
 His brow is high, and bright his eye,
 Melodious his voice ;
 His lofty song does he there prolong,
 And echoes wild rejoice.

QUEEN.

My gentle Fay did he not aspire
 To win poetic bays ?
 Or did not some fair damsel fire
 His strain to weave her praise ?
 But still we may the spell essay—
 His soul may be soothed by our art—
 He shall deem his head with the wreath arrayed,
 And your Queen shall rule in his heart.

I'll lay aside this royal pride,
 And a sylvan goddess appear—
 Come, now, let us tramp with the will-o'-wisp's lamp,
 Through the forest far and near—
 Some to the fountains—some to the mountains—
 Hie away fast and fleet—
 But some of my fays for my bard must raise,
 And a fairy palace complete.

Of the stump decayed, which the bushes o'ersade,
 Make him a canopied throne—
 Let pillars all bright with phosphor light
 In the mouldering trunks be shown—
 Then overhead the cobwebs spread,
 Bright with the lunar beam ;
 In a palace thus made, from things thus arrayed,
 Our bard shall tranquilly dream. *[Exeunt om*

SCENE II.—*Wild Mountainous Woodland—In the distance Fairies are seen constructing the palace according to the QUEEN'S directions.*

The QUEEN invisible is heard singing—

Speed ye fleet as moonbeams pass us—
 Swift as rays shot from the sun—
 Bring ye laurels from Parnassus,
 Steeped in fount of Helicon.

Bring a hair to bind the bays in
 From Apollo's beamy brow ;
 None but wreath of lasting blazon
 Shall crown the youthful poet now.

Enter BARD. Solus.

A voice I heard, but now 'tis mute—
 'Twas as the soothing tone of flute—
 Glens and groves, and grottoes wild !
 Whence came that song so soft and mild ?
 'Twas as if fay or goddess bright
 Had broke the stillness of the night,
 And called upon the groves to hear
 Music from a heavenly sphere.

Enter Fairy QUEEN. BARD, beholding her—
 Star-eyed Beauty ! whence art thou ?
 Radiant hair and radiant brow !
 Form and face and heavenly mien,
 That might befit a goddess queen !
 Art thou from the land of dreams ?
 Or hauntest thou these shades and streams ?
 Bard am I, who wake the song
 These hills and vales so oft prolong.

QUEEN.

Gentle minstrel, I have come
 To guide thee to thy muse's dome ;
 Fair and light the structure stands,
 The labor of no mortal hands.
 Formed were they for thee alone—
 The laurel crown and golden throne !
 And goddesses will there proclaim
 To heaven and earth thy lasting fame.

BARD.

Heavenly goddess! have I then
 Won the meed so long delayed?
 Wither soon the bays of men,
 But thy bright laurels never fade.
 Guide me then, thou goddess, where
 The palace stands, so bright and fair. [E

SCENE III.—*The Fairy Palace, &c., constructed in the forest, &c., according to the directions of the QUEEN.*

Enter QUEEN, BARD, and attendant Fairies.

BARD, *viewing the Palace—*

'Tis carved of light—of solid light—
 'Tis a palace meet for Jove—
 All burning gold, the pillars uphold
 The flaming dome above.
 The arches are all fretted fair,
 With golden verdure, too,
 The cornice bright is studded with light,
 In gems of every hue.

Sure Vulcan fired a golden mine,
 Which up in vapors rolled,
 Whilst sang the Muse, and song divine
 Took form in burning gold.
 Diana o'er the carpet green,
 Shed atoms from the moon,
 And cast her curtain's woven sheen
 O'er yonder golden throne.

QUEEN.

O, gentle bard, it is the award—
 Award to genius due;
 It is a throne—a golden throne—
 And one that's made for you.
 Go, gentle maids, and search the shades,
 And bring me vapors sweet,
 To make him a pillow soft and mellow,
 And cushion for his seat.

And bring ye, too, the laurel crown
 To crown the immortal bard,
 So be his verse and bright renown
 To every age declared. [*Exeunt several Fairies.*]

BARD.

Oh, goddess bright, these scenes delight
 Beyond each wish's bound—
 The golden throne!—the laurel crown!—
 And goddesses around!

Re-enter several Fairies with pillows of mist, crown, &c. They crown the Bard.

QUEEN.

Rest thee, my love—my gentle dove—
 The throne of gold is hard,
 But cushion and pillow shall make it mellow,
 Meet couch for a laureate bard.
 Now spread perfumes of the loveliest blooms,
 • Culled from each sunny steep;
 Mix apple-peru, and poppy, too,
 To soothe his soul to sleep.

BARD.

Thou goddess fair! what fragrant air
 Fills the celestial dome!
 Ambrosia sweet, and nectar meet,
 Mixed in one blest perfume.
 Celestial born, no more forlorn
 For shadowy things I roam;
 'Mong gods advanced, I sit entranced,
 Olympus is my home.

QUEEN.

Now wake ye the song, my sister throng,
 And pour your music free—
 The bard our own is weary grown,
 And sweet will slumber be.

SONG OF THE YOUNG FAIRIES.

Oh hush the bard, the gentle bard
 Whose tongue is Apollo's lyre!

Whose verse and name are thus declared,
 Whilst heaven and earth admire.
 The moon is high in the starry sky,
 And sleep our minstrel may—
 For cockerel sleeps, and mockbird sleeps,
 And sleeps the chattering jay.

The lily droops her lovely head,
 The violet shuts her eye,
 The dew-drop sinks, the little pinks
 And roses sleep and sigh.
 Far from the hills descend the rills,
 And as their murmur goes,
 Each grove and bower, and every flower,
 Sink into sweet repose.

QUEEN.

To sweet repose, to sweet repose,
 Our gentle minstrel sinks,
 His heaving breast deep sleep has blest,
 And nothing now he thinks.
 Go swiftest feet of fairies fleet
 To regions far and near,
 And cull each charm of little harm
 And try its virtues here. [*Exeunt several*]

Now fairies all, young, short, and tall,
 Enring this lovely green,
 And be each word in silence heard,
 And swift obey your Queen.
 Ye little fays as bright as rays
 That dance in the fountains' sheen,
 Go, lightly skip, and watch his lip,
 Enthroned on the sleeper's chin;
 Three at his nose, and three at his toes,
 And three at either eye,
 And three at each ear, that he may hear
 And give the meet reply.

Re-enter first Fairy, singing—

I shot upon yon meteor's gleam
 To the marshes of Champlain,

Then mounted on the cold moon's beam
And glided back again.
O'er bog and rift, and mountain clift,
I am the Queen's best runner,
The fire-fly bright, was on her flight,
When I clipped her lantern from her.

QUEEN.

Well done, my fay ! my gentle fay !
Who is there can be more fleet ?
Broad is the wing, and bright is the ray—
Come spread its flamy sheet.
Press it on lid, 'neath which half hid,
Peeps forth the dreamer's eye.
Come, dreamer, say what is the display
Of the wing of the fiery fly ?

BARD, *answering in his dreams*—

I am a sphere of blazing green,
The sun of a little sky—
And all the heavens and earth serene
Take light from my flamy eye ;
But from my light I have all sight,
And all things are from me ;
And all my motions make commotions—
Worlds rise, and cease to be.

And now I live in a glory clear,
My soul with all things fraught,
And scenes now rise, now disappear,
With every change of thought.
I think of the mount, and the silvery fount,
And then of the valley green,
And straight the mount and silvery fount
And verdant vale are seen.

QUEEN.

Haste, gentle fays ! take off the rays—
To us it ne'er was given
To lend to birth of mortal earth
A distant taste of heaven.

Re-enter second Fairy.

But ho ! my fairy, what bring ye there,
That sings a ditty so loud ?

Second Fairy.

A fly that a spider has trapped in his snare,
The victim and victor proud.
The cord he applies to his captive's thighs,
Then lists to the music of pain ;
His eye he then flashes, and teeth then gnashes,
And flies at his victim again.

Charm placed at the sleeper's ear—fly buzzing.

BARD, in his dreams—

O, a spinning of smoke ! whence a blackmoor has broke ;
And he strikes his violin gay—
His bow swiftly flies, and he flashes his eyes,
And grins with delight to his lay.
The horse-hair he flings o'er the trembling strings,
And wildly his music floats—
Now as trumpet it peals, or a fife shrilly squeals,
Or rolls the drum's hollow notes.

Halloo ! huzza ! the troopers have come,
And come the footmen's array,
And deep is the sound of the martial hum,
As they move to the battle fray.
But the blackmoor stands amid the bands,
His bow moves the raging strife—
And he lists with delight to the groans of the fight,
To the music of drum, trump and fife.

Re-enter third Fairy, singing—

With the glow-worm's lamp I have been to tramp
Among the mosses thick ;
Its glimmering ray was lighting my way,
When I heard the cricket crick.
I bore him by his feelers high
The murky air along—
Come, now let us hear what dreams appear
From the merry cricket's song.

CRICKET *placed at the sleeper's ear.*

CRICKET.

Cree-cree, cree-cree, cree-creek.

BARD, *in his dreams—*

O, the music of light—of the hues of light!
 The circles of greens and blues!
 They flash from my eyes all living and bright,
 And each the other pursues.
 They take form in air—a chariot they are—
 And a right brilliant show they make—
 The charioteer his trumpet doth rear,
 And it sounds cree-cree, cree-creek.

QUEEN.

O! take off the spell; for know ye well,
 Whenever the sense is right,
 The dreamer may break his vision and wake,
 And laugh at the power of the sprite.
 But here comes a fay as bright as a ray,
 And a right merry chap is he;
 O, what do ye bring on the glancing wing,
 From mountain, moor, or sea?

Re-enter fourth Fairy, singing—

I bring the tuft of a fox's tail,
 And a bonny blithe fox is he—
 He plunders the farms o'er hill and dale,
 And springs from the hounds with glee.
 O'er saddle-bauld clift he was bounding swift,
 When I plucked the tuft away—
 He snapped around—he thought of the hound,
 And shot like the lightning's ray.

QUEEN.

O, try ye the spell, and do it well,
 That the dreamer may seem to be
 The fox himself, in dale or dell,
 Bounding off far and free.
 First let him smell the fox's pell,
 That he dream of woodland cheer,
 Then brush his feet to make him fleet,
 Then tickle his nose and ear.

BARD, *in his dreams*—

Halloo ! halloo ! Wild woodland now !
How the twinkling stars look down !
And rocky and rude is the mountain's brow,
And dark is the forest's frown.
Ha ! ha ! the dens and brambled fens
My wild eyes laugh to greet,
And over the clifts and rocky rifts
Right merrily dance my feet.

Pure is the gale, and odors rise
From the wild woodland hill ;
Wo-hoo ! Wo-hoo ! the dark owl cries,
And shrilly the whip-poor-will ;
But the deep tone of the owlet's moan
Is a note of courage all free,
And the whip-poor-will's trill beneath the hill
Gives music and motion to me.

The farmers geese are very well fed,
And fat and and sleek are they—
The blood-hound lies in his dreamy bed,
So let me seek my prey.
On drumming wings the partridge springs,
As over the brakes I fly ;
But soon, like specks, the lily-white necks
Will float before my eye.

Ha ! ha ! I'll pause upon this height ;
The village is all in view ;
The two-legged bodics are still to-night,
And I'll the game pursue.
But hark !—I hear a sound, I fear—
'Tis surely not yet day—
O ! 'tis the sound of the opening hound—
Away ! away ! away !

O'er bush, o'er brake, o'er rock I go,
But nearer they come, I fear ;
Far off huzzas the the two-legged foe—
Wow ! wow !—the hounds are near.

I'll double my track, I'll run me back,
I'll pother the beagles some—
Now for my den I'll strain again,
And gain my mountain home.

QUEEN.

Take off the spell—take off the spell !
We torment, but not destroy—
And await the things the next elf brings,
To please him or annoy.

Re-enter fifth Fairy, singing—
I come from cold skies,
Where the leaf earliest dies,
And the bleak moon enshrouds
Her horns in folding clouds,
Listening to the piping winds,
As round her horns she winds
The wreaths of snow ;
And from the wild goose in her flight,
Through the dark blue starry arch of night,
Beneath her breezy wing
I plucked the plume I bring,
Its dreams to know.

QUEEN.

O, try ye the charm, my gentle sprites !
He's a moody fay, we know ;
But then each change hath its delights,
And constant pleasure is woe.
From the tickling plume let the wild goose fume
Disturb the dreamer's nose.
Say, dreamer, now what visions grow
Up in your deep repose.

BARD, *in his dreams—*

Lakes, pools, and rivers far extending !—
Marshy ilses and sedgy shores !—
And feathered nations language blending
From all the freckled floods and moors !
But I am now all weary growing,
Of this wild jar and checkered sight ;

Snow-whispering breezes too are blowing,
And long and weary grows the night.

I think but of the green bananas,
The tepid coves and cany brakes ;
I long to feed on flowered savannas,
And curve my neck o'er glassy lakes.
Come, children, let us up and follow—
Toward the fount of summer fly—
Lo ! here above the clouds we halloo,
Our clamorous march now streaks the sky—

QUEEN.

Take off the spell—take off the spell—
Our dreamer must not yet wake ;
The elves are busy by steep and dell,
Essaying new charms to make.
In Yankee land we have a band,
In Carolina too ;
And other beasts must yield their jests,
Before the wight may go.

Re-enter sixth Fairy, singing—
I bring the lock of a Nullifier,*
Hot from his reeking brain ;
He growled in his sleep as if on fire,
When I clipped the shred in twain.

QUEEN.

A Nully-fire ! A Nully-fire !
Well, 'tis a strange fire to me—
But try the shred on the sleeper's head,
And see what thing it may be.

BARD, in his dreams—

My brain is hot—I am a shot,
And Carolina's pride ;
Come blood and strife, this State's my life—
I have no country beside.
Accursed tariff !—Let us swear if
We cannot end this evil,

* This was written while South Carolina Nullification was in full blaze.

We'll dwell in Turkey or hell all murky—
The slaves of Turk or devil.

QUEEN.

Take off the tuft, thou wanton fay—
Why didst thou bring it here?
We can't one hour's such hell repay
With the joy of a total year.
Come, gentles, chase from off his face
All these distortions dire,
Soothe his torn breast, then let him rest,
Or gentler air respire.

But dreamer, say, what visions play
Before your spirit's eye,
Whilst off each limb distortions grim
From fairy fingers fly.

BARD, *in his dreams*—

Who quenches there the volcano's glare?
Who lays those billows smooth?
Who drives to the flood yon fiery brood,
And does the tempest soothe?
The lightnings flee, and the bright'ning sea
Lies all one glassy plain;
The sun stands still o'er the flower-crowned hill,
And Nature smiles again.

QUEEN.

Now, gentle fays, we'll change the sport,
And faintly awaken the soul;
So that each charm will fall something short
Of rousing the mind in the whole;
Then shalt thou see what phantoms there be,
That are short of the charm in its power;
How the maiden so blithe, that shall be his wife,
Shall bloom like the lily's sweet flower.

Re-enter seventh Fairy, singing—

And here I bring, and here I bring,
A charm from a maiden bright;

I dropped on her sleep with gentle wing,
 Nor broke her slumber light.
 She breathed a sigh—I caught it on high,
 And here with the prize I slip.

QUEEN.

Well done, my sprite, restrain its might,
 And gently touch his lip.

BARD, *in his dreams*—

Soul-soothing balm ! this fragrant breeze
 Comes like the breath of heaven,
 Or gales of Eden, to whose trees
 Celestial flowers are given.
 Ah ! beauteous forms and hues,
 And walks that flowers adorn !
 I see ye now, spangled with dews,
 The jewels of the morn !
 See rills descending,
 Rainbows bending
 Over yon lily's bloom.
 Centre of glory !
 All things adore thee,
 And live in thy sweet perfume.
 Thou star of this Eden !
 From thee is deriven
 All the forms of beauty around ;
 Thou hast a strange being,
 That I nearly am seeing,
 But mysteries my vision confound.

QUEEN.

Take off the spell—another sprite
 Is coming upon the wing ;
 I feel—I feel it brings the spite
 Of some offensive thing.

Re-enter eighth Fairy, singing—

The lock of foe, its dreams to know,
 The lock of robber grim,
 Who couchant lay, in wait for his prey,
 Cursing the moonlight dim.

QUEEN.

Take heed, my fairy, don't press it too hard,
 But gently tickle his nose ;
 If pressed too hard his sleep will be marred
 By visions of human foes.

BARD, *in his dreams*—

Rushes and fens !—Wolves and dens !
 And vapors rank and snaky !
 Bogs and brakes, bristling with snakes,
 And alligators flaky !
 Earth sinks beneath me, my footsteps deceive me,
 And reptiles are stealing around ;
 Some huge anaconda towers fiercely beyond me,
 And trails his vast orbs out of ground !

QUEEN.

Stay ! stay the charm, my gentle fay !
 Well has its power been shown ;
 For hate undefined will ever array
 The simplest forms its own.
 The soul of man will ever fan
 The fire that in her warms ;
 Her every feeling is ever stealing
 To its symbolic forms.

Such, fairies, then, is the soul of man ;
 It hath high laws its own,
 As matter coarse hath those whose force
 Is in each motion shown.
 Let motion begin, and the soul within
 Doth in wild concert play ;
 And straight each cause, from loftier laws,
 Doth strange effects display.

But hark ! the cock begins to crow—
 Hear ye, the chattering jay !
 And lo ! the morn begins to throw
 O'er the steep her silvery ray.
 We'll leave the bard to the matin beams,
 And, breaking up our school,
 We'll dive into his world of dreams,
 And sleep in his waking soul.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*]

BARD, *awaking*—

Thou goddess fair ! this fragrant air—

What ! gone ! gone !—And I here alone, enthroned on a rotten stump, overhung with bushes and cobwebs ! Nothing but old birches and oaks around, and the green strewn with rotten wood ! Humph ! Where are the crumbled atoms of the moon !—the palace of light meet for Jove !—and the goddesses !—and the golden throne ! Where is the laurel crown ?—ha ! a nettle-top stuck in my hair ! Ha !—hem ! hem !—have I been *dreaming* of fame ? Why, I thought I was Apollo, at one time, enthroned amid a sun of blazing green, and whole creations rose and disappeared at my nod, or, more probably, at the touch of my lyre. And then, again, I saw an Ethiopian, or was myself the blackmoor, with my lyre turned to a fiddle, whose music created armies, and set them to battling ; and then I saw a chariot—very much like the chariot of the sun—but there was a strange something about it—and—what was I next ? Confound me if I can tell : I think that I was either a blood-hound or a fox, or both ; and then—why I must have completely lost my identity—I was a goose ; a South Carolina Nullifier ; and then I suddenly became blended with this mighty frame of things, and was a paradise of flowers ; then a wilderness of alligators, dragons, and all the *et ceteras* of the horribles ; and now, to make the catastrophe complete, I am sitting here, my goddesses and palace vanished, my crown a nettle-top, and my throne a stump ! Well, I will write a poem—I will put the adventures of this night into the form of a tragedy, and be the hero of my own play. And a most dolorous tragedy it will be—it will immortalize me. But the nettle-top—poh ! I care not—I will write. [Exit BARD.]



A SUMMONS TO THE COUNTRY.

Is it to sit within thy stately hall,
Or tread the crowded street, thy chief delight?
From all her heights and depths though Nature call
Thee to her charms—though grove, and plain, and height,
Warble for thee—though Ocean's stormy might
Thunder for thee—though the starred heavens sublime
Shine out for thee—though peering orient bright,
O'er mountain wood, the sire of day and time,
Doth call for thee—and with retiring light
Glance down his hues from their celestial clime
To lure thee forth—yet can all these excite
In thy cold breast no chord's responsive chime?
Still wilt thou choose a prison-yard and cell?—
Well! God forgive thy choice, for thou dost penance well.

HYMN BY TWILIGHT.

SEE the hues of evening fading
From the sky and tranquil bay;
See the groves, with deeper shading,
Brown the dale as fails the ray.

Hear the distant torrent falling—
Hear the note of whip-poor-will—
Hear the shepherd homeward calling
Flocks that bleat on lonely hill.

See yon cloud the distance glooming,
Hear its far-off thunder roar,
Hear the distant ocean's booming
Billows beat the eternal shore.

God is in the hues of heaven
Fading from the sky and bay—
God is in the shades of even,
That chase the heavenly hues away.

God is in the torrent falling—
In the song of whip-poor-will—
In the voice of shepherd calling—
In the bleating on the hill—

In the cloud the distance glooming—
In the distant thunder's roar—
In the far-off ocean booming
On his everlasting shore.

God! Thou art all substance wreathing
Into forms that suit thy will;
God! Thou art through all things breathing
One harmonious anthem still.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

THERE rose, amid the boundless flood,
A little island green,
And there a simple race abode
That knew no other scene.

Save that a vague tradition ran,
That all the starry skies
Bore up a brighter race of man,
Robed in the rainbow's dyes.

A youth there was of ardent soul,
Who viewed the azure hue,
And saw the waves of ocean roll
Against its circle blue.

He launched his skiff, with bold intent,
To seek the nations bright,
And o'er the rolling waters went,
For many a day and night.

His lusty arms did stoutly strain,
Nor soon their vigor spent :
All hope was he right soon to gain
And climb the firmament.

Where glorious forms, in garments bright,
Dipped in the rainbow's dyes,
And streets, star-paved, should lend their light
To his enraptured eyes.

And then might he his isle regain
Fraught with a dazzling freight,
And lead his kindred o'er the main,
To this celestial state.

But whilst he plied the bended oar
The island left his view ;
But yet afar his bark before,
The azure circle flew.

Yet still did flattering hope sustain
And give him vigor new ;
But still before him, o'er the main,
Retired the circle blue.

Though whirlpools yawned, and tempests frowned,
And beat upon his head,
And billows burst his bark around,
Hope on that phantom fed.

Nor yet had ceased his labors vain,
Had not his vigor failed,
And 'neath the fever of his brain,
His vital spirit quailed.

Then Death appeared upon the sea,
An angel fair and bright—
For he is not what mortals say—
A grim and haggard sprite.

And, "Thou dost chase," he said, "my child !
A phantom o'er the main ;

But though it has thy toils beguiled,
Thou hast not toiled in vain.

“Thou hast thus roused each slumbering might,
And framed thy soul to be
Fit now to climb yon starry height—
Come, then, and follow me.”

LECTURE.

DELIVERED WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6, 1836.

LECTURE.

HISTORY OF THE SUBJECTION AND EXTERMINATION OF THE NARRAGANSETS.

THE subject of Indian history,* considered in its broadest sense, is a theme far too comprehensive to be even glanced at in the brief discourse called for by the present occasion. The history of the aboriginal race of the western world, has already drawn largely upon the learned and laborious researches of modern times—volumes upon volumes have been written, and still the subject remains unexhausted, and is probably inexhaustible. A race which, marked by nearly the general outline of character, once peopled the long and broad extent of the two Americas—a race, divided into a great number of nations, speaking a variety of languages, or dialects of the same language, and these still subdivided into a multitude of petty tribes or clans, with each its peculiar traditions, manners, customs, habits, and state of society, presents a subject which opens indeed a vast field for the speculations of the philosopher and the researches of the antiquary; but the very circumstance of its vastness imposes upon the author of an occasional discourse the necessity of selecting some very limited portion of its almost boundless variety.

I shall select that portion of aboriginal history which belongs to that tribe or nation which constituted the centre of Indian power in New England at the landing of the Whites at Plymouth. Nay, having determined where that centre was, I shall limit this discourse to a mere history of the subjection and final extermination of the people which formed it. They have had no historian, and we will endeavor to impart something of novelty to our design, by viewing the events which brought about this result from aboriginal ground, with an aboriginal eye, and with something of the feelings which such a view is calculated to inspire.

* Aboriginal history was the subject assigned to the author.

If we consider Indian society as one state or condition of life brought into collision with White society, another and antagonist state or condition of life, it will, I think, clearly appear, that the centre of Indian power, or the firmest point of resistance, was the people called the Narragansets. For it is not by arms alone that a people resists change, but by its whole character—its habits and institutions, moral, religious, and political.

Some few years previous to the arrival of the Whites, the Narraganset people were without a rival or equal among the tribes of the east. If we adopt their own traditions, (and what other authority can we have?) Tashtapack, the ancestor of Canonicus, was a mighty conqueror, a sachem of vast dominion, and without an equal in pomp and splendor of state. He was too proud to match his two children, a son and daughter, with the children of the subordinate sachems, who came to his *sachimuacommock*, or palace, bending under the burthen of their tributes. To avoid such degradation, the son and daughter were joined in wedlock; and from them sprang several sons. Of these, Canonicus, their chief sachem when the English came, was the eldest. Whether this tradition be true or false, it is conclusive, from the currency which it gained with the people, that they believed that their immediate progenitors were possessed of all the power and dominion which the tradition attributed to them. And this belief is amply borne out and justified by the known actual condition of the Narragansets immediately preceding the landing of the Whites. At that time no eastern tribe could compare with them, either for the extent of their jurisdiction, the number of their warriors, the compactness of their population, the firmness and wisdom of their government, or the industry of their people. Passing over, for the present, the question of their influence over the Wampanoags, the Massachusetts, and tribes about the Cape, their chiefs had full and undoubted jurisdiction over the inhabitants of a tract of country, extending from the region of the Nipmucks, now Oxford, (Massachusetts,) on the north, southerly to the ocean, including Manisses, (or Block Island,) and a part of Long Island. It began on the east with Seekonk river and the eastern shores of Narraganset bay, and extended westward, including the islands, to the borders of the Pequot and Mohegan tribes, and those of the river Indians, of which tribes the two first dwelt on the banks of the river now called the Thames, and the latter on the margin of the Connecticut. The general name of Narragansets seems to be often applied in history to all the inhabitants of this long tract of country; but they were divided

into several petty tribes, with each its under-sachem and local name ; and this appellation, in its original and restricted sense, belonged only to that tribe which dwelt on the southwestern shores of the bay. This was the chief tribe, or the most distinguished of all the tribes of which the nation was composed, and the sachem, or ruler of this tribe, was consequently the grand sachem of the nation. This broad tract was not a mere forest, occupied by roving hunters ; it was diversified with towns, villages, and cultivated fields. Agriculture had made considerable progress, and historians mention, without surprise, an occasional gratuity made to a single individual, out of their surplus produce, of one thousand bushels of corn. Their chiefs could call into the field five thousand warriors, and their population was so dense that one, in travelling a space of twenty miles, would pass a dozen towns or villages, consisting of from twenty to two hundred or more houses. They thus drew their bread from the earth by cultivation, whilst the forests abounded with game, and the waters with fishes. They were further advanced in the arts than any other aboriginal nation of the north. They excelled in the manufacture of earthenware, in forming tools and implements, wrought from stone, for mechanical purposes, and in constructing canoes—some of them for the purpose of naval warfare, and of a size sufficient to contain thirty or forty warriors. They excelled in making belts and girdles for ornament, and in the manufacture of wampum—beads wrought from shells, and used for the purposes of personal decoration. Its general use, as an ornament, made it answer all the purposes of a coin, throughout the sea coast, and for five or six hundred miles in the forest westward. They were, therefore, relatively, as rich as well as a powerful people. This gave them an additional importance in the eyes of the surrounding tribes. Even the terrible Mohawks, the Romans of aboriginal America, esteemed them as brothers and equals, and, in any great emergency, were ever ready with their aid. Their reputation among others, justly increased their own estimation of themselves, and consequently their attachment to their country.

As to their government, to call it a monarchy, an oligarchy, an aristocracy, or democracy, would only serve to mislead the mind. Under the general supervision of a grand sachem, aided by his under-sachems, it vibrated from one extreme to the other. If the grand sachem was a great and powerful chief, he was absolute—his will was law, especially in all sudden emergencies. If he wanted a great reputation, or if the occasion was of great and general interest, such as declaring war, concluding peace, or ratifying treaties, he never failed

to call together the grand council of the nation ; and at such times nothing was concluded to which the people could not be brought by gentle persuasion. They had not merely an order of sachems at the head of which was the grand sachem, but they had an order of priests and prophets, by whom the superstitious feelings of the people were brought into alliance with their natural love of country. I cannot however, now dwell at any length on these subjects, and I only here point at them for the purpose of indicating the ties which gave this people their unity, and increased their capacity for endurance and resistance.

I will now proceed to point out the relations in which the neighboring tribes stood to the Narragansets. The Pequots, who occupied the territory which now constitutes the townships of Groton and New London, were the only tribes which, previous to the arrival of the Whites, were not overawed or controlled by the Narragansets' power. The Pequots are said to have been originally an inland tribe. About thirty or forty years before the landing at Plymouth, from one of those causes which sometimes suddenly infuses unwonted energy into barbarous nations, they poured down from their western solitudes, making progress eastward by exterminating or vanquishing one tribe after another—passing from conquest to conquest, until the Narraganset nation opposed a barrier to their course. They then paused in their career of victory, and sate themselves down on the banks of the river, which took their name, and from their rude fortifications, carried on an implacable war with the people that had given the first check to their arms. A part of the Nipmuck, and nearly all the Connecticut tribes, had yielded to their violence, and become their tributaries ; but the Narragansets repelled their insolence, and firmly maintained their independence. But here, for the present, we must leave them, merely adding that they continued their hostilities unto the time they were exterminated by the Whites.

The relations of the Narragansets to the tribes on the northern border seem to have been entirely pacific. The Nipmucks were a vanquished people—a part of them were the tributaries of the Wampanoags, a part of the Pequots, and the residue were either the allies or subjects of the Narragansets themselves.

The partiality of early historians for Massasoit, the chief of the Wampanoags, seems to have rendered the relation in which the Narragansets stood to the eastern Indians something equivocal. They have chosen to represent Massasoit as at the head of a confederacy of all those tribes, and as the great enemy and rival of Canonicus him-

self. But on this point we are bound to take the confessions of Massasoit himself, as attested by Roger Williams: "After I had obtained this place," says Williams, in a deposition quoted by Backus, "now called Providence, of Canonicus and Miantonomi, (the chief of the Narraganset sachems,) Ousamequin (the other name of Massasoit) laid his claim to this place also. This forced me to repair to the Narraganset sachems aforesaid, who declared that Ousamequin was their subject, and had solemnly, himself in person and ten more, (doubtless his under-sachems,) subjected himself and his lands unto them at Narraganset, only now he seemed to revolt from his loyalty under shelter of the English at Plymouth. This I declared from the Narraganset sachems to Ousamequin, who, without any stick, acknowledged to be true that he had so submitted, as the Narraganset sachems had affirmed; that he was not subdued by war, which himself and his father had maintained against the Narragansets; but God, said he, subdued us by a plague, which swept away my people, and forced me to yield."

This tells the whole story. The plague, to which Massasoit alludes, is that which immediately preceded the landing at Plymouth. Massasoit, previous to this, might be, and doubtless was, at the head of an independent confederacy of ten or more tribes, represented by the ten men who accompanied him; but the Narragansets, who were untouched by the prevailing pestilence, had seized the favorable moment, and extended their conquests over their eastern enemies, and they now held them as their subjects or tributaries.

With regard to the Massachusetts tribes—I mean those immediately beyond the old Plymouth colony—they also were subject or tributary to the Narragansets. Both Sagamore John, and Chickatabot (the sachem of the Neponset tribe) obeyed the summons of Canonicus, and followed Miantonomi to wage battle with the Pequots. Nor can it be supposed that the tribes about Cape Cod, and those of the neighboring islands, were not in some degree subject to them. They had been the allies or tributaries of Massasoit, and his submission to Canonicus must have left them more or less subject to the dominant power. They were a numerous people. They had been but slightly touched by the great pestilence, which had depopulated Patuxet and the country adjacent to it.

If this view of the relations of these tribes be correct, it follows, that before the *landing*, the Narragansets constituted the *nucleus*—the centre or basis of a great association of clans, more or less dependent upon them, extending through nearly the whole of Massa-

chusetts proper, and throughout all that territory which subsequently fell under the jurisdiction of the old Plymouth colony. They were a hardy, brave, and warlike people, amply supplied from flood, forest, and field, with all the necessities of barbarous life and aboriginal warfare. Trade, directly and indirectly, with the Whites, had already armed their hands with scalping knives and tomahawks, and pointed their arrows with metal. We have no data by which we can accurately determine their numbers, but to say that such an association or confederacy, including all its tributaries, could muster ten thousand warriors, and could count more than fifty thousand men, women, and children, seems to me to be a moderate estimate of their probable numbers. It was this body of aboriginal people, that in New England first came in abiding contact with the elements of civilized society—it was this vast mass of barbarism, that, in little more than half a century after the first touch of the white man, was made to dissolve and disappear, as before a consuming fire. And the tale which unfolds the causes, which terminated in this result, is no other than an account of a conflict between the antagonist principles of barbarous and civilized life, necessarily begun, in some form, at the moment of the first landing, and continued, without intermission, by every movement, whatever the motive, unto the final consummation, in the triumph of the white, and in the subjection and extermination of the aboriginal man. It is a state over which the philanthropist may weep, and from which the philosopher may draw the profoundest precepts—it is a state of contest between the civilized and the barbarous mind, in which all the resources of the first, uninfluenced by any predominant pacific principle, was put in requisition against all the resources of the last, and achieved a dreadful triumph. None of us will regret that the white man succeeded, but all will deplore the manner in which his success was accomplished.

It was in the year, some say 1612, others 1619 or 1620, that a terrible pestilence, which depopulated nearly half his dominions, scarcely leaving of the survivors enough to bury the dead, compelled Massasoit, the grand sachem of the Wampanoag confederacy, reluctantly to submit himself and his tribes to the overwhelming power of Canonicus, the Narraganset chief. Previous to this event, hostilities had been carried on between the two nations, time beyond memory—every fresh aggression had increased their animosities; and the occasion which brought about the submission of the Wampanoag chief, neither assuaged those feelings, nor subdued his ambition to rule. He still anxiously desired to be head of an independent confederacy,

though the calamities of his people had bereft him of the means of gratifying that ambition. But an occasion was now to present itself, which at once was to give him the promise of all that he desired and to constitute a new epoch in the history of aboriginal New England,

It was in the winter of 1620, whilst residing at Pokanoket, that Massasoit received intelligence that the strange people, *coat-men*, (*Watoronuoag*) whose faces were pale, and whose warriors were armed with the thunder and lightning of the Great Spirit, had, with their women and children, come over the great waters in their winged canoes, and built wigwams, and kindled their council fire on the recently deserted strand of Patuxet. It may well be supposed that this strange intelligence at once formed a subject of grave and anxious deliberation at the council fire of the barbarous chief. The idea doubtless presented itself of filling up the vacancy in the population of his territory, occasioned by the wasting pestilence, the better to put himself in a condition to assert his former independence; and yet he feared to contract an alliance for that purpose with a strange race of men, with whom his tribes had but lately been in a state of actual hostility. He knew just enough of the white men to feel for their power a superstitious dread, and for their treachery, the most anxious apprehensions. They were not such entire strangers, but that he had, unfortunately, witnessed specimens of both. In latter years his coast had been more frequently visited than formerly—Gosnola had explored it in 1602, Prinne had examined it the following year, the French in 1604–6, the Dutch in 1609; and traders had, from time to time, visited his shores, and bartered knives, hatchets, arrow-heads, &c., for their furs. Among those of the latter class was the famous Hunt, who kidnapped twenty-seven of his subjects, and sold them as slaves. He had then learned something of the terrible effects of the white men's arms; and from that time to the present, his tribes had been in a state of warfare with all white men who visited their coast. Nothing but his stronger hatred, therefore, of the Narraganset domination, and his desire to restore the independence of his confederacy, could have induced him or his people to consent to an alliance with the strangers.

But, whatever may have been his motives, on the 22d of March following the landing, escorted by sixty men, he repaired to Patuxet, now Plymouth, for his first interview with his new neighbors.

The first meeting of these rude tribes with civilized society, then just commencing on these shores, was marked by all that distrust and jealousy which previous circumstances, acting on opposite natures, were

calculated to inspire. It was the approach of antagonist forces, each questioning the character of the other. Hostages were exchanged for the security of each party before an interview was hazarded. These and other preliminary measures having been arranged, Massasoit was escorted by six musketeers to the house and apartment where the first treaty was concluded. There, elevated on a seat of cushions with a green rug at his feet, and with nothing but a necklace of bone beads to distinguish him from his men, the sachem of the Wampanoags awaited the arrival of the chief of the Whites. All around him was new and strange; but presently, with the beat of drum and sound of trumpet, the governor entered, with a guard of several musketeers. Such pomp and circumstance the sachem had never before witnessed. In the midst of so much that was new and imposing—the pale faces, their strange garments, the glittering of their arms, and, more than all, the sound of the drum and trumpet—the chief was awed and appalled; and when the governor, after salutation, had seated him by his side, he trembled as with a supernatural dread—as if one of his own manittos were honoring him with his presence. He was now liberally supplied with strong waters, of which he took copious draughts; and, under the influence of a combination of strange feelings, Massasoit could have little doubt that the white strangers would be allies too powerful for his Narraganset conquerors; and he immediately concluded with them a treaty, offensive and defensive, and gave them a portion of those lands which he had so recently subjected to Canonius and Miantonomi. The Whites, however, supposed they were treating with an independent chief; yet they had now, unconsciously, made an important step toward the dissolution of that body of aborigines with which they first came in contact. That mass (the conquered Wampanoags and all their federate clans) was at one blow, or rather at the mere touch of the white hand, cleft off from the Narraganset empire, and Massasoit, as the ally of the Whites, reinstated at the head of the independent confederacy of the very tribes which had so recently been subdued.

But the Whites sought for some further assurance than a treaty with the grand sachem only. They exacted a promise from him that he would acquaint all his under-sachems with the treaty which he had made, that they might be included in its terms. And it seems to have been in pursuance of his recommendations that, in the September following, nine of his under-sachems came to Plymouth and subscribed a treaty as interpreted by Squanto, an Indian in the service of the Whites; by which treaty they appear to acknowledge them-

selves to be the loyal subjects of the king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. The subscribers doubtless understood this to be a mere treaty of alliance, such as their grand sachem had formed, but the Whites placed their own construction upon its terms, and considered these chiefs afterwards as independent sovereigns or as subjects, just as the interest of the moment might dictate.

It is not to be supposed that all these movements among the tribes in the neighborhood of Plymouth entirely escaped the attention of the Narragansets. The agitations at the extremes could not fail to vibrate to the centre. But what could they do? The Pequot, with his hatchet continually uplifted, was at their backs, whilst in their front was the strange white man, strong in power, yet unmeasured—armed with the weapons of their own Great Spirit—holding (as the report went) disease and death in his hands, and still further strengthened by those bands of warriors who had seceded from their dominion. But the white man might be less powerful than he seemed—he might lack in courage—some of his race, they had heard, were deficient in fortitude, and would groan when tortured. Some of them, therefore, seem to have proposed to make one experiment upon his temper; and in making it, there seems to have been practiced something of political finesse. In December following the treaty, a challenge was sent, but from whom does not distinctly appear. A Narraganset Indian appeared at the plantation, with a bundle of arrows tied together with the skin of a rattlesnake. He inquired for Squanto, the interpreter. Squanto was absent, and the messenger departed without further explanation. Squanto was a cunning practicer upon the superstitious fears of his countrymen, and the jealousy of his white employers. He represented to the Indians that the Whites kept the plague among them, buried in the ground, which they could let loose upon their enemies when they pleased; and, he told them, that white war and peace were both in *his* hands, and he could give them either. The challenge, therefore, *might* have been designed for him; but when he returned, he seems to have explained the mystic symbols to be a menace addressed to the Whites. The governor of Plymouth, thereupon, threw back the taunt, and, with a rude answer of defiance, sent the skin filled with bullets to Canonibus, the Narraganset chief. That sachem, however, either did not recognize the original message, or refused to understand the answer, and the unwelcome message was passed from hand to hand, finding no receiver, until it found its way back to Plymouth. But, whatever the origin

or object of the message, the manner of its reception by the Whites must have satisfied the Narragansets that the strangers were not destitute of courage, and that before they expelled them, or regained their lost dominion over the Wampanoags, they must quell the Pequots. But it may be well doubted whether Canonicus and Miantonomi had any part in this message. The abiding policy of Canonicus, toward the Whites, appears to have been constantly pacific. He valued himself, at the time Roger Williams became acquainted with him, upon never having suffered wrong to be done to the English—and Miantonomi, his nephew, seems only to have carried into effect the resolutions of the elder sachem.

But to return to the Wampanoag confederacy—for it was through their prostration that the Whites were brought in immediate contact with the Narraganset people. The message of the Narragansets had the effect of exciting no small alarm among the English. They immediately fortified their village with a strong pale or barricade, which was closed at night, and watched by sentinels. This was further strengthened by a fort, on which were mounted several pieces of artillery. Such a display of warlike strength could not fail to overawe the neighboring natives, and render them sensible of their own inferiority in arms. It doubtless prepared the way for the success of the first warlike enterprise of Captain Standish on American ground.

A company of English, under a Mr. Weston, attempted a settlement at a place called Wessagussit, (now Weymouth.) They proved to be a lawless, profligate, and prodigal people. Their improvidence was such, that in a short time they were reduced to the last stages of famine. Some perished with hunger; others, without making any application to Plymouth for relief, begged their daily food of the Indians, who, for a time, supplied their daily wants with a liberal hospitality. But from begging they passed to robbing and stealing, day and night, from their benefactors. This was too much for even these pacific red men to bear. They made loud and frequent complaints to the English at Plymouth, and were told in answer, that Weston's company were a separate and distant people, or clan, over which the company at Plymouth had no control, and that they could extend to the injured no relief. These Indians, therefore, felt themselves under the necessity of redressing their own wrongs, and doubtless felt that they had a right to expel the bandits that threatened to reduce them to the same extremity with themselves. It appears that there were consultations among some of the tribes, for the purpose of forming a

combination, with this view. These consultations were made known to the Plymouth authorities, under the following circumstances :

News came to Plymouth that Massasoit was sick, and near unto death. Mr. Winslow was sent to visit him ; when he came to his residence he found his house so thronged with company that he could scarce gain admittance. The Pawaws were practising upon him their spells, with noise and tumult better calculated to distemper the well, than relieve the sick. The sachem's sight had already failed him, and he seemed indeed to be tottering on life's utmost verge. Winslow administered some cordials and medicines which gave him sudden and unexpected relief. His sight was gradually restored, and the kind attention of Winslow, continued for a few days, secured his recovery. The gratitude of Massasoit knew no bounds, and the benevolence of his Plymouth friends was rewarded with the revelation of a state secret. He called Hobomack, the Indian attendant of Winslow, to his bed side, and directed him to inform Winslow, on his way home, that an extensive conspiracy had been formed by the Massachusetts and Cape Indians to cut off or suppress Weston's company, and to defend themselves against the Plymouth people, in case they should resent it. Hobomack obeyed the directions of the chief, and immediately on the receipt of this intelligence at Plymouth, Captain Standish, with a body of armed men, was dispatched to Wessagussit. To the English there he gave immediate relief, and then, without having given the slightest warning, or opportunity for explanation, he fell on the suspected but still peaceful tribes, cut off the heads of six of their bravest warriors, and so terrified others—men, women and children—that they forsook their dwellings and wandered hither and thither in swamps and deserts, until they contracted diseases whereof great numbers died. Among those who fell victims to this act of treachery, (as it would have been called had it been perpetrated by Indians,) were Canaum, sachem of Menomet ; the generous and humane Aspinet, sachem of Nawset, who, untutored in Christianity, had yet learned to return good for evil ; and the courteous Tanaugh, sachem of Cumaguid, to whose open lodge and hospitable board the English had been ever welcome, and where, within but a short time previous, he had royally received and sumptuously entertained them as his brothers and his friends.

How far the numbers of the Wampanoag confederacy were reduced by this act of violence and its immediate consequences, can never be known ; but its moral effects were far more decisive than its physical. They stood appalled at the hardihood of the outrage—they knew not

on what achievements these strangers might next venture ; but worse than all, they could no longer have the slightest confidence in each other. They must have soon learned that the secret of their consultation had been betrayed by their own grand sachem. He had shown himself in this more under the influence of a fear or a friendship for the white than of love for the red man. The example of the great, even among barbarians, is contagious, and the influence of his ran through the whole confederacy. From this time no one, whilst Massasoit lived, seems to have dared to think of resisting the power of the Whites ; thus the whole confederacy, for all the purposes of the English, seems to have been suddenly dissolved, and its parties reduced to a state of absolute subjection.

In the mean time the numbers of the Whites were rapidly increasing, and the condition of the red men, who came in immediate contact with them, was as rapidly growing worse. They soon learned all the wants, without acquiring any additional means for their gratification, and fell into the most brutalizing vices of civilized society, without acquiring a single virtue to counterbalance them. They were at the same time exchanging their furs for the manufactures of the Whites, and selling the hunting grounds which produced them. A white population began to diffuse itself rapidly over the lands, and before it the primeval forests fell ; and the bear, the beaver, the deer and moose, sought securer haunts in distant wilds. In order to give some idea of the rapidity with which the white population was at this time pressing on the red, and limiting their means of subsistence by appropriating their lands, one fact will be sufficient : There came over to Shawmut, or Boston, in 1631, in only one fleet, fifteen hundred emigrants.

But it was not only their new wants and the new vice of intemperance, acquired from the Whites, that were now reducing their numbers and rendering them wretchedly dependant ; but, through the medium of civilized society, there passed amongst them a wide spreading death and desolation in the form of a strange and horrible contagion—it was the small pox—to them, until now, utterly unknown. Civilized society gathers, through the medium of commerce, within its bosom, all the diseases of the four quarters of the earth, but through the same instrumentality it acquires a knowledge of their appropriate remedies, and learns how to combat them. Not so with the Indian. This disease was forced upon him by the uninvited presence of the white man, and it found him in utter ignorance of any remedy or preventive, and in the midst of the comfortless and squalid wretchedness of barbarous life. Stretched naked on their hard mats of rushes or of birch, in

hovels, surrounded by their weeping friends and wailing children only waiting for the same fate, they rotted and died by hundreds, by thousands. The three sachems of Massachusetts were off with almost all their people; and at Winnesimett, the residence of Sagamore John, thirty of his tribe were buried in one day. It is not observed that either the governments of Plymouth or Massachusetts did any thing to stay the wasting pestilence; but it is to be observed, that the humanity of individuals was not wanting to alleviate their distress. Thus strengthened by the increase of the Whites, they lent upon them for the gratification of new wants and of new and rapidly melting away with strange diseases, the tribes of the Pampanoag confederacy lay prostrate and powerless before their white neighbors. This situation of things brought the Narraganset more immediately under the action and influence of white men.

Narraganset chiefs had not yet visited the Whites—they had no treaty with them. They had kept themselves aloof, but still avoided from any acts of hostility. They had probably too much to do, in repelling their old enemies, the Pequots, to think either of riveting their friendly relations or of provoking the hostilities of strangers. But in 1632 they evidently came near to an open rupture with them. Sassacus, the Pequot sachem, was mustering his warriors for the purpose of invading the Narragansets. Canonicutiantonomi summoned all their forces to repel them. Sagamore and Chickatabot were called to their aid; and these sachems did not to have forgotten their former subjection. They were not to obey the commands of their superior chiefs. But Massasoit, summoned, probably for the same purpose, disregarding his former submission, refused to comply with the requisition. And when the Narragansets attempted to enforce a compliance he threw himself under the protection of the English, who occupied a trading house at Weymouth, and who immediately sent to Plymouth for assistance; but when it was received news reached the Narraganset forces that the English had actually invaded their territory. They thereupon immediately withdrew, and hastening to the scene of danger, drove back the enemy to his accustomed haunts.

Their war with the Pequots was at this time raging with great fury; though their enemies were repeatedly foiled, they yet seemed to have a latent power within them which was destined, under the direction of the English, ultimately to operate the ruin of the Narragansets. To use an apt and final figure, the Pequots seem to have been a flight of arrows, shot

down from the far West, by the bow of the Great Spirit. The English finding them, selected one of the number, pointed with the soul of the ferocious Uncas, for the destruction of the Narragansets, and then burnt and destroyed the rest.

The Narragansets were a people which it would have been dangerous for the whites at this period to have provoked or directly injured. Though at war with the Pequots, yet it was in their power, as will subsequently appear, to have made peace with them, and it is difficult to conceive how the English could have withstood their combined forces. But the tide of events seems to have moved on under a superhuman impulse. It is not probable that the English sought, by extirpating the Pequots, to open a way to the subjection of the successors of Canonicus and Miantonomi; but so they did, and I will proceed to show how it was accomplished.

In 1631, the people of Plymouth were invited by a sachem who dwelt on the banks of the Connecticut, and who had been cruelly oppressed by the Pequots, to commence a settlement in his neighborhood. In 1633 an establishment was accordingly formed, in a place now called Windsor, at the mouth of Little River. The land was purchased of Sequasson and Attawankut, chief sachems of the river Indians; and the latter chief, who had been expelled by the Pequots was reinstated in his former possessions.

To the Pequots, that proud and martial people, these events were, by no means agreeable; but they were in no condition to resist the encroachments. In fact they were in a situation to render it necessary for them to avail themselves of whatever advantages even these compromising circumstances might afford. They were at war among themselves. It was about this time that Uncas, a ferocious and blood-thirsty under-sachem of the nation, rebelled against Sassacus, and drawing off from their allegiance with him seventy or eighty warriors, established himself at Mokuk, an Indian town, situated at the turn of Pequot river. They were also still at war with the Narragansets; and the tribes that they had subdued were watching for a favorable opportunity to bend the bow against them. Hostilities had about the same time broken out between them and the Dutch, who had established themselves on the Hudson and in some parts of Connecticut, and they could no longer look to them for a supply of arms. Under these circumstances, voluntarily to have added the English to the number of their enemies, would have been madness. They therefore saw the white settlements multiply around them without resistance. Windsor, Wethersfield, Herdford and Saybrook, were successively

commenced. Indeed, their necessities urged them so far that they at this time sought to form a commercial treaty with Massachusetts. The messengers whom they sent to Boston were at first coldly received on account of the murder of Captain Stone, when on a trading expedition up the Connecticut. But a treaty was finally concluded, by which the English engaged to open trade with them immediately; and they were to pay or give four hundred fathoms of wampum, together with a quantity of furs, and to deliver up the surviving murderers of Stone when sent for.

Matters continued in this pacific state until 1636. During that year Mr. Oldham, a man of irritable and violent temper, whilst engaged in a trading expedition, was slain by a party of Indians at Manisses, or Block Island. The slayers were demanded of the Narraganset sachems, who were inclined to surrender them. The offenders, however, being apprised of this, made their escape to the Pequots. Soon after this, Captain Endicot, under instructions from Massachusetts, after having given the Block Islanders a passing blow, landed with an armed force of ninety men at the mouth of Pequot river, where the principal part of the tribe then dwelt, and demanded one thousand fathoms of wampum for damages, and the surrender of the murderers of Stone. Sassacus, the chief sachem, was gone to Long Island, and the Indians desired him to wait a short time for his return. But the Captain demanded an immediate compliance with his requisition—he would admit of no such delay. Upon this, great excitement began to manifest itself among the Pequots. Large bodies of them soon gathered round, and he began to feel some little alarm at their presence, as well as vexation at their delay. He at length bade them begone. They had, he told them, dared the English to come and fight with them, and now he was ready. They thereupon peaceably retired; and when they were beyond musket shot, the English followed them, upon which the Indians discharged a shower of arrows, without effect, and fled, receiving in return a volley from the English musketry, by which two of the Pequots were killed and several wounded. The English then burnt all their wigwams on both sides of the river, and all their canoes. Endicot, after this exploit, left a reinforcement for the garrison at Saybrook, and sailed for Boston. After his departure, this detachment landed for the purpose of plunder. They were attacked by the Pequots, and a skirmishing fight was continued till near evening.

War was now commenced in right earnest, and the whole soul of Sassacus went with it. Nothing short of the complete extirpation of

the English from New England ground could satisfy him. To accomplish this purpose, he sought to reduce the number of his foes by treaty. He could even humble his proud spirit so far as to solicit an alliance offensive and defensive with his old enemies, the Narragansets. Every argument was used to induce their chiefs to accept his proffered friendship, and engage in the war. "Behold," said his ambassadors to Canonicus, in their own figurative language, "behold the all-grasping violence of these white strangers! They come over the mighty waters from a far distant island, and, without leave, take possession of our country before our eyes. They are fast overspreading your lands. Your tributaries have already yielded to their sway. They are occupying the soil which your valor has conquered. If suffered to increase, they will build towns on the graves of your honored dead, and your living will not find space whereon to spread their blankets. They are already before and behind you—assist them to subdue us, and your destruction is certain. Look ye toward where the sun shews himself in the sky of the morning; and the red men between you and the strangers have become little children, and the bosom of Canonicus is stripped bare to the bullets of the white warriors. Look ye toward where he hides himself behind yonder hills; and between Canonicus and the stranger there is nothing but the tomahawks of Sassacus and his warriors. His death is your death. Harken ye, therefore, to the words of his voice. Fear not the white strangers—we will not brave them in open battle—but we will burn their houses—we will kill their cattle—we will waylay their steps—not a man shall stir abroad that falls not by the arrow of the red warrior; and thus shall the white strangers die of hunger, or forsake our country."

This stirring appeal was addressed to ears not altogether deaf. Canonicus and Miantonomi hesitated—wavered. They detested the Pequots—but they felt the truth of their appeal; and the balance was already inclining to their favor, when the interference of Roger Williams turned the scales ultimately to the side of the Whites.

When Williams first became acquainted with the Narraganset chiefs, (which was shortly before this period,) his reception by Canonicus was cold and distrustful. He charged the English with spreading the plague among his people—with having menaced them with violence, and with aiming at *his* life in particular. But his conduct in a short time changed; and both he and Miantonomi soon became the warm-hearted friends and benefactors of the poor persecuted wanderer and his associates. I need not mention the large tract of

country which, through Williams, we inherit as the princely gift of Canonius and Miantonomi. It is sufficient for my present purpose to say, that Williams had even now acquired their unlimited confidence. As soon as he heard of the overtures made by the Pequots to the Narragansets, he made the governor of Massachusetts acquainted with them, and was thereupon commissioned by him to use his influence to defeat the attempted league. He accordingly proceeded to the Narraganset council, and in the presence of the Pequot ambassadors, and at the hazard of his life, volunteered his advice to Canonius and Miantonomi, and by argument, persuasion, and entreaty, defeated the negotiations of Sassacus.

Through Williams the governor of Massachusetts, at the same time, requested Miantonomi to do him the honor of a visit, and that chief immediately proceeded to Boston, attended by twenty sanops. He gave notice of his approach, and the governor sent a corps of musketeers to meet him at Roxbury, and they escorted him into town. He was received with great respect. The magistrates, the chief, and his attendants, dined together in the same hall, and much ceremony was observed in the subsequent negotiations.

The principal provisions of the treaty then concluded were, that neither party should make peace with the Pequots without consulting the other. The Narragansets were not to harbor the Pequots. They were to deliver up murderers and fugitives. The English were to notify them when they marched against the enemy, and the Narragansets, on their part, merely engaged to send guides. The treaty being concluded, the party dined together, as at first. They then took a formal leave of each other, and the sachem was escorted out of town, and dismissed with a volley of musketry. Miantonomi confirmed this treaty, early in the spring following, by a present of wampum, and the Narragansets were faithful to it in every particular. Miantonomi subsequently had frequent conversations with Williams, as to the mode of prosecuting the war; and on one of these occasions, both he and his counsellors expressed a desire, whatever might be done with the Pequot warriors, that their women and children might be spared. I mention this that, in the sequel, a comparison might be drawn between them and their white allies.

In the meantime Sassacus was prosecuting the war in true barbarian style, and with unremitting vigor. He was firmly bent on extirpating the Whites from Connecticut. Every garrison—every settlement was attacked. The inhabitants were cut off whilst engaged in the culture of the field—captives were taken and tortured. The

garrison at Saybrook were so pressed that they dared not go beyond the reach of their guns. Their out-houses were razed, their stacks of hay burnt, and their cattle killed. In March, 1637, four of the garrison were slain—the fort was surrounded—its defenders were challenged to battle, and mocked with the dying groans of their friends. Indeed, the assailants would have beaten down the gates with their war-clubs, had they not been kept at bay by the discharge of a cannon loaded with grape shot. Life was everywhere periled—on road, river, or field. Arms were in the hands of every man and boy, by night and by day, at the altar and by the fireside. Men, women, and children, were on the constant watch, and trembling at every unwonted sound. Indeed, Sassacus seemed to be realizing, unaided, all that he expected to perform with the assistance of the Narragansets. But the tide of success had now risen to its height, and the sun of Pequot glory was about to set forever. The whites on all sides began to shoulder their muskets—the tomakawks of the Narragansets and those of the rebel Mohegans were rising around them, and the tribes that they had vanquished began to whet the scalping knife, and tread the maddening war dance with a firmer foot. Sassacus saw the gathering of the tempest, and sought shelter with his warriors in his two strong fortresses near the mouth of Pequot river. Of these two fortresses, one was situated on a commanding eminence, between what was called Pequot harbor (New London) and Mystic river. This fortress was occupied by Sassacus, with between three and four hundred warriors and their families. The other fortress, called Mystic, likewise crowned a commanding height in the neighborhood of the river of that name, a few miles east of Fort Griswold. In this, likewise, from three to four hundred warriors sought shelter. These, together with their aged fathers and mothers, and their wives and children, occupied about seventy wigwams, covered with mats, and all standing closely together within the hedge and palisade, which constituted the walls of the fortress.

Uncas had been watching the progress of events, and, when the Narragansets threw themselves into the scale of the Whites, his course was no longer doubtful. He joined Captain John Mason, who commanded about seventy English at Hartford. On the 10th of May, the united forces sailed from Hartford, on their expedition against the Pequot fortresses. They were joined on their way by a part of the garrison at Saybrook. These, and the forces from Plymouth and Massachusetts, were to concentrate in the Narraganset country; but neither the troops from Plymouth nor Massachusetts were at the

point of concentration when Mason arrived. His forces, however, were eager for the contest, particularly his Indian allies, and he thought it imprudent to delay. He gave notice to Miantonomi of his arrival, and the chief, in compliance with the treaty, furnished him with guides. He did not lead his own forces under Mason, nor in company with Uncas, his implacable enemy; but he allowed his subjects to volunteer. Three or four hundred followed the English; but, it would seem by the result, more for the purpose of being spectators of the battle, than of participating in it.

It was on the night of the 26th May, 1637, that the combined forces of Indians and English approached Fort Mystic. The Pequots, as was their custom when not in an enemy's country, trusted to the reports of their scouts. Those warriors, who sallied forth in the morning in quest of game, reconnoitered the country around the encampment, and if they saw no unaccustomed marks in the thickets, no impress of hostile foot on the turf, and espied no strange smoke or fire in the distant horizon, they deemed that no enemy was near, and all fearlessly trusted themselves to repose, without a single sentinel to watch over their slumbers. It was now midnight—and the warrior had danced his last round at the war-dance—the gray-haired veteran had told the last tale of his heroic youth—infancy, always inoffensive, had been hushed to slumber in the bosom of maternal affection—and through all the lodges there now reigned the unbroken slumber of the midnight hour.

It was at this moment that the English were concerting their destruction. They approached the fort in profound silence at two points, and finally surrounded it with three circles of armed men. First, the English looked through the palisades armed with muskets; next were the Mohegans, with their tomahawks, scalping knives, and shortened lances; and lastly, and at a still greater distance, stood the Narraganset volunteers. There was no chance for escape now left, and a body of the English rushed on the entrance of the fort. The first alarm was given by the bark of a watch-dog—this was followed by the cry, "Awanux! Awanux!" Wild alarm and confusion instantly spread through all the lodges; men, women and children poured forth—they were met by a blaze of musketry. Warriors grasped their arms and ran desperately on their assailants—they were hewed down with the sword—they were run through with rapiers—they were shot down, or they were beaten to the earth by the two-handed sway of the clubbed musket. Some attempted to escape from the fortress; but, if any passed beyond the circle of muskets and swords, they were cut to pieces by tomahawks and scalping knives.

In the mean time showers of balls were piercing the crowds, from which there came the frequent shriek of woman and child. Did any at this moment of desperation seek for shelter in their lodges, a brand was applied to the dry matting that covered them—the breeze wafted the blaze from lodge to lodge, and in an instant the whole mass of their combustible shelters shot up in one pyramid of fire, canopied by a dark red cloud of smoke, and surrounded by the sombre gloom of the forest. The wild yell of despair burst from the breasts of the fiercest warriors when they saw their wives and children rush shrieking from the burning mass, their garments, their hair, and their flesh on fire; one moment more, and they themselves were the victims. The encircling palisade rose in flames; their bowstrings scorched, snapped short, and those not disabled were now disarmed; and all yielded themselves to their fate. With the groans and the shrieks of the sufferers, now came mingled the shouts and taunts of the victors—English, Mohegan and Narraganset. Whilst their blood was quenching the flames that their bodies were feeding, the stench—but I must stop short—the description is growing too horrible. It is enough to say that the shrieks of agony died away upon the ear, as body after body was converted to brands and ashes, until all was silent. In the short space of one hour nearly half the strength of the Pequot nation had been annihilated; seven only escaped, and seven only were taken prisoners. The work of destruction having been thus finished, the victors commenced their retreat.

The flames of Mystic that night shed an ominous glare on the fortress occupied by Sassacus, and all that now remained of the Pequots. The sight was big with meaning; the dreadful reality, however, soon reached his ears, and at the head of his warriors he went forth in pursuit of the enemy. He came up with him; but what could he do with bows and arrows against the discipline and musketry of the English? He was repulsed with loss; he abandoned the pursuit, and his forces turned back to cast one maddening glance on the scene of massacre. The Pequots there searched in vain the yet smouldering relics of the dead, for some remnant of parent, child, brother, sister or friend. They mourned piteously; they beat their breasts and tore their hair, till their feelings, wrought up to the highest pitch of despair and madness, sought, for the want of other object, to vent themselves by violence on the grand sachem himself—on him, whom his people now accused as the cause of their misfortune—him, who failed to avenge the dead whilst the foe were yet within reach. They followed him to his remaining fortress near Pequot harbor, and would have torn him

in pieces but for the intervention of his counsellors, who were at once their chiefs, and his body guard. Foiled in this, and conscious that the fortress was no longer a place of safety, they at once dispersed. The knot which bound them together as a nation was cut asunder; they scattered toward every point of the heavens, like leaves tossed in the eddies of the whirlwind. They plunged into the densest thickets—into the deepest swamps—but every where found enemies in the English, the Mohegans, the Narragansets, and in the tribes that they had recently vanquished, now rising and seeking retributive vengeance. If they fought they were slain; if they capitulated, those who were not butchered were carried into captivity.

But the great prize for which the war was now prosecuted, was the head of Sassacus. He was pursued from one place of refuge to another. A small number of warriors still proved faithful to him in this last extremity. Thirteen of his sachems had now been slain—seven hundred of his people had been destroyed. His own life now began to be sought by his own people, from fear of the victors; he was still pursued from swamp to swamp, by night and by day, till, abandoning his country with a few faithful friends, he sought refuge among the Mohawks, and found a grave. They cut off his head, and in the fall of 1637 the scalp of Sassacus was sent to Connecticut, and a lock of it, soon after, to Massachusetts.

Thus terminated the Pequot war. The great body of the people was annihilated. Their country passed to the conquerors. A portion of the prisoners were divided between the Narragansets and Mohegans, and the rest were retained by the Whites as slaves. Some small portion of this people were subsequently allowed to settle in the conquered territory, over whom the English appointed rulers.

The terrible fate of the Pequots struck a dread of the Whites into all the surrounding tribes. Many there were who immediately threw themselves under their protection, begged their friendship, and became their tributaries. The prowess, and, I might say, the cruelty which the English had shown in this war, awakened the apprehensions even of their allies, the Narragansets. They have been accused of being backward in the war. There was good reason for their want of zeal. From the flames of Mystic they undoubtedly gathered some vague presentiment of those of the great swamp, yet forty years in the future.

The immediate effect of the extirpation of the Pequots was to bring the Narraganset people, naked on all sides, under the action of hostile principles. The heart of Indian life had been thus divested

of its natural exterior, and now lay bare to the action of English society, and the servile instruments of its magistracy.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 9, 1837.

[*Subject continued.*]

IN the discourse of Wednesday evening, I described the extent of territory occupied by the Narragansets, and endeavored to form some estimate of their numbers. I gave some account of their state of society, and named those ties, moral, religious, and political, which gave them their unity, and increased their capacity for endurance and resistance. I then showed that nearly all those tribes, which inhabited Massachusetts proper, and the territory which fell under the jurisdiction of the old Plymouth colony, were either their subjects or tributaries; and that the only neighboring aboriginal nation, over which they had not a decisive control, or undoubted influence, was the Pequot; and in the sequel it appeared, that even this people, with which they might at almost any time have contracted an alliance, offensive and defensive, against the far more dangerous English, must be regarded as one of their own outposts, giving them additional security against the advancing power of the Whites—a power antagonist, if not hostile, to them, from its inmost principles, and which could not strike them with safety, but by first subjecting the Pequots. I showed how, by one stroke of White policy, most of the tribes of the Wampanoag confederacy were severed from the Narraganset power—and then how these severed tribes, by force of arms, by treachery, by new and strange diseases and enervating habits, unknown before the landing, were prostrated before English society, and became its degraded subjects. We then saw the power of the Whites advancing through their subjection, and approaching the Narragansets from the east, whilst the same power approached them from the west through the extermination of the Pequots. I thought it necessary to dwell with some particularity of description on the principal event of the Pequot war, in order that it might be perceived how the exhibition of the terrible prowess of civilized man might well give to the English that ascendancy which they ever after maintained over the barbarous mind. Having thus brought White power on both sides into the immediate proximity of the Narragansets, we will follow it in its progress, as it closes around and upon them, until, like the fabled prison of the iron shroud, it crushes out the lives of its victims.

Of all that once constituted the Pequot nation, nothing now remained but the traitorous Mohegans, at the head of whom was the cannibal Uncas. A baser compound of brutality, treachery, servility, and meanness, never disgraced savage or civilized man. For what virtue he could have been prized by any Christian and humane community, is beyond the reach of all conjecture. He had but three qualities, which distinguished him from the meanest of his people—great physical force, a ferocious courage, and a base species of cunning. It must have been for these, and the fact that these controlled the brute force of the Mohegans, that Uncas became (as we shall see) the favorite of the commissioners of the united colonies. But I ought to add a further reason. The seat of his power was in the immediate neighborhood of the Narragansets, and he inherited for Miantonomi and his people the rancorous hostility of the extirpated Pequots. He was a wild beast, which the commissioners could chain up or let loose when they pleased. And this was the instrument with which the commissioners chose to destroy one of nature's noblest works, in the chivalrous, lofty-spirited, generous, and humane Miantonomi. These are words of no common import, when applied to a barbarous chieftain; but their meaning has been fully considered, and the character of Miantonomi thoroughly studied. It was this chief and his kind-hearted subjects that were now to fall a sacrifice to White policy, by the aid of this brutal instrument. Let us follow the course of events, and we shall see how it was accomplished.

As preparatory to the division of the Pequot prisoners, and his purposed hostilities with Miantonomi, Uncas visited Boston, ostensibly for the purpose of presenting twenty fathoms of wampum as tribute to the English, but really for the purpose of establishing himself in their confidence; to that end he made the following speech:—"This heart," said he to the Governor, laying his hand on his breast, "This heart is not mine, but yours. I have no men—they are all yours. Command any hard thing—I will do it. I will not believe any Indian's word against the English. If any man shall kill an Englishman, I will put him to death, were he never so dear to me." However agreeable these declarations might be to the white, they breathed treason to the red man. Uncas ever after acted up to these declarations; his hand was ever after against his own color, and the Whites did not fail to countenance his outrages, and reciprocate the partiality which he had expressed for them, in all controversies between him and his red brethren.

Miantonomi and Uncas were now invited to Hartford to divide the

prisoners; Roger Williams on this occasion accompanied Miantonomi. The chief, with his wife and children, left his home, escorted by about one hundred and fifty of his warriors. On his way to Hartford he was assailed from all quarters with the complaints of his people, of outrages committed by Uncas and his Mohegans. A number of individuals, they said, had been assaulted and robbed; a great number of fields of corn had been spoiled, and the marauders had threatened to waylay their chief on his passage to Hartford, and to kill him and boil him in a kettle. Williams thereupon advised the Narraganset chief to turn back. "Rather let us all die," said Miantonomi, and he moved on, keeping strict watch by day and night; and, in all dangerous passes, forty or fifty men, on either hand, guarded his march. When he reached Hartford, Uncas was not there; he was sent for by Governor Haynes, but he feigned indisposition; he was, however, at length forced to make his appearance.

Without absolutely denying, he seems rather to have endeavored to extenuate these outrages. After the chiefs had given vent for some time to their mutual complaints, the Whites endeavored to bring about a reconciliation; they were at length prevailed on to shake hands, and conclude a treaty. In this treaty they agreed to an oblivion of past injuries, and that, in case any should be thereafter committed, complaints therefor should be submitted to the arbitration of the English, on pain of incurring their displeasure.

Miantonomi entered into this treaty with reluctance; but having so done, he was sincerely disposed to act up to its terms. To manifest this sincerity, he twice invited Uncas to dine with him; but his invitations were rejected by the Mohegan chief, although their acceptance was strenuously urged upon him by his white friends.

When the English came to divide the prisoners, the chief of the Narragansets was mortified, and perhaps offended, to find that he, at the head of a great people, whose mere determination to aid the Whites was what induced Uncas to join them with his sixty or seventy Mohegans, was now to receive but eighty of the captives, whilst Uncas was to receive one hundred. He breathed no complaint, but doubtless remembered it as the first act of English arbitration between him and the Mohegan chief. He had previously experienced other indignities from the same source; on one occasion he attempted to speak with a Pequot chief, whom his own brother had captured and delivered to the English, and for whom he had a particular esteem, but was rudely repulsed by the lances of the guards levelled at his breast. "Did ever friends so deal with friends?" said he to Williams afterwards.

"Would the Narragansets have so dealt with Mr. Governor?" But policy required him to disguise his feelings among his people; for to be esteemed on bad terms with the Whites was, at that time, to diminish his influence with all the surrounding tribes.

The treaty was not long kept inviolate. Uncas grew more and more insolent towards his red brethren, and his popularity with the Whites increased in proportion to his insolence. Their manifest favor drew around him kindred spirits from all quarters; he could soon muster five or six hundred warriors. A part of the Pequot country had been yielded to him, and this gave him great consequence with the English in Connecticut; they made treaties with him, and he bestowed gifts in land. In the mean time he or his friends were engaged in calumniating Miantonomi, by charging him with hostile designs against the English; whilst he was doing all that he could to provoke them. His hand was constantly against the Narraganset chiefs and their allies. He was ever ready to engage in a brawl, and he kept aboriginal Connecticut and Narraganset in a constant state of turmoil. He threw out menaces, he jeered the memory of their dead, and uttered their names. If complaint was made to the English, they might chide their favorite, but do nothing more. Under such circumstances, the persecuted clans began to combine against Uncas, as a common enemy, and to threaten to draw down the Mohawks to their assistance. This alarmed the English; for they regarded a war with their favorite as but little short of a war against themselves; they treated it as an Indian conspiracy, and the English in Connecticut could be with difficulty restrained from at once falling upon the Narragansets. This state of things brought about a more perfect confederation of the four colonies—Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New-Haven. The affairs of this confederacy were conducted by commissioners, and the colonies were put in a state of defence, and many of the native tribes were disarmed.

In the mean time an attempt was made upon the life of Uncas by a Pequot, one of his oppressed subjects. The Mohegan chief charged Miantonomi with instigating the assassin. Miantonomi was summoned before the magistracy of Massachusetts; he complied with the summons, and brought with him to Boston the assassin, who had fled to his dominions. He so completely satisfied the Governor and magistrates of the falsity of the charge, that they allowed him to take the Pequot back with him, under a promise that he should be delivered to Uncas; Miantonomi, however, on his return, inflicted justice on the culprit with his own hands. But matters were soon brought to a cri-

sis between Miantonimi and Uncas, by what seems originally to have been a personal quarrel between the latter and Sequasson, the grand sachem of the Connecticut or river Indians.

I think it is somewhere said, that the Narraganset chief married the daughter of Sequasson, and that Uncas, in a private broil with this sachem, gave him a blow. If so, this was an indignity to which a grand sachem did not feel himself at liberty to submit. He resented it by war. He waylaid and shot at Uncas. He afterwards killed a Mohegan. Uncas complained to the Commissioners; but Sequasson was under no obligation to submit to the arbitration of the partial English. He had wrongs of his own to redress; and when the commissioners directed him, pursuant to a sort of Chinese justice, to deliver to Uncas one of his people, he did not comply, but prosecuted the war already begun. A battle was finally fought. Sequasson was defeated. Several of his subjects were slain, thirteen were wounded, and his village plundered and burnt.

For these injuries done to his friend, kindred, and ally, as well, doubtless, as for the calumnies by which his friendly relations with the English had been nearly broken up, and for the aggressions on his own people, Miantonomi complained first to Connecticut, and was told that the English did not countenance or justify the wrongs. He then complained to Massachusetts, and was told that if Uncas had done him or his friends wrong, and would give no satisfaction, he was at liberty to take his own course. He had thus fulfilled the obligations of the Hartford treaty to the letter. The arbitrators had declined acting, and he went about to redress his wrongs in his own way.

It was Miantonomi's design to give his enemy an unexpected blow. For this purpose he secretly and hastily gathered around him between five hundred and a thousand warriors, all animated indeed by a confidence in their sachem, but wanting time and experience to gain confidence in each other. With this force he marched through the forests, toward the Mohegan territory. But the spies of the enemy had marked his movements, and now warned Uncas of his approach. That chief caused the intelligence to be immediately spread through his clan, and his Mohegans, amounting to four or five hundred well-trained warriors, suddenly gathered around him. Uncas now made them acquainted with a stratagem, by which he calculated, and calculated too well, to make up for his deficiency in numbers, and then led them forth to battle. The two armies approached each other over a

place since called Sachem's Plain ; and here Uncas proceeded to carry his stratagem into effect.

Before the battle commenced, he stepped forth from his ranks and desired a parley ; the two armies thereupon halted within bow-shot of each other. He then addressed Miantonomi : " You have," said he, " a number of stout men with you, and so have I with me. Is it not a pity that such brave warriors should be killed in a private quarrel between you and me ? Come on then, like a man, and let us fight it out. If you kill me, my men shall be yours ; if I kill you, your men shall be mine." The two chiefs, as to personal valor, were probably equal—as to physical force the advantage was probably on the side of Uncas, who was a stout, brawny giant. Miantonomi is described as of very good personage—of tall stature and commanding aspect. He was a man of too much prudence to be thrown off his guard by this insulting bravado. " My warriors," replied he, " have come a long way to fight, and they shall fight." This refusal of the challenge was precisely what Uncas had anticipated ; and the moment it was uttered, he fell flat on the ground, and his men, as had been preconcerted, discharged over him a shower of arrows upon the unsuspecting Narragansets ; and then, uttering the hideous war-whoop, fell on pell-mell with their tomahawks, scalping knives, clubs and shortened lances. The fury of the assailants left no space for the Narragansets to prepare for the onset, or to recover from their surprise. They yielded to the shock. They broke, and they fled like herds of driven deer. They were pursued over rock and steep—down headlong precipice, through thicket and ravine—frequently falling beneath the whirled tomahawk, or the stanning stroke of the war-club. Thirty were slain—a great number were wounded. Among the latter were two of the sons of Canonicus, and a brother of Miantonomi ; and a number of the bravest Narraganset sachems were taken prisoners. In the heat of the pursuit, the Mohegans were arrested by the shout of Uncas, announcing the capture or the fall of Miantonomi. The speed of that sachem had been retarded by a heavy suit of borrowed armor* interfering with the movements of his limbs. The crowds of Mohegans, as they overtook him, caught hold of his apparel and his ornaments, the insignia of his rank, and jerking him back, passed on, intent on leaving him to be taken alive. But the Mohegan chief soon fastened his eye on the flying sachem, and bolting upon him with the fury and yell of the panther, seized him by the shoulders, and arrested his progress. Miantonomi turned round, and found himself in the grasp of the

* Borrowed of S. Gorton.

giant Uncas, and in the midst of the uplifted tomahawks of the Mohegans.

He at once seated himself on the ground in silence—not a word did he utter. The Mohegans, coming in from the pursuit, gathered around, and gazed on him in silent exultation. They now brought before him several of his bravest captains, who had been taken and disarmed. “Will you not speak?” said Uncas; the chief deigned not a reply. With a view of moving him to some expression of grief or anger, the Mohegan now ordered the prisoners to be put to death; they were instantly slain before his eyes. But this changed not the marble of his aspect; he uttered not a word, he moved not a muscle. “If I had fallen into your hands,” continued the Mohegan chief, “I would have begged my life.” But Miantonomi disdained life on such terms, and he made no reply. They now bound their illustrious prisoner, and marched, exulting in their splendid living prize, to Nokeek.

Miantonomi had not only been the friend of Roger Williams in his distress, but of that much injured and persecuted man, Samuel Gorton; and he was not forgotten in the day of his tribulation. Gorton and his associates had been driven from Massachusetts, on account of their faith. They had at first established themselves at Patuxet, in the neighborhood of Roger Williams; but upon Massachusetts attempting to extend her jurisdiction over them, they removed to Showamet, within the acknowledged dominions of Canonius and Miantonomi. These kind and generous chiefs had received them and their families, with the same benevolent hospitality that had previously characterized their reception of Roger Williams; they granted them lands, with the consent of those who dwelt upon them. But the same persecuting spirit followed them even here; Pumham and Soconoco, two under-sachems, were induced to subject themselves and their lands, as if theirs, to the government of Massachusetts; thus the laws of Massachusetts were again attempted to be extended over Gorton and his associates. The right of Miantonomi to grant the lands was denied; and, after having seduced his under-sachems to renounce his authority, the magistrates of Massachusetts summoned the independent chief himself to appear before them, as judges in their own cause, to show by what right he had made the grant, and how he claimed jurisdiction over his own subjects. But they were resolved to root out heresy from Showamet, and would recognize no grant made by Miantonomi to heretics. They finally sent a body of armed men and took Gorton and his associates by force; they were charged with blasphemy and enmity to what Massachusetts then conceived to be religion and gov-

ernment. They escaped with life, indeed, but they were sentenced to wear irons, and to be kept to hard labor during the pleasure of the general court. It was during the heat of these proceedings that Gorton and his friends learned that Miantonomi, their kind benefactor, had become the captive of Uncas, the favorite and protege of their persecutors. Policy, no less than gratitude, prompted their interference. His existence would be some impediment to the claims of Massachusetts, and some protection against the under-sachems, whom that government had already instigated to insolence and aggression. Gorton immediately interposed; he required Uncas to release his prisoner, and threatened him with English vengeance if he refused. To avoid giving offence to his English allies, the shrewd Mohegan conducted his prisoner to Hartford, and then asked the advice of the public authorities. They declined acting, but proposed a reference to the commissioners of the united colonies; to this Uncas acceded. And here Miantonomi asked the favor of being left in the custody of the English at Hartford; to this Uncas agreed, and he was retained at Hartford as the prisoner of the Mohegan chief.

. It was, perhaps, unfortunate for Miantonomi that Gorton interfered. For at the very meeting that they decided on his fate, the commissioners authorized Massachusetts to adopt forcible measures for the apprehension of Gorton and his associates. Plymouth and Connecticut, as well as Massachusetts, claimed jurisdiction in the Narraganset country; and if Gorton saw in Miantonomi a friend, the commissioners saw in him an enemy, and a universal protector and benefactor of heretics.

At the next meeting of the commissioners they took the case of this unfortunate chief into consideration. They called into their counsel five of the most judicious elders of the church. The result of their joint deliberations was, that Miantonomi should be taken by Uncas from Hartford, carried out of the jurisdiction of the English, and there be put to death. It was likewise resolved, that if the Narragansets, or others, should assault Uncas for this execution, the English would assist and protect him. The execution was to be done in the presence of certain discreet English persons; they were to see that it was done, for the *better satisfaction* of the commissioners. Were they apprehensive that the ferocious Mohegan might relent? or that he might accept the ransom which the Narragansets where already paying for their chief?

Uncas obeyed the direction of the commissioners with alacrity. He appeared at Hartford at the appointed time, with his blood-thirsty

Mohegans; he received his prisoner and marched forth, attended by the discreet English persons who were to see that the execution was done, for the better satisfaction of the commissioners; and these discreet persons were followed by others, discreet and indiscreet, all going forth to witness the same deed of blood. The captive was conducted to Sachem Plain; as he approached the place where he was captured, the brother of Uncas stepped behind him, and the moment he trod the fatal spot, one whirl of the tomahawk cleft his scull in twain, and the soul of Miantonomi joined the spirits of his fathers.

The deed being done, Uncas gratified the appetite of a cannibal, in the presence of the English witnesses, upon the body of the illustrious victim; he then cast on the mangled remains a heap of stones, which, in after times, receiving fresh accessions from the hand of every way-faring Narraganset, continued a long-enduring monument at once of the ferocity of the cannibal, and of the atrocity of his English accomplices and advisers. He was after this escorted home to his wigwam by a band of Connecticut musketeers. Such was the fatal consequence of Miantonomi's aiding the English in the Pequot war, and of his befriending heretics.

When the tale of this dreadful outrage first reached the ears of the Narragansets, they were thunderstruck. Could it be credited? They had just made a treaty with Uncas for the ransom of their chief—a part of the ransom had already been delivered, and they were now straining their utmost means for the collection of the residue. Could it be that he was now murdered, and murdered at the instigation of his English friends! It could not be!—he had never offended them. He had been calumniated by Uncas, it was true, and charged with a design of bringing about a conspiracy against the English, and with an attempt to procure his assassination; but on all the charges of his enemy he had been heard by the Whites, and had been fully acquitted. All his acts, toward the English, had been acts of benevolence. The sojourner in the wilderness had been welcome to his own and his people's unbought hospitality. He had given homes, by ceding part of his dominions, to white men and their families in distress. All his acts, they thought, must have been pleasing to his white friends. It could not be that he was murdered by their directions. But when the truth was brought home to their minds in all its clear and dreadful realities, one universal wail of grief passed throughout all Narraganset. They had now no chief of renown to lead them forth to battle. They had no skilful ambassador to visit the Whites, and assert their national interests. They seemed to be suddenly left friendless and alone.

It was their belief that the spirit of a murdered chief or warrior still felt the anguish of the wounds of his mortal part, and failed not to cry for vengeance until appeased by the blood of the murderer. To the cries of the spirit of Miantonomi the feelings of the whole nation responded. Loud lamentations, day and night, burst from groups of women and children, and aged men, whilst the warriors, blacking their faces, sharpening their hatchets, and muttering dreadful imprecations, yearned with a never-ceasing anguish for the life of the murderous Uncas. A sort of superstitious horror fell upon all. The wrath of the Manitto was gathering over every moment's delay—some unheard of disaster—some undefinable calamity, awaited their neglect to avenge the death of their chief.

But how did the commissioners attempt to justify themselves for this atrocious deed? With two exceptions, they did nothing more than reiterate charges on which they had before acquitted their chief. The two exceptions are, first, that if his life was spared the life of Uncas would be in danger. Second, he had taken the life of the Pequot assassin, instead of delivering him to Uncas. As to the first, did not the commissioners know that his murder would jeopardize the life of their favorite tenfold more than his release? And well knowing this, and that they were adopting an Indian quarrel, did they not pledge to Uncas the protection of the whole military strength of the united colonies? As to the second, if the Pequot must die, was not justice as well administered by Miantonomi as it could have been by Uncas? Or did the offence of the Narraganset chief consist in the humanity of depriving their favorite of the satisfaction of roasting the offender alive? The truth is, that Connecticut, Plymouth, and Massachusetts, were each desirous of stretching their jurisdiction over the Narraganset country, and the latter particularly over the heretics at Shawomet; and they felt that as long as the Narraganset people were combined under the influence of such a noble spirit, they could not, with safety, put forth their boldest efforts, and deprive the persecuted of a land of refuge. I judge them by the advantages which they took of the necessary consequences of their acts.

This was the first blow of White policy which fell directly on the Narraganset people. It inflicted a wound from which they never recovered. Canonicus was now bending under the weight of many years. He was still the supreme counsellor of the nation, but he had long since committed the execution of the decrees of the grand council of the tribes to Miantonomi; and Miantonomi was now dead. On his death the sachemdom no longer presents its former unity of

aspect. The executive power passed into the hands of three undersachems—Pessacus, a brother of Miantonomi, a youth about twenty years old; Mexham, a son of Canonicus; and Ninigret, a sachem of the Nianticks, and a near relation of the deceased chief.

With the New England savage, (as perhaps with all others,) the code of vengeance was the code of honor. It formed the basis of his conception of criminal justice—international and domestic. It branched into all parts of his character—it constituted a portion of every political and social idea; and that tribe that neglected to fulfill its requirements, renounced its own nature, sunk degraded in its own estimation, and lost the respect of others. To avenge the death of a chief became, therefore, the solemn duty of every individual, or rather an irresistible impulse. The whole tribe spontaneously put forth its whole strength, moral and physical. To succeed, was to sustain their lofty spirit of independence—to fail, was to have that spirit broken down, subdued, and annihilated.

The duty of leading in this work of vengeance fell more particularly on the near kindred of the deceased; and accordingly in about two months after the murder of his brother, and again in March following, Pessacus sent messengers to the governor of Massachusetts, informing him of his determination to make war on Uncas, to avenge the death of their sachem, and requesting that the English might not interfere. To both these messages he received a similar answer—that the English intended to preserve peace, and that Uncas should participate in it. At this time Gorton had returned to Shawomet; and on his expressing to the chiefs the expectation that his wrongs would be redressed by the king of England, the idea occurred to them, that by submitting themselves to the protection of the same power, through Gorton and his friends, they might in like manner be protected from the interference and oppression of the same authorities, and have *their* grievances redressed. An act of submission was accordingly subscribed, and Gorton and others were appointed their commissioners to present it to the king, and to ask his acceptance of it. This was, in fact, no other than an application for the interposition of the British sovereign between them and their oppressors. They had just before this been summoned to attend the general court, and they now declined attending, alledging this submission as a cause, and that a common sovereign would now be judge between them and their English neighbors, and then added that the death of their sachem required their present action.

The commissioners of the united colonies perceiving that it was

their determination now to prosecute the war, prevailed on them to send delegates to meet others from Uncas at Hartford. The acceptance of this proposition arose, doubtless, from the hope that they should in a short time learn the result of their application to the king of the English. Their delegates visited Hartford, in September, 1645, and there, still under the influence of the same hope, they agreed to defer hostilities until planting time, and then to give thirty days' notice to the English of their commencement.

But no treaties of their chiefs could subdue, or effectually control, the irresistible impulse to vengeance which now pervaded the Narraganset mind. The tempest which agitated the mass of the nation, endangered all that fell within the sweep of its commotion. Even their white friends in Providence and Aquidneck became alarmed, and sought to join the New England confederacy; but their application was rejected. As to Uncas, he dared not venture beyond his fort; and Hartford, alarmed for his safety, sent troops for his protection. This roused the indignation of the Narragansets and Nianticks. They seem to have considered it a breach of the truce. They at once prepared themselves for war, and that their warriors might understand their relations with the people of Providence and Aquidneck, they concluded treaties with them, by which the inhabitants of those two places were to observe a strict neutrality, and be secure in their persons and property. They then for a short time vigorously pushed the war. During the summer they laid siege to the fortress of Uncas, slew a number of men, took a number of prisoners, and so severely was he pressed, that nothing but additional troops from Connecticut saved him and his tribe from utter extirpation.

The commissioners had adopted the quarrel of their savage ally; they had so far adopted the principles of the cannibal's code of vengeance, as, in conformity with them, to advise and direct the murder of a captive—and they were now about to shed *Christian* blood in defence of the same *inhuman* outrage.

There were, however, some amongst them who were disposed to pause; they might have thought of the judgment of posterity—or there may have been some awakenings of conscience. They, at any rate, did consider the difficulty of the enterprize; perhaps the threat of Ninigret had no small influence on their ultimate determination. That chief reminded their messengers of the military assistance sent to Uncas. He considered it a violation of the treaty, and threatened, unless that force was withdrawn, to call down upon them as many Mohawks as the English could meet, and lay their cattle on heaps as

high as their houses, and to kill every Englishman who stirred out of his door. But whatever was their inducements, they resolved to make another attempt to effect a pacification.

Roger Williams was employed as an interpreter, in the place of Benedict Arnold. Through his mediation several misunderstandings, brought about by the misrepresentations of the former interpreter, were explained; and, as the English desired a conference, it was agreed that Pessacus, Mexham, and others, should forthwith go to Boston, and treat with the commissioners for the restoration of peace.

When the Narraganset chiefs, together with a deputy from Niantick, visited Boston, they were intimidated by a great display of military force. This, together with the stern manner of the commissioners, induced them to believe that their lives were in danger. They at first proposed another truce; but this would not satisfy the commissioners. They then inquired what would satisfy them. They were told that they must pay two thousand fathoms of wampum (then about five shillings a fathom) to reimburse the united colonies for their preparations for war, restore the prisoners and canoes taken from Uncas, and make reparation for all damages, and sell *no lands* without their consent. A treaty containing these and other humiliating stipulations was accordingly signed. One great object of the commissioners seems now to have been attained: if the treaty was observed, the Indians in Narraganset could no longer sell their lands to heretics. It does not, however, appear that this treaty was subsequently ratified or confirmed by the grand council of the Narraganset Indians. Pessacus did not feel himself bound by it; at the time he made it, he was in the hands of his enemies; and he subsequently declared, that he signed it under the influence of personal fear. He said that he was told if he did not sign such and such things, the army, which he saw, should go immediately to Narraganset and kill him; but he still might comfort himself with the hope, that when his submission was known, the king would redress all his wrongs.

This treaty ultimately reduced the Narragansets to the condition of a vanquished and tributary people. Hostages were delivered for its performance, among whom was the son of Pessacus. And the fearless violence with which the commissioners subsequently enforced its terms, may have been owing to that circumstance. The payment of the wampum seems to have been a matter of grave concern with the commissioners for the space of five years, and a source of great vexation and distress to the Indians. One of the avowed objects was to impoverish and disable them from employing foreign force, particu-

larly the Mohawks. The payments were rigorously enforced, from time to time, by threats of violence, or at the point of the sword.

In the mean time every movement of the Narragansets was watched with a suspicious eye. In 1648 they seem to have again meditated the prosecution of the Mohegan war. An army of eight hundred men was raised, four hundred of whom were Mohawks, armed with muskets, and plentifully supplied with ammunition; but the same vigilance which had heretofore protected Uncas, defeated the present attempt. The Mohawks finding that they could not attack the Mohegan without endangering their peaceful relations with the English, withdrew to their native country.

At the death of Miantonomi the star of Narraganset glory had fallen; and when the venerable Canonius descended to his grave, the nation lost the common bond of union in the great mind which had hitherto directed its counsels. In 1648, this benevolent and kind-hearted old man, the benefactor of Roger Williams, and the universally beloved and esteemed of the first settlers of Rhode Island, passed to the land of spirits. There was no longer any great mind about which subordinate minds could concentrate. They became a disheartened, if not a divided people. From that time there was a want of firmness in their counsels, and of energy in their actions. The government ceased to be a government of one sachem, and became the government of several, neither of whom enjoyed the confidence of all.

The spirit of Miantonomi went unavenged. The ferocious Uncas, under the protection of the commissioners, now ranged their forests at the head of his clan, insulting, and occasionally plundering and murdering their people. He challenged their sachems to battle, he jeered the memory of their dead, and killed one of their people.

Mexham complained to the commissioners, but obtained no redress; and in 1657 the Narragansets resumed hostilities, and planned an attack on the fort of Uncas. But notice was given to Uncas by the English, and their design was frustrated. They were much irritated, and complained to the legislature of Rhode Island. That body, at their request, addressed a remonstrance to the inhabitants of Connecticut dwelling near the Mohegan fort. Hostilities were resumed in 1660. The fort was besieged. Uncas was reduced to great straits, for want of provisions; but he was supplied by the people of Connecticut, and the siege was raised. It was on this occasion that a few shots passed into some probably deserted dwelling house of certain whites who dwelt in the Mohegan plantation. The affair in itself

was of no consequence, but it gave an opportunity for the commissioners to manifest their spite. They demanded that four of the chief aggressors should be delivered up, to be sent to Barbadoes and sold as slaves, or the payment of five hundred fathoms of wampum. But this unfortunate people, whose chiefs little more than twenty years before had generously received the founders of Rhode Island—who had made them princely donations in lands—who had, as a mere occasional gratuity, given a thousand bushels of corn to a Mr. Oldham, had now become so poor by their attempts to ransom their captive chief, by their subsidizing the Mohawks, and by other expenses in their ever frustrated efforts to avenge the murder of the same chief, and by the exactions of the commissioners, that they were unable to pay the small sum of five hundred fathoms of wampum. They mortgaged their whole domain to secure this sum first to the commissioners, and subsequently to a Major Atherton, who advanced the wampum, and afterwards took possession of the vast territory by livery of the mortgagors. What renders this transaction seemingly more humiliating is, that this was the same Major Atherton, who, with twenty armed men, had been, a few years before, sent to Narraganset by the commissioners to demand the balance of wampum due by the treaty of Boston, and who, in the execution of his commission, had seized their grand sachem by the hair, and held him under the muzzle of his pistol until his people purchased his safety by complying with his demands.

The Narragansets were now indeed in a state of subjection; and from this period down to Philip's war, they seem to have submitted in sullen silence to the tyranny of the commissioners. In the course of a few years the spirit of the people had undergone a great change. The generation of chiefs and warriors who had grown up in the liberty and independence of their native wilds, before the arrival of the Whites, strong in the heroic virtues of their barbarian ancestors, had now passed from the scene of action, and had been succeeded by a generation cursed with the most debasing vices of civilization, without the blessing of one of its virtues. Intemperance, peculiarly the bane of savage life, had produced effects even more pernicious than the policy of the commissioners. It stupified and brutalized them. Few could resist its temptations, and such as could not, became the voluntary slaves of those who could gratify their appetites. Such fearful inroads had this vice made, that the legislature of Rhode Island, in 1673, much to their credit, appointed a committee to enter into a treaty with their sachems to prevent drunkenness amongst them.

Like the tribes in the neighborhood of Plymouth and Boston, they had now, to a great extent, exchanged their bows and arrows for the muskets, and their robes of fur for blankets, and other European garments, and had, like them, thus become dependent on the white trader for many of the necessities of life. Even apparent blessings seem to have contributed to weaken them and the tribes generally, and to have prepared the way for their final extirpation. Such was the result even of the benevolent efforts of Elliot, the Indian apostle. With the Indian, as with civilized man, a religious sentiment or belief formed the basis of all his social institutions. The worship of his manittos, benevolent or malignant, mingled itself with almost every amusement or important transaction of his life. When an Indian, therefore, was converted to Christianity, he was at once, and generally irretrievably, severed from the community to which he had belonged. He could no longer partake in their fasts, their feasts, or their dances, or go forth to avenge their dead. He could not even join in the burial of his deceased kindred. He ceased to be of them, and became a part of a community whose principles were antagonist to theirs. No wonder then that the sachems were generally opposed to Christianity. They lost a warrior in every male adult that became a convert; and at the commencement of Philip's war the converts amounted to nearly four thousand, many of whom were finally made subservient to the extirpation of their unconverted countrymen.

The Indian power throughout New England having been thus subdued and broken down, all the tribes being in greater or less degree of subjection to the united colonies—their numbers greatly reduced by strange diseases—their martial spirit broken by repeated defeats and disasters—their moral and physical energies impaired by vices hitherto unknown—divided among themselves, and dependent upon the Whites for the gratification of their new appetites and desires, it is perfectly evident that their associations were tending to a dissolution, and that a broad way was open to personal servitude, or to their utter extirpation. Some of their chiefs began to awake to a full sense of their situation. They found themselves moving rapidly toward the vortex of a whirlpool, which would soon swallow up the red man and his country; and those who saw this were impelled, almost instinctively, to make at least one effort against the rushing tide. In resistance there was some hope—in submission none. There were yet some things from which they might take courage. In the former wars of the red men with the white, they had fought with bows and arrows, but full half of their warriors were now sup-

plied with fire-arms, the dread implements of White prowess, and were becoming expert in the use of them; and the Narraganset power, though greatly reduced and humbled, was still the centre of Indian strength, and could yet muster from two to four thousand warriors.

In this state of things, a troubled spirit began to move over the dark waters of aboriginal life. He was engaged in collecting the wrecked and battered fragments of Indian strength and valor, and in endeavoring to connect them with their ancient basis, the Narraganset power. He was thus forming a mass whereon he was resolved to take his stand, and float or sink, live or die. That spirit was Metacom—Pumataркеam—or Philip of Pokanoket. This chief was the son of Massasoit, the friend of the English; Massasoit had died a short time previous to 1662; on his death his eldest son, Wamsutta, otherwise called Alexander, succeeded to the sachemdom. He was a lofty and proud-spirited chief. On some suspicion that he was plotting mischief with the Narragansets, the government of Plymouth caused him to be seized at his hunting house, in the midst of his attendants, and carried before a magistrate for examination. This insult so wrought upon his lofty spirit, that he was seized with a raging fever, and after being taken home on the backs of his men, in a few days died. This outrage, the first that had been perpetrated by the English on any Wampanoag chief, stirred the soul of his brother and successor, Metacom, in its deepest recess. From this moment he seems to have conceived and acted upon the daring plan of extirpating the whole English population, and of restoring the Indians of New England to their former dominion and liberty. Years were spent by him in reconciling ancient animosities, and in bringing about a combination of most of the New England tribes, to effect this great object. But I cannot enter into a history of Philip's war. I can only name those transactions and events which are essential to a history of the extermination of the Narragansets.

Great efforts were made by Philip to induce this people to join him in the enterprise. He forgot the ancient animosities of the two tribes, and appealed to the sympathies of the Narragansets, and their recollection of the wrongs which they had suffered from the English. Their younger chiefs easily caught his spirit; but the elder chiefs and warriors were desirous of dying in peace. Nannuntenoo, or Canonchet, was now their grand sachem. He was the son of the generous, but unfortunate Miantonomi, and he inherited the spirit of his father. He remembered the death of that father, and felt that his

spirit was yet unavenged. Full well he knew who directed the murder, and who stood between vengeance and the murderer. He saw, too, the degradation of his country; and strong indeed was the impulse to strike at once for vengeance and for liberty. But there were circumstances to check even the daring spirit of Canonchet. Ninigret, at the head of the Nianticks, (a part of the Narraganset nation,) was resolved on observing a strict neutrality, whilst the Mohegans and the subject Pequots would doubtless side with the Whites; and then for the English of Rhode Island he probably entertained the affections of his father. There can be little doubt that these considerations had an influence on the young sachem, as well as on all the considerate men of the nation. Historians have said that the Wampanoags commenced the war prematurely, and that the Narragansets were not to begin hostilities until the succeeding spring or summer. There seems but little foundation for this assertion. The Whites probably feared, Philip and his Indian friends doubtless hoped, that in the space of one year the Narraganset mind would be ripe for action. But their chiefs could make no such promise without the assent of their warriors; and a body of Indian warriors do not come to conclusions a year in advance of their action. The real state of the Narragansets, at the commencement of hostilities by Philip, seems to have been one of *sympathy* in his cause; and that was probably the only source of their great calamity.

In the month of June, 1675, Philip had gathered around him at Haup, his residence, a large body of Indian warriors, eager to commence the war; and on the 16th of the same month, they were so exasperated at the condemnation and execution of the slayers of Sausamon, that they could no longer be restrained. They commenced the work of destruction by killing a number of cattle in Swanze. This was followed by the slaughter of a number of the inhabitants.

The English forces immediately advanced against Philip. He thereupon broke up his encampment, and, with a view of gathering his forces on the eastern shore, passed over to Pocasset (Tiverton.) From this point he spread death and conflagration around him. He was at length assailed in turn. After some skirmishing, he was besieged in a great swamp, a part of which was near Taunton river. Over this river he escaped by rafts, on the night of the last day of July. He fled with the principal part of his forces to the Nipmuck country. He was pursued, and a number of his men were killed and wounded.

In the meantime, the old men, women, and children, and the wounded and feeble of the tribes whose warriors had taken the tomahawk, had been pouring into the Narraganset country from all quarters, claiming the protection and hospitality of the chiefs and the people. They received them with kindness—they fed the hungry, clothed the naked—they nursed the sick, and bound up the wounds of the disabled warrior. These acts, which a humane enemy among civilized nations performs for the vanquished, drew down upon the Narragansets the hostility of the English, and opened for them the gulf of destruction. There is something singular in the fate of this people. Their disasters, in almost every instance, seem to have flowed from their humanity, their generosity, or other ennobling qualities.

When the commissioners of the united colonies learned that Narraganset was a place of refuge for the women and children, and for the old and disabled of the hostile tribes, they directed a troop of infantry and a troop of horse to enter the country, and conclude a treaty, sword in hand, for the delivery of the fugitives. These forces commenced their expedition on the 5th of July. They found the northern parts of Narraganset almost entirely deserted; but meeting with four of the people, they compelled them, after four days deliberation, to conclude a treaty in the name of their chiefs. The terms of the treaty were cruel and humiliating. It bound them to deliver up all Philip's subjects, living or dead, that should come within the precincts of their lands—to commence hostilities against Philip—to employ their men as a guard round about their country, for the safety of the English inhabitants; and they delivered four hostages, near kinsmen of the subscribers, for the performance of these and other stipulations of the treaty. This treaty was, however, confirmed at Boston on the 18th of October—if that could be a confirmation where the confirming party was coerced in a state of peace, and where the confirmation implied a breach of the laws of humanity. For it was well known to the Narraganset chiefs, that to deliver up those of Philip's people who had sought a refuge with them was to deliver them to certain death, or to be sold to toil out their lives under the broiling sun of a West Indian climate, and that the proceeds of the sale of Indian flesh and blood was to be applied to the extermination of their kindred clans.

At the news of the confirmation of this treaty, the deepest feelings of the Narraganset heart were harrowed up by the agonizing entreaties of those who had thrown themselves on their benevolence. They

were their guests, their friends, and their kindred—made almost a part of themselves by immediate neighborhood, and by the thousand ties of mingled blood. To deliver them up was to deliver their own vital flesh and blood to death, or perpetual bondage. Canonchet himself now spurned the stipulations of the treaty. “Not a Wampanoag,” said he “shall be delivered up—nay, not the paring of a Wampanoag’s nail.” This stern determination belonged not to him only, but to the whole Narraganset name. Pumham, who had seceded from the confederacy in the time of Miantonomi, now rejoined it at the head of two or three hundred warriors, influenced by a like firm determination against the treaty. Even Ninigret, sachem of the Nianticks, who had resolved to remain neutral, was not behind them in refusing to comply with a similar exaction.

The commissioners of the united colonies were determined that things should not remain in this state; and on the 2d of November, ordered one thousand additional men to be raised for an expedition against the Narragansets. Canonchet foresaw the tempest, and prepared to abide its utmost fury. He constructed a large fortress on a rising ground, in the depths of a hideous swamp; it covered an area of five or six acres; it was enclosed by a dense hedge, a rod in thickness, closely girdling a circle of palisadoes firmly planted in the ground and rising some feet above the hedge. In the space within this enclosure were constructed five or six hundred spacious wigwams, covered with mats; thither were transported all the winter stores and necessary furniture of the people. This fortress was defended by all the warriors of the nation, nine hundred of whom were armed with muskets; and to it, as an ark of safety, retired their aged men, women and children, together with the unfortunate guests who had rendered all this precaution necessary. This fortress presented only two assailable points; one was the common avenue over a large tree that bridged a deep pool, or place of water, fallen with its branches pointing from the fort, so that but one person could pass in at a time; the other point was a space where the enclosure or hedge was continued by a fallen tree about five feet in height, but this was defended by flankers, and a house immediately fronting it, constructed of logs, and which answered all the purposes of a blockhouse.

Early in December six companies from Massachusetts, with a troop of horse, and two companies from Plymouth, all under Gen. Winslow, marched into the Narraganset country, and swept it from Patuxet to Smith’s garrison, (now Wickford,) what remained of the Indian inhabitants flying before them. From Smith’s garrison a war of skirmishes

and conflagrations was for several days carried on, some few of the English being slain, and a number of the Indians killed, and many taken prisoners, and one hundred and fifty of their wigwams burned. The Indians, on their part, burned Bull's house, at Tower Hill, and killed fifteen persons, men, women and children. After this event, the five companies from Connecticut, under Major Treat, arrived at Tower Hill; and on the 18th of December they were joined by the forces under General Winslow. The whole army there spent a cold and tempestuous night, and at the dawning of day, under the direction of an Indian guide, commenced their march over trackless snows, through the country of Old Queen Quiapen, for the Narraganset fortress, and found themselves in its neighborhood about noon.

The Narragansets, not suspecting the approach of their enemy, were engaged in preparing the usual meal of that hour. A considerable number of their warriors were absent; some small parties were near by in the skirts of the swamp. The report of a volley of English musketry, discharged upon these, gave the first alarm; the log house and the flankers were instantly manned with their boldest musketeers. Presently the parties that had been assailed came pouring, in wild disorder and alarm, over the tree in front of the log house; these were immediately followed by a body of pursuing English, officers and men confusedly mingled. At this moment a succession of tremendous volleys from the log house instantly spread the ground with their dead and wounded; some of them, however, actually entered the fortress. But these were soon shot down, or they fled out of the enclosure and fell on the earth to secure themselves from the deadly showers. They were immediately followed by another body of English, who, unconscious of the fate of their predecessors, came rushing on with like disordered impetuosity; but they were met with the same destructive fire and were repulsed with equal disaster. This was a moment of tremendous interests to New England—big with the destinies of the two races that peopled her. The English commanders felt the inspiration of the moment; they rallied the assailants; they re-enforced them by doubling their numbers; their General animated them by his exhortations, and the soldiers cheered each other to a renewal of the onset. A cry from one of their commanders that the enemy fled, stimulated them to the boldest efforts, and they poured in a torrent over the enclosure, heedless of the destructive fire of the log house, and taking possession of one of the flankers, made it a temporary shelter from the deadly tempest. Here their numbers were augmented, until their strength enabled them to confront their enemy, and assail his posts.

The Narragansets now contested the ground, inch by inch, and every retiring step left the field covered with their dead ; they asked for no quarter, and they gave none. The lodges, behind which they had at first sheltered themselves, fell gradually within the advancing lines of the English ; and the Indians, slowly driven to the upper end of the enclosure, left all the ground which they lost covered with blood and carnage. It had now become a field fight, in which irregular masses of Indians were contending against European discipline. In this state of things an order was given to fire their wigwams ; and their five or six hundred shelters, with all their contents, consisting of their winter store, were soon enveloped in flames. In these, many of their feeble men, women and children, had sought for shelter, and the shrieks of the agonized sufferers now came mingling with the shouts of contending warriors. One more furious effort the Narragansets made, and then yielded to despair. They gave way ; they fled, and, breaking through the enclosure, plunged into the recesses of the swamp, leaving their conqueror behind them in the midsts of the death and desolation his hands had wrought.

The English now committed to the flames whatever had hitherto escaped them, and abandoned the fort. The battle had raged with unremitting fury for the space of three hours. The English had lost upwards of two hundred in killed and wounded, and they now commenced their march back to Smith's, through the desert forests of Pettaquamscutt, and against the intense and piercing cold of a driving snow-storm. Bearing many of their dead along with their maimed, whose wounds were yet bleeding and undressed, they waded through the driving snow, and reached Smith's at a late hour in the night, all, but particularly the wounded, suffering greatly from the cold.

But if the victors endured much, what were the sufferings of the vanquished. That people, who, forty years before, had acted the good Samaritan to the founders of the State of Rhode Island, and generously given them homes, and who had on the morning of this fatal day been in the full enjoyment of an ample supply of all the necessaries and even comforts of life, were now—men, women, and children, sick and wounded—in the depths of a gloomy swamp, on a cold and tempestuous winter's night, without a shelter, without any bed but the frozen earth, without their ordinary clothing, and without a mouthful of food to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Three hundred of their fighting men had that day been slain—seven hundred more were here, on this dreadful night, dying of their wounds. There was no hand present to staunch the blood that was flowing—none to mit-

igate a single pang. Nature was forced back upon herself, and each wretched being sat absorbed in his own sufferings and dreadful presentiments.

Those who survived this disastrous night, dragged themselves, on the following morning, through the snows to the smouldering ruins of the fortress. The snow-drift was already the winding sheet and temporary grave of their dead, and nothing now appeared but the smoking ruins of their late habitations. From these they dug up some charred and half burnt ears of corn, and were thus enabled to sustain life, whilst they made some fruitless efforts to re-establish peace. But nothing would satisfy the English but the surrender of the Wampanoags. Canonchet and other sachems, however, were determined to endure every extreme of suffering, and even death itself, rather than submit to this demand.

About the middle of January, one of the elder sachems sent a message to General Winslow, requesting a month's delay, in order to adjust the terms of peace. Very probably there were divisions among the sachems. The necessity of peace was great. The price of corn amongst them was two shillings a pint. But Winslow regarded this as a mere artifice to gain time, and shortly after (27th of January) marched for the swamp, where they were posted. But the Narragansets anticipated his approach, and at once abandoned their country, carrying with them two hundred sheep and fifty cattle, of which they despoiled a Mr. Carpenter, of Warwick, and which formed a seasonable supply to a half-famished people. They were closely pursued by the English forces, and seventy of their people were captured and killed; yet they turned not upon their enemy, but pressed their flight until they joined themselves to the Nipmucks, Nashuas, and Wampanoags, among the Watchuset hills. This was the movement of the whole people, with the exception of a few straggling bands, that, concealing themselves in swamps and thickets, still clung to their native soil. But the unrelenting quest of their enemies gave them no rest. Connecticut seems to have made it her special business to exterminate the natives from the territory over which she asserted jurisdiction. Ten times, in the course of 1676, her united forces of English and Indians swept the devoted region, and rooted out all that dared to remain; and those who, urged by famine, ventured to return to dig up some scanty stock of provisions concealed in the earth, or for the purpose of enjoying the accustomed banquet which the bounty of their native shores afforded—all were killed, captured, or dispersed.

From the 27th of January, 1676, the day of the departure of the main body, the Narragansets ceased to exist as a distinct people. They blended with the followers of Philip, and shared their fortunes. Many perished miserably by famine. Many were cut off by the sword. Great numbers, through stress of hunger, surrendered themselves as prisoners, or were captured; and all such as were not executed for bearing arms in defence of their race and country, were sold into the bondage of West India slavery. The few that escaped these destinies, scattered east, west, and north, and mingled with foreign tribes. The Narraganset nation now lives only in history, unless that miserable remnant of the Nianticks, in the southwestern part of the State, may be considered a fragment of the Narraganset people. The majority of the Nianticks remained neutral during the war. Some few of their warriors joined the Mohegans and subject Pequots, and, to secure the friendship of the Whites, fought under Captain Denison, of Connecticut, against their brethren. But the present miserable and degraded condition of the remnant of this tribe, makes it at least questionable, whether the sudden extinction of their braver countrymen was not preferable to the lingering consumption of which they have ever since been wasting away. With the exception of these, there was not, at the close of Philip's war, a single free Narraganset in all the extent of country which that people had lately occupied. The whole tract was one deserted waste. Not a single wigwam remained to curl up its smoke to heaven—nay, nor a single English habitation. Warwick had been burnt, and Providence had greatly suffered.

Until after the invasion of the Narragansets, the inhabitants of Rhode Island appear not to have participated in the war. They had ever lived on terms of friendship and good feeling with their Indian neighbors, and they appear to have regarded the Narraganset war, when commenced by the united colonies, as at least of doubtful justice. But when commenced, it left them no choice. They subsequently so far followed the example of other colonies, as to execute one if not two of the Narraganset under-sachems as adherents of Philip, and to sell some of the captives, not as slaves for life, but as servants for a term of years. Canonchet was the last grand sachem of the Narragansets; he was captured in the month of April, by a party of English, Mohegans and Nianticks, under Captain Denison, of Stonington. They offered him his life if he would procure the submission of his tribe. This he firmly refused to do; choosing rather to die himself than to subject his people to the cruel bondage of the Whites; he was then

taken to Stonington, and sentenced to be shot. When told of sentence, he answered that he liked it well ; he should now die be his heart was soft, or he had said any thing unworthy of himself. Pequots then shot him. Oneco, the son of Uncas, beheaded him, the traitorous Nianticks burnt his body to ashes, and presented head as a token of their fidelity to the English authorities at Hartford. Thus died Canonchet, the son of Miantonomi, and the last great sachem of the Narragansets.

Such is a brief and imperfect history of the subjection and extermination of the Narragansets. They were our earliest friends ; they received us in the day of tribulation, in the person of our founder his family. Through him they welcomed us with the salutation of pipe of peace ; through him they gave to us this fair land, now bristled with towns and cities, and teeming with busy and happy life. In the bosom of their nation they nursed and cherished our infancy ; their strength had no terrors for our weakness. Our childhood fearless sported with the mane of the lion, even whilst he was stung to madness by the outrages of its persecuting kindred. They partook, perhaps unconsciously, of our sufferings in the great cause of religious freedom. They were the friends of heretics, and expiated their offence in the blood of their most illustrious chief. Indeed, Rhode Island owes too great a debt to this unfortunate people to tread rudely upon their ashes, or to deny them a distinct historical monument, and a simple and faithful epitaph. We can now redress none of their wrongs but we can do to their memory the justice of speaking the truth.

LECTURE.

THE IDEA OF THE SUPERNATURAL AMONG THE INDIANS.

IN a lecture sometime since delivered in another place, I gave some account of the Narragansets, the most considerable tribe of aborigines found at the settlement, within the limits of New England. I gave some account of their resources, and their government, and briefly pointed out those elements in their character which gave them, as a community, or rather as an association of communities, a capacity for resisting change to a greater extent than belonged to any of the other New England tribes ; and I followed this by a rapid history of their subjugation and final extirpation by the Whites. But there was one feature in their character, not however peculiar to them, but which nevertheless bore such an important part in modifying the action of that combination of causes which effected their ruin, that I deemed it highly worthy of a separate consideration, and of a philosophical analysis. I allude to their idea of the supernatural—an idea which involved their religion, their faith in a future state, together with all those superstitious beliefs and practices, which with them, as under various forms they ever do in every community, sprang spontaneously from the all teeming soil of the religious sentiment. Most of the prominent features of society took form and complexion from this idea ; most of their institutions had their basis in it ; and it need not be said, that whatever is founded in the religious sentiment rests upon the very ground-work of human nature, and so stubbornly resists change, that it is often easier, abundantly easier, to destroy the foundation itself than to alter or modify that which rests upon it. This, to a great extent, was realized by the Narragansets, and their kindred tribes, and hence their civilization became exceedingly difficult, and their extirpation almost inevitable.

Can such an idea be without its interest to the philosophic historian ? Though of itself silent and invisible, yet if it did in fact pervade and take form in their whole social frame, then it was essentially the same idea which, under the antagonist operation of Christian civilization, resolved itself into action, and spoke in the sanguinary events of their history. It was the same idea which, standing forth in the form of a rude humanity, resisted, wept, bled, suffered, and

was finally extirpated only by the extermination of the race. No history of the aborigines of New England can be complete, that fails to trace this idea to its origin, and to define its character.

In illustrating and analyzing this idea, I shall not confine myself to the limits of any tribe, nor to any particular period, but shall go wherever a similar idea may be found, and embrace any fact or suggestion that may present itself in connection with it, serving to define its character or throw light upon its philosophy. We take this liberty of necessity. The light which early New England historians afford us is very imperfect. They were generally rigid opinionists, and sometimes bigots. The aborigines could not be free in their communications to those who ridiculed their rites as the whims of children or abhorred them as the incantations of sorcery, and the suggestions of the prince of darkness. Even the liberal minded Roger Williams could say, that after once being in their houses, and beholding what their worship was, he durst never after be eye-witness, "lest he should be accounted a partaker of Satan's inventions and worship." Yet none of the early writers are so copious on this subject as Williams and Cotton Mather copies the *heretic* almost verbatim, without making the slightest acknowledgement of his obligations to him.

But facts illustrative of their religious notions may be gathered from a very wide range. The Narragansets were a branch of the Algonquin or Chippeway stock; and the members of this family were diffused, at the era of the discovery, as appears by their language, over the whole country, from the Penobscot to the Chesapeake, and from the ocean to Lake Superior.

But the limits of this lecture do not admit of an extensive collection of facts, neither does its object require it. My purpose is to show that their general idea of the supernatural sprang from the inherent energies of the mind, called into action by the sublime and mysterious around and within them; and that it thus constituted an essential part of their nature. In doing this I shall trace the idea as it developed itself in their mythology, in their worship, in their magical incantations, and in their belief of the immortality of the soul.

The Narragansets acknowledge one Supreme Spirit, Giver or Master of life. Him they regarded as the supreme source of all power and of all good. They supposed the earth on which they dwelt to be an island resting on the bosom of the great deep. It was this Omnipotent Spirit who drew it from the abyss of the mighty waters; clothed it with forests and herbage, and caused its mountains, valleys, plains, lakes, rivers and bays, to teem with all manner of living things. They

regarded themselves as his children, created by his hands ; and believed that earth, and flood, with all their abundance, had been provided by him as an inheritance for their special use.

They seem to have recognized in this Great Being a sort of Omnipresence. He was the Great Man who looked down from above. They witnessed his anger in the flash and roar of the thunder cloud. His presence was felt in the stupendous mountain, its overhanging cliffs and solemn groves. His voice was heard and his strength was felt in the roaring cataract, where the forests stood trembling for leagues around. Nor was He absent from the vast and unexplored cavern where ever-during silence reigned, save when broken by those mysterious echoes, which, resounding from its unknown depths, told of the invisible Being that made it his temple. In short, wherever they found the sublime and mysterious combined, there they recognized the presence of this invisible Being. But though ascribing to him this sort of ubiquity, they yet believed that his chosen abode was in the Island of Sowanui, in the far southwest, whence came the balmy breezes of the summer, fructifying the earth and giving life and joy to its inhabitants.

They ascribed to him a human form. Under this form they seem to have regarded him as the Chief Manitto of all human manittos, or spirits. He was, therefore, the Chief Manitto or Spirit among the spirits of the blessed. It was around the grand council fire of the Great Spirit that the souls of their departed chiefs and warriors assembled to rehearse the exploits which they had performed while on earth, and to banquet on the luxuries of their paradise.

But this Great Manitto was likewise represented under certain typical forms. It was under these forms that they often saw him in their dreams. He sometimes, however, actually assumed them ; as when such assumption became necessary in order to accomplish some great purpose, or to manifest himself in some interesting attribute. Thus it is said to have been a tradition of the Chippeways, that before earth was created, all was one vast expanse of waters—waters without a shore—and that when the Great Spirit willed to draw the earth from their abyss he took the form of a mighty eagle, and moved over the great deep, with eyes flashing fire, and wings rustling thunder, and that on touching the surface with the plumage of his breast, earth, filled with all living things, at once arose and floated on its bosom.

This form seems to have been typical of his power. But there was another which was probably emblematical of his boundless benevolence, or of the absence of all evil. Thus by the Indians of New England

he seems to have been symbolically represented as the great Hare, or divine Hare; nor ought this to provoke our ridicule; we have the lamb and the dove in the Scriptures. We ought rather to infer that there is a tendency in all mind to represent the attributes of the Creator by those living organisms which, perhaps, have more particularly taken birth from those very attributes which they are thus used to represent.

But whenever they found a mysteriously operating cause, they discovered some manitto or spirit, subordinate to the Supreme. They thus found manittos all around, and even within their own bodily organization. The Indian could not doubt that the voluntary agent which existed within him—which constituted his essential self and presided over his frame was a manitto. But he placed his hand upon his heart—he felt its pulsations—and he asked himself the question, which science and philosophy through all time has asked but never answered, What causes this beating? It was something wonderful, and the Indian called it a manitto. He discovered another in his wrist; in short, he found many manittos within his own body, besides the voluntary principle which presided over and ruled the whole. On the like principle, diseases, which deranged the healthful action of their manittos, were evil spirits afflicting the sick.

To every thing that had motion apparently its own, they seem to have ascribed a distinct vital and voluntary principle, and whenever it was of a nature to call forth their wonder or astonishment, they called it a manitto, or divine power. Thus the sun, and the moon, and the stars, as they ran through their changes in the heavens, and called up the mind of the savage at once to contemplate their beauty and recognize their blessings, were the most beneficent of manittos, or divine powers. The boundless ocean, that lashed the shores with never-ceasing waves, and swelled and shrunk like a vast mass of breathing life, was a manitto of all but omnipotent power. Each quarter of the heavens had its manitto, who came in balmy breeze and gentle showers, or rode forth on the wings of the tempest, carrying terror and destruction in his career.

The term manitto was of such general application, that it may be questioned whether the Indian's simple philosophy did not teach him, that every property by which one thing was distinguished from another was itself divine. Thus each species of animals had its manitto: as the manitto of the deer, the manitto of the beaver, the manitto of the buffalo. And whenever any individual of the species was distinguished for excellence in its kind—as a deer for its speed, a fox for its cunning, a buffalo for strength—in such the ruling deity of the species

was more particularly manifest, and it thus came of itself to be regarded as a manitto. In such the divinity of the species stood out in its most perfect form, and of such they made their household gods and heraldic insignia; the amulet or talismanic skin, which gave its supernatural aid to the hunter in the chase; and the totem or badge, by which each tribe was distinguished in the great movements of their confederacies.

A badge, or totem, appears to have been adopted in the west by each tribe of the Chippeway, or Algonquin stock, and it may hence be presumed that its use was likewise understood in the east. It seems certain, however, that similar heraldic insignia were used individually, by the principal chiefs and warriors of the New England tribes. The belt of Philip, or Metacom, wrought of wampum, was ornamented with the representations of animals, reminding one of the embossed figures on the shields of the ancient Greeks, and betraying their origin in the operation of similar causes. Not that the Indians derived their usage, directly or indirectly, from the Greeks; but that the human mind in a state of barbarism, spontaneously falls into like habits and customs, and that the Grecian usage was a remnant of the savage state. It is believed that some particular animal often acquired with the Narraganset warrior, as well as with his kindred of the west, such religious importance as to be regarded as his guardian manitto. Such was the case when it had been presented to him by the Great Spirit in a dream, during the ceremony of his initiation as a chief or warrior, and in such cases the representation of the animal would doubtless become the badge of the individual.

Yotaanit, or the manitto of fire, among the Narragansets was a wonderful deity—one of useful and, at the same time, very dangerous attributes. Can it be, said they to Williams, but that this fire is a manitto, or divine power, that out of a stone will arise in a spark—that will warm us when we are cold, and, if it be angry, will burn our house—yea, if it fall into the dry wood, sets the forest in a blaze, and reduces the country to ashes?

With the Indians, as with all other portions of the human race, the entire humanity, the whole mind, with all its perfections and imperfections, seems to have been reflected into the supernatural. Hence we find not merely the good affections impersonated and carried up to perfection in the supreme Manitto, but the evil propensities, represented as existing in external forms. Therefore, they had a malignant manitto—a being whom they supposed to be the very essence of all evil. His wrath they deprecated, and sought to control by incan-

tations and magical rites. It was the practice of these which excited so much horror in our ancestors, and which they called the worship of the devil. It was at the black dance, where the priest, robed in the habiliments of the sorcerer, and perhaps stained a sable hue from crown to waist, led the magic circle, howling his imprecations against the enemy, that our progenitors supposed the prince of darkness exhibited his visible presence. But I will not try the patience of my hearers by a more particular enumeration of their deities. My object is to interrogate the universal principles of human thought and action, and to ascertain from them, if practicable, in what manner their ideas of the supernatural originated. I know that we have an abundance of theories to account for its origin. Whenever an author has made the aborigines his theme, he has seldom failed to trace them to an origin in some European or Asiatic people; and, in doing this, it has been convenient to consider the mind of the man of America as perfectly passive—as utterly incapable of originating any thing; and, therefore, as having borrowed all his ideas, particularly on religious subjects, of that parent stock in the old world, from which the author is pleased to trace his descent. I shall occupy what may perhaps be denominated the opposite extreme. I shall hold that he has borrowed little or nothing; that his ideas of the supernatural however their expression may have been modified by foreign communications, are mainly of the spontaneous growth of the mind, in its rudest and most uncultivated state; and that all the forms and fables of tradition are but diversified modes in which the same great ideas are expressed. In doing this, I shall not disturb him who chooses to believe in a communication to man, by an original divine inspiration, of the idea of the supernatural; but I may go a step farther, and insist that, if it be an inspiration, it is inspiration in its most perfect form—that it is one and the same with that breath which breathed into man a living soul, endowed with all the energies necessary for the future development of the great ideas of supreme intelligence and a future state. We have been, I apprehend, disposed to attribute too little to the effect of the inherent energies of the mind. When we exploded the doctrine of innate ideas, we almost forgot that there were innate faculties—original inherent tendencies which, under appropriate circumstances, must ever give birth to those very ideas which we had correctly denied to be innate. Is it necessary to school the sportive urchin in geometrical figures, before he can make his circles, his squares, and triangles in the sand? Are these a portion of our traditional ideas? Must they be taught as we are taught

our creeds? Were the past obliterated from all mind, would not these ideas return of necessity? The truth is, they need no teacher. They are the spontaneous growth of *all* mind. The same universal reason which impels the bird to build the circle of her nest, and the bee to construct the six angles of its cell, passes through the incipient mind of childhood out into space, where it of necessity sports in geometrical forms; and the same rational principle, which thus puts on the relations of space, does, when it passes into the mysterious and sublime, in like manner resolve itself into ideas of the supernatural—the only ideas appropriate to the region into which it has passed. Tradition is secondary—it comes to its aid—it assists it with a language; but it does nothing more.

What then were the essential elements of the idea designated by the term *manitto*—a term which we have translated God, or Spirit. From the manner in which this term is invariably used, it seems to be palpable that it signified a vital power, property, or energy, which acted from, and resided within, an external manifestation—as the soul in the body—a self-subsisting and self-acting cause, lying beyond the grasp of the Indian's senses, and exciting his wonder and admiration.

Action within him he felt proceeded from a vital, voluntary, and conscious cause; and when he witnessed what appeared to be self-action elsewhere, he necessarily ascribed to it a like vital, voluntary and conscious agent. He came to this result by no labored train of metaphysical reasoning, but by the spontaneous movement of the mind. Infancy never witnesses motion, but that it involuntarily ascribes to it an intelligent cause. It is a primitive judgment of the mind, formed without an effort, and of which it loses sight only after repeatedly discovering that all effects are constantly resolvable into causes, which in turn are but effects of causes still higher.

But in the unenlightened mind of the savage, a great number of these primitive judgments necessarily remain unchanged. What knows he of the causes which produce the flux and reflux of the sea? Who has informed him of the action of gravitation upon the air, and of the effects of various temperatures in producing the tempest and the whirlwind? Who has rendered him familiar with the electric fluid, so as to take from the peal of thunder and the flash of lightning the special manifestations of an angry God? Who has placed in his hand the telescope, and thereby robbed the heavens of his deities? But so long as these primitive judgments remain unchanged, he is forced to regard the ocean, the tempest, the lightning, and the heavenly bodies,

as forms animated by intelligences their own, and as beings vastly superior to the awe-stricken mortal who contemplates them.

Let us for a moment look at nature with the eye of one of these her uninstructed children, and we shall the better understand the conceptions which her energies excite. To his mind the earth is a circle of but a few days' journey over—ridged, indeed, with mountains, cloven with rivers, and beaten by the never-ceasing waves of the ocean; but still a circle of very limited dimensions. His view is shut in on every side by the encircling horizon, whilst the blue vault of heaven, proportionally defined, closes over him, and confines his range of thought to an universe as limited as the apparent scope of his vision. The sun, the moon, and the stars, are only greater and lesser lights, moving in their circuits, and alternately appearing and disappearing as if endowed with a life their own. All around him is likewise motion. The rivers are hastening to the sea; the ocean, whether in tempest or in calm, is never still, and breeze or storm is constantly sweeping the bosom of the forest. If he pauses for a moment, and looks within himself, he finds all in motion there; he feels the greater and lesser motions—the pulsations of the heart and the wrist, and the heaving of the breast—and then those general and all-controlling motions which proceed from the dictates of the will. Of all this he is conscious—and without reasoning, or pausing to theorize, he feels that the universal agitation around him has, like that within him, a voluntary or intelligent principle, soul, or ruling manitto; and that the heaving of the great deep and the rush of the torrent, like the heaving of his breast and the pulsation of his heart, have each a separate soul, manitto, or intelligent principle of action. Thus all around, as well as all within him, has life. 'Tis as if he had found a vast duplicate of himself in the universe which he is contemplating—as if his whole being had swollen to the dimensions of the universal frame—till, in contemplating the stupendous wonder into which his existence seems to be resolved, he loses the consciousness of his own little individuality, and involuntarily worships the dread Supernatural, into whose presence he is thus mysteriously drawn. He salutes the power which rules the whole, and calls it the Supreme Manitto, or Great Spirit; whilst he hails those powers which manifest themselves in the parts of the universal frame as subordinate manittos, and assigns to them appropriate names.

Thus the Indian did not come to his knowledge of the supernatural by a process of reasoning, but in a much shorter way—he *felt* it; and when reason required him to account for the formation of the

universe, and for his own creation, he found his faith already in possession of that which was able to satisfy her demands.

Though our aborigines were thus surrounded with their deities—though they breathed the air of the supernatural—though it mingled with all their feasts, and dances, and public ceremonies, yet it was not on every occasion that its idea was present in its most imposing form. Some deep emotion, combined with a sense of the mysterious, was ever necessary to bring out an expression of an elevated religious feeling. The sentiment of the sublime is closely allied to the perception of the supernatural. Who is there, that has cast his eye from some promontory that overlooks the boundless expanse of ocean, and beheld the vast mass of moving waters, that has not felt the presence of the invisible power that moves them? Who is there that has paused over the brink of Niagara, and beheld its whole western world of waters descending like the ruin of a universe, that has not felt his own being expand with the ingatherings of mysterious thought, until he caught something more than a mere glimpse of the power that presided over and gave its energy to the soul-engrossing wonder? Such scenes draw deeply on the heart, and touch that part of human nature, whether in savage or civilized man, that approximates the divinity within. It is the attempt to give outward expression to these feelings that induces the voice and attitude of adoration, and the ceremonials of sacrifice.

When the young prince of the Winnebagoes, who accompanied Carver on his visit to the falls of St. Anthony, beheld that stupendous cascade, he recognized in the sublimity of the spectacle the presence of the Great Spirit, and began to address him in an audible voice. "He then threw his pipe into the stream; then the roll that contained his tobacco; after these the bracelets that he wore on his wrists; next an ornament that encircled his neck, composed of beads and wires; and at last the ear-rings from his ears—in short, he presented his god every part of his dress that was valuable. During the ceremony he frequently smote his breast with great violence, threw his arms about, and appeared to be much agitated." Who is there that does not see in this the expansion of a mysterious sentiment, spontaneously seeking, by every possible avenue, to establish a communication between itself and the Being who inspires it? Who is there that does not recognize in it the original language of devotion, that comes because it must, and comes in every form it can? And who, after witnessing such an instance, can think of finding in the customs of a more civi-

lized people the common fountain whence this primitive devotion and its forms are derived?

Yet will speculation still urge its theories, regardless of the constitution of the human mind and its necessary results. One traces the aboriginal idea of the supernatural to the Hebrews, another to the Tartars, another to the Hindoos—in short, there is scarcely any ancient doctrine known to the old world, to which the primitive inhabitants of the new have not been supposed to be indebted for their religion, and their forms of worship. But who that considers the Indian race as a portion of the common humanity, and as a portion that has undergone the least change, that will not be able to trace this idea and its accompanying forms of expression, to the Indian mind alone, inspired and actuated by the image of the supernatural reflected into the works of creation. Give me the mind of man as it is, and give me the works of creation as they are, and I will show you firm believers in the supernatural, though they sprang from the earth like the men of Cadmus.

We see, from the instance already mentioned, that adoration with the Indian was an attempt to effect a communication with the supernatural Being whose presence was felt, by resolving the inspired feeling into sounds and signs. The rites of his adoration were the forms which the feeling took in action—his words those which it took in sound. Both were the expression of the same deep feeling, and both, in the broadest sense of the terms, were its instinctive language. The rites of all adoration are necessarily typical and mystical, and its words of necessity highly metaphorical. In truth, the whole language of devotion, whether in the form of signs or sounds, has been in all times and in all countries the language of poetry. The type and the metaphor go together, and may, when harmoniously combined, express that which, without such union, may be inexpressible. But this mystical language could not be equally well used by all—a few would necessarily excel. But these few were no other than the Indian priesthood—a natural order of priests, which spontaneously grew up amongst them, to satisfy the demands of the sentiment of the supernatural, and who, therefore, in all things represented it. They were, in fact, no other than the sentiment itself *externized*—brought out of the common mind, and bodied forth in the community, as an order or class of men. Hence the duties of the Indian priesthood were far more various than the term seems to imply.

With the Indian the supernatural was in every thing. It was above, beneath, around, and within him; and his priest was not

merely priest, but prophet, physician, and magician. He sacrificed to the Great Spirit; he received from Him revelations of the future; he expelled the malignant demons that afflicted the sick; and conjured up spirits from the vasty deep to do his bidding.

It was in the dreams of a profound sleep, induced by long continued watching and fasting, that the prophet sought a more direct communication with the Great Spirit. It was in this sleep that an interior world was open to his view. There he held high and mysterious intercourse with the supernatural—there he was sometimes favored with a personal manifestation of the Great Spirit himself—at others with an actual foresight of some impending event, or at least with allegorical imagery expressive of the will of his deity, and the destinies that awaited the tribe. In these allegorical dreams, every animal was a manitto, and every image a type expressive of the future. In the apt interpretation of this imagery lay the prophetic skill; and on the termination of his mystical sleep, the prophet rose, full of the inspiration of his visions, to announce the fates, and deliver the mandates of the great Manitto. This was the process on great occasions—as when the council had decided on war, and the chiefs and warriors had assembled preparatory to their march. But on unexpected emergencies, or less important occasions, the prophet had other resorts. He sometimes threw himself into great agitations, mental and bodily, till apparently overcome by the excitation thus voluntarily produced, he paused in a state of seeming insensibility—a state, however, in which the conceptions of the instant seemed to have overpowered all impressions of external objects, till the whole soul, as with the ancient sybil, resolved into a world its own, beheld the future as present, and gave forth the prophetic enunciations from the midst of the rapt visions of the moment. Such, if we may believe Carver, was the manner of the singular prediction made to him by the chief priest of the Killistinoes.

The priest thus officiated as prophet; but wherever manitto, benevolent or malign, manifested his presence, the mystic office of the priest was put in requisition. Diseases, as before stated, were manittos of a malignant type, and none but the priest could effectually subdue or control them. He used medicines, indeed, but the principal means by which he hoped to cast out the demons, were his charm and incantation. He sat day and night by his patient, rattling the chickicone in his ears, and practising other mystic ceremonies, for the avowed purpose of directing the attention of the demon from the work of destruction, and of acquiring a more perfect knowledge of his nature.

Such, and the like, were the superstitions Winslow witnessed at time he visited Massasoit in his sickness. There is a consistency in these superstitions, however childish they may appear; they catch them from the patient struggling with disease, into the great operations of nature. The Senecas believe that an eclipse of the sun or the moon is no other than the act of a bad spirit, that mischievous manitto intercepts the light intended for earth and its inhabitants. Great solicitude is therefore felt; their anxiety prompts them to do something to drive off or divert the attention of the demon, and for this purpose they do—what is just as effectual as any thing else that it could do—they fill the air with noise and outcry, until the malignant manitto has departed, and left the sun again to smile on the Senecas. In all this we see nothing but the spontaneous efforts of mind in infancy, acting as it best can, to relieve itself from its own pain, bewilderment and apprehension.

The life of the savage is a life of danger, and he is oftener under the influence of fear than of hope; and hence the priest is oftener called to divert the influence of evil spirits, than to solicit the favor of good. His tricks as a magician doubtless best established his reputation for an interest with the malignant class of manittos; and he most excelled therein, generally acquired the greatest influence in his tribe. Of the magicians of New England, the most noted was Passaconaway, of Penacook; he could metamorphose himself into flame; he could make water burn and trees dance; he could raise a green leaf from the ashes of a dry one, and a living serpent from the skin of one that was dead.

“ A wondrous wight, for o’er Siogia’s ice,
With brindled wolves, all harnessed three and three,
High seated in a sledge, made in a trice,
On Mount Agiochook, of hickory,
He lashed and reeled, and sung right jollily;
And once upon a car of flaming fire,
The awe-struck Indian shook with fear to see
The King of Penacook, his chief, his sire,
Ride flaming up toward Heaven, than any mountain higher.”

In short, his sorcery failed him in but one thing. He acknowledged that he could not, by the utmost stretch of his art, expel the English.

I mention not these superstitious practices and customs as any thing new to my hearers, but for the purpose of showing how necessary they grew out of the aboriginal idea of the supernatural—that they stand to it in the relation of effect to cause, and that they are in mere medley of usages adopted from some ancient stock—isolated

memory or tradition, and representing nothing. Traditional in one sense they may be, but they are traditional in that sense only as a language expressive of a pre-existent idea; an idea unborrowed, and of the spontaneous growth of the Indian mind. The idea exists—therefore the customs—the customs retained by the idea and subsisting upon it as their basis.

There was one article in their creed, which, perhaps, throws more light upon their idea of the supernatural than can be gathered from any other source. I allude to their belief in the immortality of the soul, and their ideas of its nature—a belief which with them was firm, deep and radical, and their notion of its nature seemingly as fixed and definite as that of their bodily existence. The soul was a spirit or *manitto*; and by ascertaining what they meant by the soul, we shall the better understand what idea they attached to the term *manitto*. Nor will the inquiry be without its philosophical use, since in all psychology, it has been an interesting problem to determine what the first teachings of nature are upon this great subject. I say the first teachings of *nature*; for that the Indians received and retained their idea of the soul's immortality as a mere tradition, is even less probable than that they borrowed their mythology from Europe or Asia.

There is no article of human faith more general; and, divest it of its explanatory theories, there is no one more uniform than the popular belief on this subject. Go back to the most distant epoch in history—there grasp in conception the whole human family, and descend, from generation to generation, through all time, and through all mind, savage and civilized, and you will find the belief in its essential form everywhere and always the same. The attempt to explain the manner *how* and the place *where* of a spiritual existence, is an effort of the understanding, made after the belief has spontaneously arisen, in order to reconcile it with experience, and the apparent order of things in the external universe. Hence comes the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul—that of its re-absorption by Deity—that of its re-union with the body—and that of its shadowy existence in the Elysium of the Greeks; and hence, also, to the mind dissatisfied with any explanation, comes the belief of its utter annihilation, or cessation of existence. But divest it of these after-thoughts—these vain attempts to make the inward and outward worlds the same—and there is a surprising uniformity in the popular belief of all nations, through all time—a uniformity which conclusively shows that it springs from some unalterable principle, or tendency of the human mind, and that it owes nothing to tradition.

The spirits of the Scriptures—those of the ancient classics—those of Ossian—those of the barbarians of Africa—those of the Indians of this continent, and those of the present age of civilization and refinement, have all the same generic character, the same kind of motion, the same diversity of presence, and the same mode of appearance and evanescence, and all are supposed to be of the same ethereal substance. Compare the ghosts of Ossian, through whose shadowy form the stars dimly twinkled, with the spirit mentioned in the Book of Job, and then recollect that the countries of the respective authors were distant from each other nearly two thousand miles, and their respective ages were separated by a space of perhaps three thousand years. Yet none can fail to recognize in both instances the same common faith, or can avoid ascribing to that faith the same origin.

But where shall we find this origin—the prolific germ of this overshadowing growth? I answer, in the active constituent principles, or inherent energies of all mind, bodying forth its imagery particularly in dreams. The faith, therefore, which they generate, is ever essentially the same, and comes spontaneously and irresistibly. The first time that the image of a deceased friend visited the slumbers of night, the heavens were opened, and faith in a continued existence descended into the human breast, and there made her lasting abode. It is not my business to inquire whether this effect, resulting from a fixed law of the mind, affords any just foundation for the belief. I here only endeavor to account for the origin of this faith in the aboriginal mind, and to ascertain its nature. For this purpose, I will inquire, what is the first necessary idea of that imagery, which is arrayed, as by an unseen hand, before the mental eye of the dreamer? Is it his first necessary judgment, that it is made up of independent realities, or that it consists merely of his own vivid conceptions? To show that the tendency of the mind is to believe in its independent existence, I appeal to the mind of childhood, which not unfrequently mistakes its dreams for realities; and from this circumstance, perhaps, more than from the tales of the nursery, acquires its dread of the supernatural. And I ask whether a faith of this kind, ingrafting itself in the very germ of existence, can ever after be eradicated? I further appeal to the established truths of intellectual philosophy, and the uniform tendency of the human mind as revealed by all early history. But in doing this, I ask to be understood as merely endeavoring to show what was the necessary belief of the Indian, and how it originated, and that beyond this, I am affirming nothing and denying nothing.

"It is," says Mr. Stewart, "a common remark, that our dreams are in every instance involuntary on our part, and that they appear to obtrude themselves upon us by some external cause." If this be true, and if during our sleep we are irresistibly impressed, particularly in childhood, with a full belief in their separate existence, I ask whether it does not require an effort of the understanding—indeed, a whole system of intellectual philosophy, constructed by each individual for himself, to aid his scepticism, before he can indulge his doubts or pronounce them sheer delusions. No such philosophy marks the early ages, or the savage state at any time. On the contrary, the uniform tendency is to believe in perfect accordance with appearances. It would seem that a primitive philosophy taught that all dreams were presented to the mind by some supernatural power. Such is the testimony of all Scripture: "In the visions of night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumbering upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." Understand me as referring to the Scriptures only as very ancient writings, for the purpose of showing what the belief was in the age in which they are written. The sacred writers never appear to have doubted the independent existence of the objects of their dreams, or of their supernatural origin. In them they believed that they heard supernatural voices, and saw supernatural forms, distinctly bodied forth to their intellectual vision. One of the most ancient dreams upon record is thus given in the Book of Job: "In thoughts from the visions of night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still; but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God?" Who can doubt that the relater of this dream believed that what was thus seen and heard existed independent of the dreamer's conceptions, and that it really was the spirit that it appeared to be?

In perfect accordance with this belief appears to be the popular philosophy of Greece and Rome, particularly as announced by their poets. According to their philosophy, all dreams, true or false, were no other than imagery arrayed before the mental eye during sleep, by the agency of good or evil demons. If phantoms, they still had an existence, substantial, independent, and active. They were created by the gods, and they were dispatched by the deity creating them, with all due gravity, upon their deluding messages. Even those dreams that were the manifest results of sensation, were referred to

a supernatural origin. Thus Diomed and Ulysses, under cover of night, assail and kill the Thracians as they lie asleep in their camp. They find Rhesus, their king, slumbering in his tent. One of them transfixes him with a spear. A present deity instantly supplies the dream that follows the infliction of the wound:

Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent,
A warlike form appeared before his tent,
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore ;
So dreamed the monarch, and awoke no more.

What is the allegory, first given by Homer, and afterwards repeated by Virgil, of the two gates of sleep—the one of polished ivory, and the other of transparent horn—but an attempt to reconcile the doctrine of a supernatural origin of all dreams, with the dictates of a more mature reason? Does not the gate of transparent horn represent the region of mind above the senses, through which true visions from the supernatural world might pass, unmixed with sensation? and does not the gate of ivory represent the region of the senses, through which the same imagery might pass, but in passing, must become mingled with and falsified by, excited sensation? (If so, Virgil very properly makes his hero return from his vision of Elysium, through the ivory gate. He brings him back to the region of the senses.)

But be this as it may, in the doctrine of a supernatural origin of dreams, we see nothing but the suggestions of mind in its infancy—and they belong equally to the infancy of the individual, and the infancy of the species. They are primitive judgments, which mature reason itself never completely eradicates. In fact, the belief of the ancients on the subject was so nearly the same with that of the Indians of this continent, that, regarding them both as the result of the same primitive philosophy, we may use either as illustrative of the other.

It was in the world of visions, where the dreamer's self appeared to himself, that he often met with his departed friends. They came in the same form as in life—robed in the same garments, and speaking in their well known voices. They conversed as they had conversed thousand times before; and how could he doubt that they still lived. Deeming all the objects of his dreams realities, how could he doubt the reality of these? The dream of Achilles, in the Iliad, as translated by Pope, presents a strong illustration of the truth of our position and however familiar it may be to my hearers, I must be excused for repeating it, on account of its general application to the whole subject.

of this lecture: for it has its basis in ideas that spontaneously arise in all mind, whether Grecian or aboriginal American.

Achilles, having slain Hector and dragged his body three times around the walls of Troy, and thus appeased the offended spirit of his beloved Patroclus, throws himself down upon the sea-shore and falls into a profound slumber. When lo! the ghost of Patroclus rises before him in the robe he was accustomed to wear; the same as in life seemed the beauty of stature and melody of voice.

The form familiar hovers o'er his head;
 "And sleeps Achilles," thus the phantom said,
 "Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
 Living, I seemed his dearest, tenderest care,
 But now forgot I wander in the air.
 Let my pale corse the rites of burial know;
 And give me entrance to the realms below;
 Till then the spirit knows no bidding place;
 But here and there the unbodied spectres chase
 The vagrant dead around the dark abode;
 Forbid to cross the irremeable flood.
 Now give thy hand, for to the further shore,
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more;
 When once the last funereal flames ascend,
 No more shall meet Achilles and his friend."

The phantom vanishes—Achilles rouses—the body of Patroclus was then lying dead in his tent; but the following burst of astonishment, uttered with uplifted arms, at the moment he starts from his slumber, shows how completely the ideal semblance of his friend had triumphed over the conviction of his senses:

'Tis true! 'tis certain! man though dead retains
 Part of himself, the immortal mind remains;
 The soul subsists without the body's aid;
 Aerial semblance and an empty shade!
 This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
 Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost.
 E'en now familiar as in life he came;
 Alas! how different, yet how like the same!

True, these are but the imaginings of the poet; but they are imaginings addressed to minds that could comprehend them, and feel their force. They are true to nature; and they as readily find their home in the mind of a Narraganset chief as in that of the leader of the myrmidons of Greece.

There were two terms in the Narraganset dialect by which the soul was designated; and both seem to indicate the source from which their

idea of it originated. *Cowewonk*; one of those terms, was derived from *cowene*, to sleep; because, said these simple children of the forest the soul works whilst the body sleeps, and thus more completely develops her powers. There is a striking coincidence between this opinion and that of some of the ancient Grecian philosophers. If we receive this as their belief, (and Williams's Key is my authority,) it will be apparent that the Narragansets recognized in themselves a twofold existence. It was during their waking moments that the body wrought, and it was during the sleep of the body that the soul wrought in a world peculiarly her own. Their idea of the nature of that world may be farther illustrated from the derivation of another term, by which they expressed their notion of the soul in her most elevated mode of being. This term, *michachunk*, was of affinity with a word signifying a mirror—"a clear sight or discerning"—and may it not be inferred, that in their primitive philosophy, the soul, that vital and intellectual mirror—that visual essence, or "clear discerning," like some glassy lake embosomed in their own native forests, received the image of the material universe, and externized its glories in substantial forms around her—existing herself in her own world of visions, and at the same time being its active and moving centre. But it is not necessary for my purpose to labor for an inference. It is enough that the Indians regarded the world of dreams as the peculiar world of the soul; and that they must have believed that visionary world, to be not less a reality than the world of matter—that they regarded it as peculiarly the world of the supernatural—a world to which they resorted for all prophecy—for all spiritual communications, and for intercourse with their gods.

What then is the inference to be drawn from these undoubted facts? Simply this: that as they believed the world of dreams to be a world of realities, whenever the image of a deceased friend appeared to them in a dream, as a distinct and independent present existence, they spontaneously and undoubtingly believed it to be his veritable soul, spirit or manitto. Hence a belief in a continued existence and future state was with them a necessary and primitive belief—derived not from tradition, but arising from, and supported by, an unchangeable law of the human mind.

Great consequences of mingled good and evil resulted from this belief. It inspired the dying and his friends with consoling and confident hopes. It gave form and character to their funeral ceremonies and it gave fury and long enduring strength to the spirit of vengeance.

The Indian had his Elysium, or place of the soul. But in his

attempts to locate his Elysium we no longer witness the spontaneous action of the mind; but the efforts of the inventive and reflective powers of individuals and communities. They agree only in one thing, and that is, in an endeavor to identify their inward world of the soul with the outward world of the body; and in doing this, each community followed its own fancy. The tribes that rove the prairies of the west provide a home for the spirits of the departed on the fertile banks of some beautiful river, where buffalo and deer are found in never-failing abundance. Those that occupied the margin of the great lakes, assigned them an island equally fruitful, encircled by the waters of the Huron, or Lake of the Woods. Whilst those in the proximity of the ocean, among whom were the Narragansets, gave to the spirits of their kindred dead the ever-blooming island of Sowanoi, whence came the refreshing breezes of the southwest, and where their great god, Cawtantowit, made his lasting abode. In that blissful region reigned a perpetual summer. There the leaf of the forest never died, and the herbage of the field never faded. There earth and flood teemed with all living forms. There herds of deer, and moose, and buffalo, of stateliest shape and in never-failing numbers, quietly grazed the fertile lawns, or browsed the perennial forests. There the hunter never tired in the chase, and the angler never dropped the net in vain. There the spirits of their chiefs and warriors, and all who had performed their parts well in life, partook of the banquet provided for them by the Great Spirit, or danced round their council fires, and recounted their deeds done in the service of their country. But there were those who, though they might view this blissful region from afar, were yet excluded from a participation in its joys. Such were the idle and the vicious; and such were the unhappy spirits of those who had died by the hands of their enemies, and whose deaths were yet unavenged. These still lingered around the abodes of their friends, and, in the deep sleep of night, rose in the dreams of the slumberer, with a form all gashed with the still freshly bleeding wounds, and pointing at them, called aloud for vengeance.

We may hence the better understand whence vengeance in the Indian breast derived its never dying flame. Something of a kindred sentiment we sometimes witness even in civilized life. It is not unfrequently said that the blood of the murdered victim cries for vengeance from the ground. But with the Indian this sentiment took even a more solemn form. To him the image and voice of his dream was no mere effect of imagination. It was the veritable spirit and

voice of his deceased friend. The work of death was urged on by the cries of the offended ghost of the deceased, and vengeance thus became a sort of religious obligation. It was this sentiment and belief that sustained the protracted war between the Mohegans and Narragansets, and which brought about the subjection and eventual extermination of the latter.

The funeral rites of the Indians were in perfect accordance with their notions of the nature of the soul. Death, meaning thereby a utter extinction of all life, is not an idea that gains ready access to the mind. It is long before childhood can be made to understand that it is any thing more than a profounder sort of slumber. Brutes know nothing of it. The dam lingers around the carcass of her young until it excites other than the accustomed sensations, and then leaves it without repining. Something of the same nature appears even in the human mind, however civilized and well instructed. The association is so strong that it requires some effort to separate the idea of a vital and intelligent energy from that of the form of a recently deceased friend. And, in the excitement of grief, how frequently does the mind, involuntarily ascribe to the lifeless body some lingering portion of intelligence, and mentally, if not vocally, address it. True, we at length yield to the stern and unrelenting dictates of reason; but after the idea is expelled from the head, does it not settle into the central regions of the heart, and there, as a sort of instinctive feeling, does it not continue to abide, along with a glimmering faith that this deep sleep is not without its consciousness? Elsewherefore the eulogy pronounced over the dead? Wherefore the mournful dirge, sighing affection to the breathless form? Wherefore the sombre pomp of the procession, and the apostrophic inscription of the tomb? Are these addressed to the *dead*? Rather, are they not addressed to him who, the feeling heart *will* believe, does but sleep in the midst of a mute consciousness of all that is done? With the Indians this tendency of mind is peculiarly deep and strong. On such occasions they imposed no restraints on their feelings. The (faith of the heart may I call it) led them, as it did the ancients, to believe that the spirit still retained some mysterious connection with the habitation which it had recently abandoned, and that it still lingered round the organs of sense. In the first paroxysms of grief they placed the dead in a sitting posture upon a mat, in the midst of the lodge. They arrayed it in its finest apparel. If it was that of a chief or great warrior, they decorated it with the belts, girdles, and plumes, which had so often glanced in battle; and they placed at it

side, and in its hands, the bow, arrows, and tomahawk, which had been so many times stained with the blood of their enemies. They then addressed it, as if still living, with an account of the achievements which had distinguished its life. They supposed that the semblances of that apparel, of those decorations, and of those arms, passed to and invested the yet tarrying spirit, just as they supposed that their voices reached it, through "the dull, cold ear," that they addressed. And as the deceased was now about to depart on the path of the dead, to the far country of kindred souls, they deposited in the grave, with the body, these articles, together with food, as the indispensable accoutrements and supplies for the three days journey of the spirit. There was no effort to reason in this—there was no theorizing: it was the spontaneous action of deeply excited feeling, modified by their belief in the soul's immortality, giving free and uncontrolled expression to itself. They saw, and they felt, that the soul, in the world of dreams, had its wants and desires. Death was a sublime and profound sort of sleep, which had its sublimer dream. And as the living did not dream of hunger when abundantly fed, nor of cold when warmly clad, nor of flying from their enemies when completely armed, so the body in its eternal sleep was abundantly provided with food, raiment, and arms, that the soul, now in her eternal dream, might go cheerfully and securely to the abodes of her kindred dead.

They were doubtless confirmed in the propriety of these rites, and in the necessity of making ample provisions for the departed spirit, not only by ordinary dreams, but by the protracted trance of suspended animation. Two amusing instances of the latter are recounted among the traditionary tales of the Chippeways. In one, it is represented that a famous hunter chief, by name Gitshee Gauzinee, after a state of apparent death of four days continuance, revived, and gave to his astonished hearers an account of the wonders he had witnessed while journeying toward the village of the dead. According to this tale, and doubtless their belief, he arrived on the fourth day within sight of the habitations of the blest. But the herds of deer and buffalo, which he now saw grazing quietly on the borders of the paradisaical forests, and the keenness of his appetite, after so long a fast, induced him to return for his rifle; for his friends had unluckily determined not to bury that valuable instrument with him. On his way back he met multitudes of disembodied spirits, journeying slowly toward the dwelling of the dead. They were heavily laden, and sweating under the burdens which the well intended bounty of their kindred had imposed upon them. They complained to him, bitterly,

of this excess of generosity. One offered him a kettle, another an axe, another a gun; but he was determined to return for his own rifle. All this, and many other equally remarkable incidents of his sojourn in the region of the dead, Gitshee Gauzinee did not fail to recount to his friends, when he awoke from his long trance; but he particularly advised them no longer to encumber the spirits of the dead with such heavy burdens. "The dress," said he, "which the deceased was fond of while living, he should always be clothed in when dead. His feathers, his head-dress, his ornaments, are but light, and will be very agreeable to his spirit. His pipe, also, will afford him a pleasant amusement on the road. If he has any thing more let it be divided among his nearest relatives."

The Chippeways have ever since remembered the trance of the famous hunter chief, and not doubting the realities of his vision, have modified their customs according to his advice.

Such is a brief and imperfect examination of the nature and origin of the Indian idea of the supernatural. I have pursued the investigation upon facts drawn from very accessible sources. I well know that I have made no addition to those already in possession of my hearer. I have merely added to them the results of some reflection upon an idea which to me seems to form an important element in the Indian mind, and which I apprehend must be studied in order properly to appreciate his character, or thoroughly to understand his history.

It was this idea that Christianity required the Indians of New England to renounce, in all its immediate and far results; to renounce the self-taught belief in the influence of their good and evil manittos; to forego all their religious festivals; to forsake the priest who officiated at them, and who knew how to draw down the blessings of the good, and to avert the malevolence of the evil, manittos; to turn from their prophets who held communication with their gods and revealed the future, as from impostors; to renounce the physician who cured their sick; to relinquish their definite and positive ideas of a future state; to abandon the sacred ceremonies of the burial of the dead; and more than all, to turn a deaf ear to the call of vengeance from the ghost of a slaughtered brother. Against these requirements the whole nature, from its very foundations, rebelled, and they were annihilated.

With regard to the origin of their idea of the supernatural, we may, I think, safely conclude, that with the Narragansets and their kindred tribes, it was the genuine offspring of their own mind, wrought into action by the sublime and mysterious around and within them. The

it was an idea naturally drawn out by the circumstances and manner of their life, and in some respects varying with them ; and that it borrowed little or nothing from a more civilized people ; that the same essential idea was and is, in fact, a necessary, a constituent intellectual element of the wide-spread Tartar barbarism of the earth—a barbarism coeval with the most ancient civilization—a barbarism which is the wild offspring of primeval forests, and which necessarily makes those forests its home—a barbarism, however, which from the most ancient epoch has been receding before civilization, as darkness recedes before light.

However stern, then, the destiny which awaits the Indians of this continent, it is still a destiny in the order of Divine Providence. It is a law of the *Grand Mind*—the total humanity—that its inferior should be subjected to its superior nature—that barbarism should yield to civilization, just as the brute submits to the dominion of man, or retires beyond it. With us, the contest is still going on in all its unmitigated severity. At every advance of civilization, this ancient barbarism is still receding ; and it will continue to be subdued, or to recede, until the notes of the last aboriginal death-song shall mingle with the murmurs of the Pacific.

DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

RHODE-ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

ON THE EVENING OF

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1847.

DISCOURSE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY :

IN consequence of my compliance with the request of your committee—a compliance, perhaps, unfortunate both for you and me—it has become my duty to address you, and our fellow citizens generally, upon a purely Rhode Island theme. I shall, accordingly, speak to you of that idea of government, which was actualized, for the first time in Christendom, here in this State, by those who described themselves as “a poor colony, consisting mostly of a birth and breeding of the Most High, formerly from the mother-nation in the bishops’ days, and latterly from the New England over-zealous colonies.” I shall speak to you of the origin of this idea—of the various forms which it took, in its progress toward its realization here, in minds of much diversity of character and creed ; and of that “lively experiment,” which it subsequently held forth, that “a most flourishing civil state may stand, and be best maintained, with a full liberty in religious concerns”—a liberty which implied an emancipation of reason from the thralldom of arbitrary authority, and the full freedom of inquiry in all matters of speculative faith.

To the founders of this State, and particularly to Roger Williams, belong the fame and the glory of having realized, for the first time, this grand idea, in a form of civil government ; but we should honor them at the expense of our common nature, should we say that they were the first to maintain that Christ’s kingdom was not of this world, and that the State had no right to interfere between conscience and God. The idea must, undoubtedly, have had its historical origin in him who first endured persecution for conscience’s sake. “Saul ! Saul ! why persecutest thou me ?” is a voice, implying a denial of right, which comes with a sudden shining round about of light, not only from Heaven, but has come, and shall ever come, from the depths of persecuted humanity, through all time ; and, in proportion to the violence and spread of the persecution, has been, and shall be, the depth and extent of the cry. It is the protest of that all-present rea-

son, which is at once the master of the individual and the race against the abuse made by the creature of its own delegated authority. And that time never was, and never shall be, when humanity could, or can, recognize the right of any human power to punish for the expression of a mere conscientious belief.

By what fraudulent craft or cunning, then, was it, that this power to punish in matters of conscience came to be established throughout all Christendom, and has been continued down, in some countries, to the present day?—and how happened it that the odious office of punishing heretics and enforcing uniformity of opinion fell, both in Roman Catholic and Protestant countries, on the civil magistrates? This question is fully answered by history.

When men had been brought to believe that they had found a divine and infallible teacher in the Bishop of Rome, it was not difficult to induce them to think that whatever opinion they might entertain which he thought proper to condemn as heretical, was, in truth, a sin, which they were bound to renounce, on the peril of their salvation; and that then, on having renounced it, upon undergoing a voluntary penance, directed by some ecclesiastical authority, they might be assured of an absolution, and full restoration to the bosom of the church. Thus far it was believed that the spiritual power might proceed. But then, there were frequently those who were much more confident in the truth of their opinions than in the infallibility of the Pope, or their priestly advisers; and such persons, on their opinions being adjudged heretical, were, after all suitable admonition, condemned as incorrigible heretics, and excommunicated.

Yet this was not an extirpation of the heresy; and the Roman Church held that she had a divine right to extirpate heresy; and yet she also adopted the maxim, *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine*—the church abhors blood. The holy church then could not take the *life* of the heretic; and, therefore, she contrived to shift off this odious office upon the secular authority, by imposing an oath upon the princes of Europe, generally, to sustain the Catholic faith, and to extirpate heresy out of the land. It was thus that it fell to the lot of the kings of Europe, and their subordinates, to become the executioners of the Church of Rome. And when the Reformation was established over a part of Europe, national churches took the place of the Roman Church, and laws were passed to enforce uniformity; and thus, even in Protestant countries, the ungrateful task of punishing non-conformity and heresy fell on the civil magistrate.

It was by such craft that the power to punish for matters of con-

science came to be established, both in Roman Catholic and Protestant countries, and that in both, the odious office of inflicting the punishment fell on the secular authorities.

But though the subjects of the Roman Church may have tacitly conceded to the Pope his claim to infallibility, and have submitted to an authority in the civil magistrate thus usurped over conscience and reason, yet it is not hence to be inferred that the inborn consciousness of soul-liberty—of the title of reason to be free—became, thereupon, utterly extinguished and lost. Indeed, long before the Reformation—long before the time of Luther—there were great numbers in Europe who had themselves acquired some knowledge of the Scriptures, and had, consequently, adopted opinions quite inconsistent with the doctrines and traditions of the Church of Rome; and they appeared to be opinions in which they had abundantly more confidence than in the infallibility of the Pope. Now when these people came to be condemned as heretics, and consigned to the secular authorities, to undergo the sentence and punishment of death, can any one suppose that the appearance of the civil magistrate deceived them into the belief that they had indeed committed a crime? Can any one doubt that they questioned *his* right—as they had questioned the infallibility of the Pope—to come in with the sentence of death between their consciences and their God, for a matter of faith in which their eternal hopes were grounded? Indeed, their deaths were the strongest possible protest against the legitimacy of the power; since no one can be supposed to adhere to an opinion as right, for which the magistrate may rightfully put him to death. The actual denial of the right of the civil power to interfere in matters of conscience, must, therefore, be coeval with the assumption of the authority.

But men sometimes act on a truth which they feel, though they do not clearly express it in words; and how was this denial of the claims of the secular authority put forth in language, and taught as a doctrine? History is not silent on this point. By a mere glance at its pages, we may follow the progressive development of the inborn idea of the rights of conscience and reason in the express denial of the legitimacy of the authority usurped over both, from the earliest dawn to the broad day of the Reformation. Time will not permit me to dwell on this point. I am now hastening to the political manifestations of this idea, and I can do little more than say, that its protestations, against the exercise of secular power in the concerns of conscience, may be traced down to their results in the Reformation, more or less distinctly, in the doctrines of the Waldenses and Albigenses.

These were names designating persons of a great variety of opinions, on minor points, and by which dissenters from the Roman Church were generally distinguished, long before the appearance of Luther. The doctrines of these dissenters, when first noticed, strongly resembled those of the primitive Christians. I cannot enumerate them; but, like the first settlers of this State, they seem to have regarded "Christ as king in his own kingdom;" and, by separating the church from the world, and by repudiating the Roman Church *on account of* its assumption of secular authority, they manifestly denied the right of the civil magistrate to interfere in the concerns of conscience. These people were early found in the valleys of Piedmont, and, at a later period, in the south of France. A crusade was, however, instituted against them by Innocent III., and they were driven from their homes, with conflagration and slaughter, into almost every European kingdom. Rome thus undesignedly scattered the seeds of the Reformation broadcast over Europe, and with them, those principles and doctrines which expressly separated the church from the secular power.

The doctrines of the Waldenses had been widely diffused at the dawn of the Reformation, and when Luther appeared, the number of dissenters from the Roman Church, who had adopted these, or doctrines similar to these, were great in every country in Europe, but particularly in Germany. Europe was, in fact, thus made ripe for an insurrection in favor of soul-liberty against soul-oppression, in every form, and particularly against that despotism which the church asserted, and which it maintained in the last resort, by the agency of the secular power, over the reason and the consciences of its subjects. And, indeed, the Reformation was nothing less than an effort made by this reason for its own emancipation.

But to break down its prison walls was not to build its own house; to emancipate itself, was not to secure and establish its own freedom; and, therefore, in the very effort which it made for its emancipation, it necessarily kept this end in view—namely, the ultimate establishment of its own proper asylum, its own free home—so fortified, as to secure it against every attempt to enslave it. Let me endeavor to give this idea a more philosophical expression. This reason exists in humanity, only in and through the individual mind. Now, nothing could secure and establish its freedom but *the realization of the individual mind itself—free as its Creator had made it—in a congenial, social mind, standing out, fully developed and expressed, in correspondently free political institutions.* This was the idea—this was the then deeply-involved conception, to which the general mind of

Protestant Europe gravitated, unconsciously, but of its own law, as to a common centre. I say unconsciously; but it had its vague and indeterminate aspirations and hopes. It ever had its object dimly and indistinctly before it, though receding at every approach. It was this idea which, for generations, shook Europe to its centre; it was this idea which, when the spiritual domination of Rome was overthrown, and Protestant Europe stood forth in renovated institutions, still haunted the minds of our English ancestry, as a great conception which had not been, but might yet be, realized; it was this idea which brought them "from the mother nation in the bishops' days," and finally, "from the New England over zealous colonies," here, to the forest-shaded banks of the Mooshausick, where they, at last, fully realized it, in the social order and government of a State.

It may not be inappropriate to trace this idea, through the several stages of its progress, to its realization here. It will, at least, give us confidence in that which may follow, and will, I flatter myself, show that we are not dealing with a phantom of the imagination, but with a sober historical reality.

When the several Protestant governments of Europe had thrown off the spiritual dominion of the Pope, great was the expectation of their subjects that the individual mind would be no longer held in spiritual bondage. This expectation, however, was destined to a considerable disappointment. These governments had indeed thrown off the dominion of the Pope, but they substituted, in the place of it, a dominion of their own. Each established its own national church—Lutheran, Calvinistic, or Episcopal. The king, or head of the nation, became the head of the established order; and laws were enacted, or ordinances promulgated, to enforce uniformity and punish heretics. It is evident, however, that there had been a progress toward the realization of the idea which had caused the Reformation. In Continental Europe, the Lutheran and the Calvinist, under their respective Church and State governments, were in the full enjoyment of that soul-liberty which would have been denied to them by the Pope. Each of their minds found its place in a congenial social mind: their idea of soul-liberty was realized. But how was it with those who could not conform to the established church? They were obnoxious to the laws; they were disfranchised, or punished for non-conformity, or heresy. That soul-liberty, for which they had struggled and suffered so much, during the trials of the Reformation, had not been realized; and they were, in respect to conscience, out of legal protection, and objects of persecution. And this was particularly the case

in England, the father-land of our ancestors. The Reformation had there been commenced, not by the people—not by a Luther and his associates—but by the government itself, and for the interest and the purposes of the government. It was commenced in the reign of Henry VIII. ; and, after a sanguinary struggle during the reigns of Philip and Mary, was at length recognized as fully established in the reign of Elizabeth.

This event terminated, for ever, the spiritual dominion of the Pope in England, and established Episcopacy as an integral part of the monarchy, with the sovereign at its head. Here, too, was a progress toward the realization of the great idea, but it was a progress made only for the benefit of the Episcopalian ; and, indeed, for his benefit only while he continued to adhere to that particular faith. The moment that reason or conscience carried him beyond the prescribed limits, he fell under the ban of Church and State, as a non-conformist or heretic. Nor did he find himself alone. Many there were, who from the first establishment of the Church of England, thought that the Reformation had not been carried to a sufficient extent ; and that the soul-liberty, for which they had endured so much, had not been realized. They were comprehended under the general name of Non-conformists, and consisted of those called Brownists, Puritans, Congregationalists, Independents, &c. Neither of these denominations felt that their idea of religious liberty had been realized in an Episcopalian Church and State. On the contrary, they felt that how much soever of liberty there might be for the Episcopalian, there was but little for them. A part of those called Puritans, formed themselves into associations or churches, crossed the Atlantic, and established themselves at Plymouth, Salem, and Boston, and became the first settlers of New England.

They sought these shores, to establish here, far from English bishops and their tyranny over reason and conscience, religious liberty for themselves and their posterity. This, at first, certainly seems to promise the final accomplishment of the great object of the Reformation—even the entire emancipation of the individual mind from spiritual thralldom, and the establishment of its freedom in the bosom of a congenial community. But, in fact, it proved to be only another step toward that end. What they meant by religious freedom was not the freedom of the individual mind from the domination of the spiritual order, but merely the freedom of their particular church ; and just as the English government had thrown off the tyranny of the Pope, to establish the tyranny of the bishops, they threw off the

tyranny of the bishops, to establish the tyranny of the brethren. But still, a small community, under the rule of brethren, is nearer to an individual than a nation under a monarch; and the establishment here of these churches or religious associations, even under their ecclesiastical and civil forms, proved to be a great approximation toward the realization of the full freedom of the individual mind in congenial social institutions. True, they established nothing but the liberty of Church and State corporations, and of their respective members; but it was easier to break from the restraints imposed by a petty community, than from those imposed by the government and people of England, especially when the daring adventurer had the wilderness before him. And the form which these religious associations took was particularly exposed to the liability of provoking disaffection, even among themselves.

Their Church and State governments were essentially the same institution, under different names. The spiritual power was brought down to earth, and into all the relations of private and public life. It appeared in their laws—their judicial proceedings—in the administration of the government, and in all the movements of the State. Nothing of importance was done without the advice of the minister and ruling elders; and we may well suppose that, under such a form of government, politics and religion were identical. It was designed to make men religious according to law, and there could not be two parties in the State, without there being also two parties in the Church; and to question the authority of either, was to provoke the resentment of both. The brethren were, indeed, free as long as they were brethren; but reason was, at that time, moving on to its emancipation, and it could dilate on nothing which did not bring it directly or indirectly, into conflict with the church. It, therefore, soon happened, and particularly in Massachusetts, that numbers of the brethren, of diverse minds in matters of faith, lost their place in the church, were cast out, and exposed to the penal inflictions of the civil authorities.

Among the earliest, if not the very earliest, of these, was Roger Williams, the founder of this State. He had sought New England (A. D. 1631) in the expectation that he might here enjoy that religious liberty which was denied him in the mother country. He was a minister of the gospel. He at first preached in Plymouth, and afterwards became a minister of the church at Salem. He freely expressed his opinion on various subjects. He affirmed that the king's patent could not, of itself, give a just title to the lands of the Indians.

He maintained that the civil magistrate had no right to interfere in matters of conscience, and to punish for heresy or apostacy. He contended that "the people were the origin of all free power in government," but that "they were not invested by Christ Jesus with power to rule in his church;" that they could give no such power to the magistrate, and that to "introduce the civil sword" into this spiritual kingdom, was "to confound heaven and earth, and lay all upon heaps of confusion." In effect, he called upon the church to come out from the magistracy, and the magistracy to come out from the church; and demanded that each should act within its appropriate sphere, and by its appropriate means. It was then, for the first time, that the startling thought of a complete separation of Church and State was uttered on these western shores; and it was then, also, for the first time, that the individual mind, free in the sovereign attributes of reason, stood forth before the Massachusetts authorities, and boldly claimed its emancipation, in the realization of its own true idea of government.

Such a mind was manifestly too large for the sphere of a Church and State combination. It had already broken from its bondage, and now stood out, independent, individual, and alone. Roger Williams was necessarily banished by the Massachusetts authorities. He was sentenced to depart from their jurisdiction within six weeks. But he went about, "to draw others to his opinion," and he proposed "to erect a plantation about the Narraganset bay." The rumor of this reached the ears of the magistracy; and, to defeat his intent, which had for them a most alarming significance, they proposed to send him to England, by a ship then lying in the harbor of Boston. He eluded their quest; plunged into the forest-wilderness; and, after spending the winter among its savage, but hospitable, inhabitants, attempted to form a plantation at Seekonk; but, defeated in this, came at last into the valley of the Mooshausick, and here, with a small number of associates, of like aspirations, realized that idea of government, in its first form, which had so long allured, but still evaded, the pursuit of nations and men.

We have thus traced this idea of government, from the first indistinct expressions of itself in the doctrines of the Waldenses, through the struggles of that revolution known as the Protestant Reformation; we have next noticed the imperfect realizations of itself, in the Church and State governments of Europe; we have then seen it cross the Atlantic, in the form of small religious associations, to be again reproduced, imperfectly, in a combination of ecclesiastical and civil institu-

tions; but we have now seen it, impersonated in the individual man, breaking from these restraints, and going forth into the wilderness, there to establish itself in an infant community, as the last result of centuries of effort.

We start, then, with this important fact, well worthy of being forever fixed in every Rhode Island mind, namely: that it was *here* that the *great idea*, which constituted the very soul of that religious movement which so long agitated all Europe, *first took an organic form* in a civil community, and *expressed itself in a social compact*.

Let us for a moment attend to the words of that compact; let us hearken to this, its first free expression of itself. We ought not to expect it to announce itself in the clear, strong tones of manhood; for it can speak, at first, only through an infant organization; it will only make known its advent into the material world, by lisping its earliest wants; but then, it will lisp them so clearly and distinctly, as to leave nothing to be misunderstood.

"We, whose names are hereunder, desirous to inhabit the town of Providence, do promise to subject ourselves, in active and passive obedience, to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for public good of the body, *in an orderly way*, by the major assent of the present inhabitants, masters of families, incorporated together into a town-fellowship, and such as they shall admit unto them, *only in civil things*." *

Here the great idea resolves itself, manifestly, into two elements—Liberty and Law—the one, necessarily implied; and the other, clearly and determinately expressed. Liberty, soul-liberty, they take from no earthly power or being. It is the gift of God, in that reason which is within them, as His law, and which human authority can neither rightfully enlarge or diminish. In this, its exalted and exalting element, the reason is left to deal freely, and according to its own method, with the Divine, the Eternal, the Infinite, the Absolute, and all that pertains thereto, without let or hindrance. But in the region beneath, in this *meum* and *tuum* world, the proper sphere of the common-sense understanding of mankind—where man may jostle man, where each may claim to occupy the same space, to possess the same thing, to do the same act—they each joyfully accept law at the hands of their fellows, cautiously requiring that it should be *only in these* their *civil things*.

* In this compact, we have a government founded on the relations of domestic life—a Patriarchal Republic, ruled by the "*masters of families*." What Bill of Rights ever so effectually secured soul-liberty as this single phrase, "*only in civil things*?"

We have now this idea, with its two elements, as it first manifested itself in the infant community of Providence; but it was destined to extend thence, and organize itself in several towns. And, indeed, fully to try its capacity for government, it should take form in a population of a great variety of religious creeds, and exhibit itself in a diversity of human elements—elements antagonistical, and, in some respects, even irreconcilable; for if they be perfectly homogeneous, such as Church and State require, they cannot give this idea the slightest development. Now, in point of fact, what were these elements?

Why, they were made up of men and women, of a diversity of creeds, who, flying from the soul-oppression of the governments of Europe, and the neighboring colonies, came hither to enjoy soul-liberty. Shortly following the settlement of Providence, the town of Portsmouth and the town of Newport were formed, and the settlement of Warwick was commenced, each with the same object, namely: the enjoyment of soul-liberty, in security from the soul-oppressors of Massachusetts and other colonies. In proof of this diversity of faith, we might cite Dr. Mather if he could be considered trustworthy authority for that purpose. He represents us to be, at this period, “a colluvies of Antinomians, Familists, Anabaptists, Anti-Sabbatarians, Arminians, Socinians, Quakers and Ranters; every thing in the world but Roman Catholics and real Christians; so that if a man,” continues he, “had lost his religion, he might find it at this general muster of opinionists.” Well, the Rhode Island idea may readily accept all the diversity which the Doctor has given it; for it knows how to organize it, and subject it to order and law. But we must lay the venerable Doctor aside; he lovingly dealt too freely with unrealities and monstrosities of all sorts, to be reliable authority in spiritualities of any kind. Of what, then, did this diversity mainly consist?

Why, here were the plain matter-of-fact Baptists, ever the unyielding lovers of religious freedom—ever the repellers of State interference in the concerns of conscience—tracing their genealogy back through the Waldenses, even to the great original Baptist, John. Here, chiefly at Newport, were the familistical Antinomians—so called by their persecutors—the highly-gifted Ann Hutchinson for a season at their head, confiding in the revelations of the indwelling spirit, and a covenant of free grace. Here, too, chiefly at Warwick, was the mystical Gortonist, dimly symbolizing his doctrines in cloudy allegory. Here also was the Fifth Monarchy man, preparing for the Second Advent, and the New Reign on earth. Here, every where, was the Quaker—quiet, demure, peace-loving non-resistant, in the world of the flesh

but who, on taking fire in the silence of his meditations, became indomitable in the world of spirit, and gave the unresisting flesh, freely, to bondage and death, in vindication of his faith. And here also, it is true, were free-thinkers of all sorts; some who had opinions, and some who had none. Surely, even before other denominations had established themselves within our borders, here were elements of diversity, all-sufficient to try the capacity of the Rhode Island idea of government.

Amid such variety of mind, there was little danger that men would melt down into one homogeneous mass—a result to which a Church and State combination ever tends—and lose their moral and intellectual individualities. Such variety of mind could not fail to be active, and to beget action, and to promote and preserve original distinctiveness of character, in all its diversity. And such, we find, was the fact. I will endeavor to delineate the characters of a few of the leading minds of the colony, at this time, that we may form some faint conception of the originality and diversity of character which marked those who constituted the undistinguished numbers that they led.

Roger Williams and William Harris were the heads of two distinct political parties in Providence. Two marked and prominent traits of intellect gave a strong and decisive outline to the character of Williams, namely, originality of conception in design, and unyielding perseverance in execution. These, every noted fact of his life clearly indicate and prove. He could assert the right of the natives to the soil that contained the bones of their ancestors, and maintain it against the patent of England's sovereign, though he roused the wrath of a whole community against him. He could conceive a new idea of government, and contend for it against church and court, with the penalty of banishment or death before him. He could be "sorely tossed for fourteen weeks in a bitter cold winter season, not knowing what bed or bread did mean," rather than renounce this new idea. He could seat himself down amid savage nations—study their language, sooth their ferocious dispositions, make them his friends—that he might actualize, in humanity, his yet untried conception. He could write tracts in defence of this peculiar conception, while engaged at the hoe and oar, toiling for bread—while attending Parliament, in a variety of rooms and places—and sometimes in the field, and in the midst of travel. He could, at the age of three score and ten, row thirty miles in one day, that he might engage in a three days' discussion with George Fox, on some knotty points of divinity. He was, indeed, a man of the most unyielding firmness in support of his opin-

ions; but no one can say that he ever suffered his firmness to degenerate into obstinacy. Whatever his doctrines were, he was sure to practice upon them to the utmost extent; and if further reflection, or that practice, showed that they were erroneous, he cheerfully abandoned them. He was, indeed, a remarkable man, and one of the most original characters of an age distinguished for originality of conception.

Harris was a man of ardent temperament, of strong intellectual powers—bold, energetic, ever active, and ever persevering to the end, in whatever cause he undertook. Nature seems to have supplied the deficiencies of his early education. Without having made the law a study, he became the advocate of the Pawtuxet purchasers, in their suit against the towns of Providence, Warwick, and others; and of Connecticut, in her claims against Rhode Island to the Narraganset country. He was rather fitted for the practical than the speculative; for the sphere of the senses than for the sphere of the ideal. He could not, like Williams, contemplate both spheres at the same time, in their mutual relations; and the consequence was, that the moment he passed into the ideal, he became a radical, and was brought at once into violent collision with Williams. Basing his theories, for a time at least, on conscience, he contended that any person who could conscientiously say that he ought not to submit to any human authority, should be exempt from all law. He asserted and defended this position in a book; yet he was by no means a non-resistant himself. When he obtained political power, he wielded it with such effect against his adversaries, that they called him the *Fire-brand*. Like most men of genius, or eccentricity, who lead an active life, he has a touch of romance in his history. He had several times, in the prosecution of the complicated controversies in which he was engaged, crossed the Atlantic to the mother country. Upon the eve of embarking on his last voyage, as if seized with a presentiment of his destiny, he made his will, and had it forthwith proved before the proper authorities. He then left port for England; but, on the voyage, he was taken by a Barbary corsair, carried into Algiers, was there sold into bondage, and detained, as a slave, for one year. He was then ransomed; and, after travelling through Spain and France, he reached London, and there died shortly after his arrival. The mind of Harris was strong—that of Williams comprehensive.

Samuel Gorton, the chief man of the settlement of Shawomet, (or Warwick,) was a person of the most distinctive originality of character. He was a man of deep, strong feelings, keenly alive to every injury, though inflicted on the humblest of God's creatures. He was

a great lover of soul-liberty, and hater of all shams. He was a learned man, self-educated, studious, contemplative; a profound thinker, who, in his spiritual meditations amid ancient Warwick's primeval groves, wandered off into infinite and eternal realities, forgetful of earth and of all earthly relations. He did indeed clothe his thoughts, at times, in clouds; but then it was because they were too large for any other garment. No one, who shall rivet his attention upon them, shall fail to catch some glimpse of giant limb and joint, and have some dim conception of the colossal form that is enshrouded within the mystic envelopment. Yet, in common life, no one was more plain, simple, and unaffected than Gorton. That he was courteous, affable, and eloquent, his very enemies admit, and even grievously complain of his seducing language. He was a man of courage, and when roused to anger, no hero of the *Iliad* ever breathed language more impassioned or effective. Nothing is more probable than that such a man, in the presence of the Massachusetts magistracy, felt his superiority, and moved and spoke with somewhat more freedom than they deemed suited to their dignity. Far more sinned against than sinning, he bore adversity with heroic fortitude, and, if he did not conquer, he yet finally baffled every effort of his enemies.

William Coddington and John Clarke, two of the leading characters of the island towns, were both men of well-balanced and well-educated minds; less remarkable for originality of thought, than for clear understanding and practical judgments. They constituted a very fortunate equipoise against the eccentricity and enthusiasm of such original geniuses as Williams and Gorton. The former furnished the ballast, and the latter the sails of the ship. Each was necessary to the other, and both were indispensable to the whole.

Coddington, before he left Boston, was one of the chief men of Massachusetts. He was an assistant, re-chosen several times; treasurer of the colony, and a principal merchant in Boston. He was grieved at the proceedings of the court against Mr. Wheelwright and others, and came to befriend and assist them on their removal to Newport. He was a common-sense, sober, staid, worthy man. The political difficulty into which he was brought, is as likely to have sprung from his virtues as his failings. He had in him a little too much of the future for Massachusetts, and a little too much of the past for Rhode Island, as she then was. He died governor of Rhode Island, and a member of the Friends' Society.

Clarke was a man of more active and effective zeal in the cause of civil and religious liberty than Coddington, and was highly competent

to have charge of its interests in the highest places. He was mainly instrumental in procuring the charter of 1663. Though originally a physician in London, he became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newport. He was a man of learning, the author of some tracts touching the persecutions in New England, and left, in manuscript, a Concordance and Lexicon—"the fruit of several years' labor." To do full justice to Portsmouth and Newport, it should be added, that their first settlers were, generally, men of more property and better education than those of Providence. But—

* * * Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium *

* * * * * Omnia Jupiter Argos

Transtulit.

Such were the leading minds of this State, while yet in its rudimental condition, awaiting a transition to a more perfect form. And I might now say something of the impress which these characters and their like have manifestly left on their posterity; but this would be foreign to my present purpose. I have described them as they exist in the conceptions given by history, that we may have some notion of the diversity and originality of the contemporary moral and intellectual forces which were brought into action by them.

Now let us recollect that all this diversity and distinctive originality of character was to be found within four little neighborhoods, consisting at first of a few families, and as late as 1663—the utmost range of my present view—of not more than three or four thousand souls. Upon minds thus diverse, original, enthusiastic, active, and, in some respects, conflicting—each bent upon the enjoyment of the most perfect soul-liberty consistent with a well-ordered community—the Rhode Island idea, subsisting the same in each and all, took form, stood out in a constituted people, lived, breathed, and thought, in an organization of its own.

When you look for the constitution of this State, in its essential form, go not to compacts subscribed by men; go not to charters granted by kings; go not to constitutions given by majorities—they are but faint and imperfect expressions of the great reality; but go to this grand idea, coming down from the distant past—struggling through the blood and turmoil of warring nations—passing through the fiery ordeal of Church and State persecution; and here, at last, find it—standing out—realized—incarnated—in its own appropriate and peculiar people.

This idea, thus realized, consisted, as already stated, of two ele-

ments—liberty and law—the pure reason above, and the common-sense understanding beneath. There is no necessary conflict between these two elements ; on the contrary, each is necessary to the proper existence of the other. Yet we shall find, as we follow the internal development of the idea, that these two elements frequently encounter, and sharply contend for victory. The idea being thus given, every new occasion will call for a new application, which will infallibly bring these elements into action. And now let us follow it in some of its manifestations here in Providence, then a small village on the banks of the Mooshausick.

Would that it were in my power, by a mesmeric wave of the hand, to bring Providence before you as she then was. You would see the natural Mooshausick, freely rolling beneath his primeval shades, unobstructed by bridge, unfringed by wharf, or made land, still laving his native marge, here expanding in the ample cove—there winding and glimmering round point and headland, and, joyous in his native freedom, passing onward, till lost in the bosom of the broad spreading Narraganset. You would see, beneath the forest of branching oak and beech, interspersed with dark arching cedars and tapering pines, infant Providence, in a village of scattered log huts. You would see each little hut overlooking its own natural lawn, by the side of fountain or stream, with its first rude enclosure of waving corn ; you would see the stanch-limbed draught-horse grazing the forest glade ; you would hear the tinkling of the cow-bell in the thicket, and the bleating of flocks on the hill. You would see the plain, home-spun human inhabitants—not such as tailors and milliners make, but such as God made—real men and women, with the bloom of health on their cheeks, and its elasticity and vigor in every joint and limb. Somewhat of an Acadian scene this—yet it is not, in reality, precisely what it seems. A new occasion has arisen in this little community, which requires a new application of their idea of the State.

Oddly enough—or, rather, naturally enough—this occasion has arisen out of the most interesting of domestic relations. Joshua Verin, that rude, old-fashioned man, with his Church and State idea still clinging to him, has been putting restraints upon the conscience of his wife. Yes, she is desirous of attending Mr. Williams' meetings, "as often as called for," and hearing his Anabaptistical discourses ; and her husband has said, "she *shall not* ;" and the consequence is, that the whole community is in a buzz—the fundamental idea has been infringed. A town meeting is called on the subject. and a warm debate ensues ; for Verin has his friends, as well as his

wife. The proposition is, that "Joshua Verin, for breach of covenant in restraining liberty of conscience, be withheld the liberty of voting, till he declare the contrary." "And there stood up," says Winthrop, "one Arnold, a witty man of their company, and withstood it, telling them that when he consented to that covenant, he never intended it should extend to the breach of any ordinance of God, such as the subjection of wives to their husbands, &c.; and gave divers solid reasons against it. Then one Greene, he replied, that if they should restrain their wives, all the women in the country would cry out upon them. Arnold answered thus: 'Did you pretend to leave the Massachusetts because you would not offend *God* to please *men*, and would you now break an ordinance and commandment of God to please *women*?' " Winthrop, naturally enough, gives the best of the argument to Arnold; but he may not be fairly entitled to it.

It is the earliest record of a struggle in this State between new-born liberty and ancient law. If the facts were, that Mrs. Verin, after faithfully discharging all her duties as a wife and mother, felt herself in conscience bound to attend Mr. Williams' meetings, and her husband restrained her, it was just such a restraint on conscience as was inconsistent with the new idea of government; and the question, on this supposition, was correctly decided. Liberty won the victory; and Joshua Verin, for a breach of covenant in restraining liberty of conscience, was properly withheld the liberty of voting, till he declared the contrary.

But there was another occasion for the application of the fundamental idea, not more important in principle, but far more serious in its consequences. It arose from an attempt of Liberty to come down upon earth, and realize herself entire, to the complete overthrow and destruction of all law and order. It was an idea given by pure reason—an idea subsisting only by relation to the Universal, the Absolute, the Infinite, the Divine—that sought to come down into a special form of humanity, and supplant the plain common-sense understanding of mankind. It was one of those ideas which propose to navigate the ship by plain sailing, over an ocean vexed with winds, and waves, and varying currents, and perilous with islands, and banks, and ledges, and rocks, where nothing but traverse sailing, aided by the chart, will do. It has been the fortune of Rhode Island, from her infancy to the present hour, to balance herself between liberty and law—to wage war, as occasion might require, with this class of ideas, and keep them within their appropriate bounds. And before certain other States—some of them not fairly out of their cradles—

undertake to give her lessons of duty in relation to such ideas, let me tell them that they must have something of Rhode Island's experience, and have, like her, been self-governed for centuries.

William Harris, as already stated, published and sent to the several towns of the colony, a book, in which he maintained that he who could say in his conscience that he could not submit to any human legislation, ought to be exempt from the operation of all human laws. You will perceive that he bases this proposition upon the liberty element of the fundamental idea—that he would transmute the relation which subsists between the secret conscience and God, and with which no human law should interfere, into the relations between man and man, citizen and State, and thereby dissolve the government, establish the sovereignty of each individual, and terminate all law.

We may well suppose that on such a proposition being announced—and announced in such a manner—by a man so considerable as Harris, the excitement in this little community was violent. The very existence of the fundamental idea was threatened, and the art with which the popular element was supported by free quotations from Scripture excited no little alarm. Williams harnessed himself for the contest, and came forth in vindication of his idea. He made the distinction between the absolute liberty of conscience and the civil government clear, by a happy illustration. The crew of a ship might consist of all varieties of creed, and each individual worship God in his own way; but when called upon to do their duty in navigating the ship, they must all obey the commands of the master. Against his orders, given to that end, they must set up no pretence of soul-liberty—no affected conscientious scruples—do their duty they must, each as one of the crew enlisted for the voyage, on peril of suffering the penalties of mutiny. And he accordingly indicted Harris for high treason. The indictment, however, was not prosecuted to effect. Harris gave bonds for his good behavior, and a copy of the charge and accompanying papers were sent to England; thus ended the indictment, but not the consequences of the discussion.

The principles of the government had, indeed, become better understood; the limits of liberty, and the limits of authority, were doubtless more clearly fixed; but the feuds which the agitation generated did not stop here. Two parties were created by the controversy; and, passing from questions of liberty, to questions of law, touching the limits of the town, they used against each other whatever weapons they were able to command, and carried on their hostilities for twelve or thirteen years. The town was disorganized in the strife. Two

sets of municipal officers were chosen, and two sets of deputies were sent to the General Assembly; nor were the dissensions composed until the Legislature, by a special act, appointed commissioners, whose ultimate determinations appear to have restored the old order of things.

Such were the developments which the new idea of government received here in this town, in the infancy of the State. The first, bearing on the relations of domestic life, and the second on the relations of citizens to each other and to the State. But we are now to consider it in its applications to municipalities—to distinct corporations; and to show how it developed itself when it gave law to a number of independent communities and resolved them into unity and organic form.

A free and absolute charter of civil incorporation for the inhabitants of the towns of Providence, Portsmouth, and Newport, to be known by the name of the Incorporation of Providence Plantations in Narraganset Bay in New England, was brought by Roger Williams from England, in 1644; but, owing to the claims of Massachusetts, or other obstruction, it did not go into effect until May, 1647. This charter granted the most ample power to the said inhabitants and such others as should afterwards inhabit within the prescribed limits, to establish such a form of *civil* government as by voluntary consent of all or the greater part of them should be found most suitable in their estates and conditions; and to that end to make and ordain such *civil* laws and constitutions, and to inflict such punishments upon transgressors, and for the execution thereof so to place and displace officers of justice, as they or the greater part should by free consent agree unto. I omit the proviso, as of no account here. Under this charter guarantee of the mother country, the Rhode Island idea of government was called upon to organize itself with the most perfect freedom, on the four distinct and independent municipalities—Providence, Portsmouth, Newport, and Warwick. And in what manner do you suppose it did develop itself on these distinct and independent bodies politic? Why, it developed itself in a manner the most natural, if not the most effective. It organized for itself a general form of government which, if not precisely, was at least strongly, analogous to the organization of these United States, under their present Constitution. I will give you a brief abstract of their form of government, from the “Annals of Providence”—a magazine of facts, from which I take the liberty to draw copiously.

The whole people, forming the General Assembly, met annually, for

the enactment of *general laws*, and for the choice of general officers; as President—an assistant for each town, nominated by the town—General Recorder, &c. A general code of laws, which concerned all men, was first approved by the towns, (as the States adopted the Constitution, and still adopt amendments,) but before it could go into effect, it was ratified by the General Assembly of the whole people. All legislative power was ultimately in the whole people, in General Assembly convened. Towns might propose laws, (as States amendments to the Constitution,) and the approval of a General Court of Commissioners might give them a temporary force; but it was only the action of the General Assembly (the General Government) which could make them general and permanent for all persons within the colony. But the towns had their local laws, (as the States have theirs,) which could not be enforced beyond their own limits; and they had their town courts, (as the States have State courts,) which had exclusive original jurisdiction over all causes between their own citizens. The President and Assistants composed the General Court of trials. They had jurisdiction over all aggravated offences, and in such matters as should be referred to them by the town courts as too weighty for them to determine; and also of *all disputes between different towns, and between citizens of different towns and strangers*. “It is apparent,” continues the same authority, “that the towns, as such, parted with no more power than they deemed the exigency of the case required. They can scarcely be said to have consented to any thing more than a confederation of independent governments. If they intended a complete consolidation of powers, their acts fall far short of it. He who carefully peruses the whole proceedings of the original assembly of towns of this infant colony, will be struck with the resemblance there is between those towns, after that assembly had closed its labors, and the several States now composing the United States of America, under the Constitution.” Yes, it is true, that at this early period, whilst Rhode Island was yet in her rudiments, this her idea of liberty and law, took form in an organization that already foreshadowed the Constitution of this Union, and foreshowed its practicability.

But do I say that the framers of the Constitution of the United States found their model here? No; but this I do say, that when the several States of the old confederation, following our lead, had gradually abandoned their Church and State combinations, and adopted the Rhode Island idea of government, that then this idea thus given her, did but repeat itself in its most natural and effective form in the Constitution of the United States, and the organization of the

Union. Conceive, if you can—I will not say the practicability—but the possibility, of the Constitution of this Union without that idea of government which Rhode Island was the first to adopt, and, against fearful odds, through long years of trial and tribulation, to maintain. Conceive, if you can, thirteen distinct and diverse Church and State governments taking form under one common Church and State government—and if you cannot, then do not deem that assertion extravagant which declares that without Rhode Island's idea of liberty and law, this Union would have been impossible. True, others might have adopted it, had there been no Rhode Island. So others might have given us the theory of gravitation, had there been no Newton; yet the fame and the glory of the discovery, nevertheless belongs to him. Let Rhode Island claim her own laurels, and we shall see how many brows will be stripped naked, and how many boastful tongues will be silenced.

But let us follow this idea in its further developments. I can speak only of the most prominent; and am under the necessity of speaking of them with all possible brevity.

The government went on under the charter, all the towns participating, until 1651, when a commission was granted to Coddington, by the Council of State, to govern the island with a council chosen by the people, and approved by himself. This is properly called an obstruction—and an obstruction to the free development of Rhode Island's peculiar idea of government it certainly was. She loved liberty, and she loved law and legal authority; but here was too much of the latter—it trenched too far on the liberty element. The main-land towns recoiled from it—fell back upon themselves, and, in the midst of intestine broils and dissensions, often fomented by Massachusetts, continued their government under the charter. The island towns submitted, but submitted with deep murmurs and invincible repugnance. Roger Williams and John Clarke were immediately dispatched by the several towns of the colony as their agents to England; and they soon procured a revocation of Mr. Coddington's commission, who, without reluctance, laid down the extraordinary authority conferred upon him. After some delay, owing to a misunderstanding between the island and main-land towns, all returned to the old form of government, which continued until the adoption of the charter of 1663.

In the meantime, Rhode Island, ("the Providence Plantations,") notwithstanding all untoward circumstances, continued to prosper, and her inhabitants to multiply. She was the refuge of the persecuted

of all denominations, but particularly of those who suffered from the hands of her New England sisters. She was their shelter—their ark of safety in the storm. Here were no hanging of Quakers or witches—no scourge—no chain—no dungeon for difference of opinion. Still it was not, as yet, a place removed from all apprehension, or even from very great annoyance. It, for a season, seemed but as a raft, formed from the fragments of diverse wrecks, and tied together for temporary security, upon the bosom of a raging deep, and which, but for the utmost care and diligence, might, at any moment, be rent in pieces.

But the struggles and trials through which Rhode Island passed, with her sister colonies, did but give additional strength to her own love of liberty and law; and some notice of them belongs as truly to the history of her great idea, as the account which we are giving of its most important developments. In these struggles, whether carried on at the court of the Stuarts, in the camp of Cromwell, or here in these western wilds, it might be shown that she still baffled her adversaries, and triumphed alike over their diplomacy abroad and their menaces and violence at home. I shall confine my remarks to the latter, and name some few prominent facts. They will afford a melancholy interest, but without, I trust, awakening any unkind feelings between the sisters, as they now are. It will serve to mark the distinctive character of our State, and to confirm her identity. This is an important object to a State of such small territorial extent, and of such a limited and fluctuating population.

Here, then, was Rhode Island in the midst of three great colonies, Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Connecticut—all bitterly hostile to the heretic—all anxious to rid themselves of her presence, and all regarding her as their natural and legitimate prey. And they, accordingly, fell upon her like three wolves upon the same lamb; and had not God been her shepherd, they must have torn her in pieces. Plymouth claimed the island of Rhode Island; Connecticut, the Narraganset country; and Massachusetts claimed Providence and Warwick. They would not have left the poor heretics a single rod of ground, on which to rest the soles of their feet, or to bury their dead. Connecticut, repeatedly, asserted her claim to the Narraganset country, appointed officers at Wickford and other places, and often resorted to violence for the enforcement of her laws. Plymouth was ever a more quiet and tolerant colony than either Massachusetts or Connecticut. She, indeed, insisted on her claims to the island of Rhode Island with such earnestness, that Mrs. Hutchinson, a woman of remarkable intellectual endowments and the kindest sympathies, apprehensive that she

might again fall under the jurisdiction of Church and State, fled, with a number of her friends, to Long Island, where they were massacred by the Indians. Plymouth, however, never resorted to force. Her pretence to Shawomet she transferred, or yielded to Massachusetts, rather than attempt to enforce the claim herself. But Massachusetts rested not herself, and gave Rhode Island no rest. Her claims to jurisdiction over Providence and Warwick, on various pretences, were unremitted. During the village quarrels in Providence, several of its citizens applied to Massachusetts for protection; and she induced them, by some writing of theirs, to pretend to put themselves and their lands under her jurisdiction; and, on this pretence, she actually assumed to exercise her authority, and to enforce her laws, here, in the town of Providence. Thus there were here, in the same municipality, two distinct codes of laws, brought to operate on the same persons and property; and this state of things was effected, according to Winthrop, with the *intent* of bringing Rhode Island into subjection, either to Massachusetts or Plymouth. You may easily conceive the confusion into which things were thrown, by this atrocious interference in the concerns of this little community. Gorton, who was then at Providence, thought that it had a particular signification for him; and he and a few of his associates left Providence, and settled at Shawomet, afterwards called Warwick. There he purchased a tract of land of Miantonomi, the chief warrior sachem of the Narragansets, and built and planted. But Massachusetts did not allow him to escape so. She assumed the claims of Plymouth, and procured from her an assignment or concession of her pretended jurisdiction over Shawomet. After this, two of Miantonomi's undersachems, of that place, submitted themselves and lands to her jurisdiction; and then three or four of the English inhabitants, who had made purchases of these sachems, imitating the example of a few at Providence, feigned to put themselves and property under her protection. Thus trebly fortified with pretences, Massachusetts entered the settlement at Warwick, with an armed force of forty men, accompanied by many of her Indian subjects, seized Gorton and his friends, and carried them prisoners to Boston. There they were tried for blasphemy, and for "enmity to all civil authority among the people of God, and were sentenced to imprisonment in irons during the pleasure of the court—Gorton himself narrowly escaping sentence of death. This imprisonment was continued through the winter, and they were then discharged, on condition, that if after fourteen days they were found within Massachusetts, Providence, or Shawomet, (the

place of their homes,) they should suffer death. These proceedings, far from inducing the people of Rhode Island to renounce their idea of liberty and law, did but strengthen their attachment to it. But the government of the entire colony was soon called upon to defend its peculiar principles by direct action.

During the year 1656, a number of the people called Quakers (more properly Friends) arrived in Boston, and began to preach and practice their doctrines. No experience had yet been sufficient to teach Massachusetts or her confederates the folly of interfering between God and conscience; and she began to fine, imprison, banish, whip, and hang the Quakers. But these people could find, and did find, a place of refuge in Rhode Island, whence they occasionally issued forth, as the Spirit prompted, into the neighboring colonies, and startled them with revelations from above. Whereupon the commissioners of the united colonies of New England addressed a letter to the president of this place of refuge—the Plantations here—and urged him to send away such Quakers as were then in the colony, and to prohibit them from entering it. With this request our government promptly refused to comply, alledging their principle of soul-liberty as the ground of their refusal. And they went even further—apprehensive that their adversaries might attempt, in England, where this sect was particularly obnoxious, to effect indirectly what they could not directly accomplish here—they charged John Clarke, their agent at Westminster, to have an eye and ear open to their doings and sayings; and if occasion were, to plead the cause of Rhode Island in such sort, as that they “might not be compelled to exercise any civil power over men’s consciences, so long as human orders, in point of civility, were not corrupted and violated.” Indeed, the love of their peculiar idea of government seems to have grown with the trials through which it passed, and strengthened with its growth. And what will prove that this love had become one and identical with the spirit of this people, and their peculiar idea dearer than life itself, are the facts to which I will now call your attention.

The first settlers at Providence and Warwick were, at the commencement of their settlements, on the most friendly terms with their Indian neighbors. The Wampanoags, once a powerful people, though now considerably reduced, were on one side, and the Narragansets, who, it is said, could number four or five thousand warriors, were on the other. A formidable array of savage strength, this! And, indeed, at that time, the red man may be said to have held all Rhode Island’s blood in the palm of his hand, the slightest agitation of which would have con-

signed it to the dust. Roger Williams, sensible of the perils of his position, early "made a league of friendly neighborhood with all the sachems round about." But this league with savages was necessarily very precarious. They were all alike jealous of the Whites; and any one provoked a war, it would be, of necessity, an indiscriminate war of extermination—race against race—and Rhode Island would be the earliest victim. Now the Indians were at war among themselves; and the united colonies knew how to play off one hostile body against another to their own advantage; and they appear to have done so with little regard, to say the least, to the critical position of the heretic colony. Indeed, it so happens that its particular Indian friends were the particular objects of their unremitted hostility. Miantonomi, and the Narragansets generally, were (as has been said) on the most friendly terms with Williams and Gorton, Providence and Warwick. They cherished and fostered those infant settlements as savages best could; and it was against this chieftain and his people that the united colonies chose to excite Uncas and his Mohegan. Frequent strifes, and ultimately war and battle and slaughter, were the consequences. Miantonomi was taken prisoner, and Uncas was advised by the united colonies to put him to death. Acting on this advice, Uncas murdered his prisoner. The whole Narraganset people were thereupon deeply agitated—hostilities were frequently threatened; nor did the memory of the atrocious deed die out of the Narraganset mind, ere the Wampanoags rose in arms, and the whole body of Indians raised the tomahawk against the Whites, without discrimination. Now in 1643, previous to the death of Miantonomi, the four New England colonies, Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven, formed a confederation for their better security against Indian hostilities. This confederation was, indeed, a castle of safety to them, but not to Rhode Island. She was obliged to stand out exposed to every peril. Between the death of Miantonomi and the outbreak of Philip's war, again and again did the fearful cloud of Indian hostility darken the land, and again and again did Rhode Island apply for admission into this confederation, and was refused. Refused? No; not absolutely. If she would renounce her independent government, and come in under the Church and State combination, then, indeed, they would take her under their protection; but until she did, she must stand out exposed to all the horrors of Indian warfare. Rather than accept such conditions, she chose the exposure. She stood out ready to brave the terrors of Indian ferocity—the midnight conflagration, and the indiscriminate butcheries of the tomahawk and

scalping knife. Did she not love her idea? Was it not dearer to her than life? Did she not feel it to be one and identical with herself, and that to renounce it would be to commit treason against the Most High, and to terminate her own existence?

By this, her unconquerable love of her own glorious principles, she proved herself worthy of the charter of 1663. Than that charter, no greater boon was ever conferred by mother country on colony, since time began. No grant ever more completely expressed the idea of a people. It at once guarantied our ancestors soul-liberty and granted a law-making power, limited only by the desire of their Anglo-Saxon minds. It gave them the choice of every officer, from the commander-in-chief down to the humblest official. It gave to the State the power of peace and war. It made her a sovereignty under the protection, rather than the guardianship, of England's sovereign; so that the moment that protection was withdrawn, she stood independent and alone, competent to fight her own battles under her own shield. I shall say nothing more of the powers conferred by this charter; we have too recently put off, and hung on the castle walls, that Vulcanian panoply, still unscathed, glorious and brilliant with nearly two centuries wear. We know what it was—God bless its memory!

There are those who are weak enough to think that they degrade the State by calling this charter the grant of a profligate king. The fools! As well might they think to degrade a man, by declaring that the garment which he wears was made by a profligate tailor. But those who are endowed with this high wisdom, have yet to learn something of the manner in which Divine Providence operates its results in the great humanity, and that even this charter is not the work of mere man. They have yet to learn, that there exists, throughout the grand totality, one presiding and all-pervading Mind, which, ever as occasion requires, brings out one element of humanity in opposition to another, balances excess against excess, and makes the best and the worst, the highest and the lowest, of mortals, equally the unconscious instruments of its great designs, and thus moves man steadily onward, to a higher and higher sphere of duties and rights. Whence comes the tyrant's will, unless it be from himself? But whence come the instinct of self-preservation, and deathless hope and faith, that feeling, which knows no master, for the heroic sufferer in virtue's cause? They are all from the Divine Author of humanity, and dwell alike in the beggar and the king.

When Charles II. heard the tale of Rhode Island's woes—of the wrongs inflicted upon her by her giant sisters—when he heard of the

scantiness of her territory, of the smallness of her numbers—of the perils to which they had been exposed, and of those which they must still encounter, in these distant wilds, could he have been accounted subject to the common laws of humanity, had he refused her feebleness a single demand? Was not this Divine Power his master?—and did he not grant the charter because he could not do otherwise than obey it? Yes—save as an instrument, neither Charles, nor Clarendon, nor Howard, nor other noble, gave that charter. On the contrary, that very law of humanity which gave Rhode Island's idea of government ere Rhode Island was a name, and after passing it from generation to generation, gave it first to take form here in an infant people—that very law now clad it in the panoply of the charter, and bade it suddenly stand out in the midst of New England's colonies, like another Minerva flashed from the head of Jove.

Well might the surrounding colonies recoil from the splendid vision, and still look on in wonderment at its strange apparition. But be ye not too fearfully astonished, ye simple ones! There is no witchcraft here. It is but an ordinary prodigy of that "Wonder-working Providence," of which ye have spoken so much, and know so little. John Clarke, our agent at Westminster, has not been dealing with the wicked one—he has simply performed his duty as a part of the organization of the great humanity, and that, operating under the laws of its Divine Author, has accomplished this grand result.

Here, then, was Rhode Island in the midst of them—after all, something more than the peer of her sisters. Her form has still the contour and softness of youth, and something more than a century of growth and discipline must roll away ere the heart of the young sovereignty shall beat high in the maturity of its vigor, and her bone become hardened, and her muscles strong, to execute the purposes of her unconquerable will—and then—she shall march!—Yes, she shall MARCH!—and her banner shall stream daringly over Ocean's wave, and be rent in shreds on many a battle-field.

But there is some one who thinks, or says to himself: "This is extravagant language for Rhode Island—a *little* State." My indulgent hearer, whoever you may be, do you know what that word *little* means when thus applied to a social power—to an integral part of the grand social and moral organization of the race? Do you think that the greatness of a State is to be measured by the league or the mile? Are you really in the habit of estimating moral and intellectual greatness by the ton and the cord? Do you weigh ideas in a balance, or measure thoughts by the bushel? If you do, and your method be the

true one, you must be decidedly right, and Rhode Island is "*a little State*." But if the intellectual and moral be above the material and physical, and if that State be great which actualizes a great central truth or idea—one congenial to the whole nature of man—one that must develop itself in a manner consistent with the order of Divine Providence, the great course of events, and leave everlasting results in humanity—then Rhode Island is not a *little* State, but one of such vast power as shall leave an ever-enduring impression on mankind. Give but the transcendent mind—the great idea, actualized—and whether it appear in an individual of the humblest physical conformation, or in the organization of a State of the smallest territorial extent, and the most limited population, it shall tend to raise all mankind up to its own standard, and to assimilate men and nations to itself. The principle of the hydrostatic balance has its reality in the mass of humanity, as well as in Ocean's flood; and give but the great fundamental idea, brought out and embodied in the ever-enduring form of a State, and it shall act through that form, from generation to generation, on the elements beneath it, until it raise the enormous mass up to its own exalted level.

This, all history proves. The States which have produced the greatest effect on mankind, are not those which are of the greatest material dimensions; but, on the contrary, they are States which, though of small territorial extent, and often of very limited population, have actualized great fundamental truths or ideas. Take Athens, for example; with a ruling population of about twenty thousand, and with a territorial domain of about the extent of our own State, what a dominion did she hold, and holds she still, over the rising and risen civilizations of the earth! Barbarism took light from her lamp; infant Rome organized herself upon the basis of her laws; and surrounding nations were educated at her schools. Her ruling idea was given by the æsthetic element of the mind—strong in the love of the beautiful; and she carried this grand idea into all her social institutions—her religion, her philosophy, her science, her art, and into the athletic discipline of her youth. It reflected itself from the physiognomy and physical conformation of her people; from the statuary of her temples, and from her unnumbered monumental structures. She established an empire of her own, which shall out-last the pyramids—which shall be as enduring and as broad as human civilization. She still teaches by her example, and rules in the truth of her precepts.

Take ancient Judea—a state of small domain, and an outcast among the civilizations of old. The fundamental idea, or great truth, upon

which her government was based, and which she carried into all her institutions and sacred literature, was the Idea of the Unity of the Divine. What an influence has this single idea, as derived from her, had upon all mankind ! You may trace its influence, through history, from her fall to the present day. It has brought down with it, to all Christian, to all Mahometan nations, a knowledge of her institutions, and the influence of her laws ; and, regarding Christianity merely in a secular point of view, as necessarily springing from her in the order of Divine Providence, what a power does she now exert throughout all Christendom ! We can put our eye on nothing to which she has not given modification and form. She lives in our laws and institutions—the very current of thought now passing through our minds, and every hallowed sentiment by which we are now moved, may be traced back to the fundamental truth on which her legislator based that *little State*.

To say nothing of Tyre, or Carthage, let us take Rome—a single municipality, that was called, by the state of the world, to propagate her own idea of order and law, among the barbarous nations of the earth. Rome and the Roman Empire date their origin from the organization of the fugitives and outlaws, that were gathered within the narrow compass of the trench struck out by the hands of Romulus. Within this small space, the roots of an empire, such as the world had never before, and has never since seen, were planted ; and thence they shot forth, assimilating to themselves every thing that they touched. Rome went forth in her legion, and did but repeat, on the barbarism of the earth, her own great idea of order and law. She everywhere established her distinct municipal order—assimilated divers rude nations to her own civilization, and thus enstamped an everlasting image of herself on the race.

I might name many other republics of very limited territorial extent and population, but which actualized ideas that transcended the ordinary standard of their age, which have performed a noble part in history, and left an abiding impression on mankind ; I might name the small Italian republics of modern times, and particularly of Venice—that Venice who, with no boast of territorial extent, built her domain in the sea—drove down her piles in the Adriatic, and enthroned herself thereon as Ocean's Queen. But I will not consume your time ; enough has been said to show that we must not estimate the capacity and destiny of states by the extent of their territory or the figures of their census—these are but contingent results, which may or may not justify claims to the honor and gratitude of mankind. But, on the contrary, would you truly determine the genius and destiny of a State,

ascertain what part—what function in the grand organic order of humanity, is hers—what that principle is which has given her being, informed her with its own life, and actualized itself in her social and political organization; and, if that principle gives a contingent and secondary idea—one inferior to the general mind of the age in which it is called to act a part, such a State, however large its territory or population, cannot be great—it will ever be little, and will become less and less, until it die, and pass out of the system. The order of Divine Providence, the course of events, and the progress of the race, are against it. On the other hand, if that principle give a great fundamental idea or truth—one congenial to the immutable laws of the whole social humanity—one germinating from the inmost soul of man, and transcending the general mind of the age in which it is to take form—such a State cannot be little; however small its beginnings, its destiny is to act a high part in the grand course of events, and to become greater and greater in the worlds both of matter and mind, until, in the fullness of time, it has reflected its image entire, into the bosom of every civilized nation on earth.

Such was Rhode Island's idea, and such was Rhode Island's destiny, (yet to be fulfilled,) the moment she took organization under the charter of 1663.

Brevity requires that I should now pass from the history of the internal action of this idea, in order to take some notice of its external action, and of the exhibition it made of itself, in the grand theatre of the world. For this purpose, I shall inquire what part Rhode Island acted in the sisterhood, at a memorable period in her and their history; and we can thereby the better determine whether there be or be not that in her conduct which will give us confidence in these large promises and exalted hopes.

We must suppose, then, that from the adoption of her charter, more than a century of growth and discipline has rolled away, and brought us to the verge of the Revolution.

And where is Rhode Island now?—that young sovereignty, so royally armed in her charter, that she seemed like a goddess suddenly shot down among wondering mortals, from a celestial sphere. Where is she now? There she stands—one of the banded sisterhood—among the foremost, if not the very foremost of the thirteen. But on whom does she flash the lightnings of that well-burnished helmet and shield, and level that glittering lance with the aim of her yet more glittering eye? It is on "the Mother Nation"—on Parent England! What cause has she for this hostile attitude, and most unfilial ire? Is not

her Eden Isle still the resort of England's gentry? And what favor has been denied her? Or what decision, on the numerous controversies between her and her sister colonies, has indicated a single unkind feeling in Mother England's breast? Why, then, does she now band with those sisters, and raise the hostile lance against England's protecting arm? Ah! she has come on a great mission; not sent by England, but by England's Lord; and she is here, in obedience thereto, to perform her part in a great movement of the progressive humanity. She felt her own idea of liberty and law threatened in the wrongs inflicted on her sisters; and, oblivious of the past, she stands here, banded with them, in vindication of her idea. She has, moreover, assimilated them to herself. She has conquered by her example. They have adopted, or are adopting, her own just idea of government; and to defend it, has become the common duty of all.

But let us come out of allegory, into plain matter-of-fact history, that spurns all embellishment. Rhode Island, according to her high promise, should take a foremost part in this great movement, both in counsel and in action; and now let us see whether she disappoints our expectations.

Do not understand that I mean to give even a general historical outline of her services and sufferings; I propose merely to name some prominent facts. But in order that these should be duly appreciated, it is necessary to state that Rhode Island, at the commencement of our struggle with Great Britain, did not contain a population of more than fifty thousand, of which, probably, one-fifth part was on the islands of the bay and coast; and these were in the occupation of the enemy, for nearly three years of the war; that the State treasury was already exhausted, and largely in debt, by reason of the expenses incurred during the French war; that she was extensively engaged in commerce, to which her beautiful bay and harbors invited her enterprising people, at the same time that they exposed them to the depredations of a naval power. Now, under all these disadvantages, in what was it that Rhode Island was foremost? Doubtless each of the Thirteen may claim to be foremost in some things; but I speak only of those first steps which manifested great daring, or were followed by great results. In what great movements, then, bearing this impress, was she the first? *

She was the first to direct her officers to disregard the Stamp Act, and to assure them indemnity for doing so.

* See the Annals of Providence.

She was the first to recommend the permanent establishment of a Continental Congress, with a closer union among the colonies.

She was among the first to adopt the Articles of Confederation, and, it may be added, the last to abandon them.

She was the first to brave royalty in arms.

Great Britain was not then here, as at Boston, with her land forces in the field, but with her marine—behind her wooden walls—on the flood; and before the casting of the three hundred and forty-two chests of tea—the East India Company's property—into the harbor of Boston, and before the battle of Lexington, men of Newport had sunk His Majesty's armed sloop Liberty, and men of Providence—after receiving and returning *with effect* the first shots fired in the Revolution—sent up the Gaspee in flames.

She was the first to enact and declare Independence.

In May, preceding the declaration of the Fourth of July, by the Continental Congress, the General Assembly of this State repealed the act more effectually to secure allegiance to the king, and exacted an oath of allegiance to the State, and required that all judicial process should be in the name of the State, and no longer in His Majesty's name; whereby Rhode Island, from that moment, became, and is at this day, the oldest sovereign and independent State in the western world.

She was the first to establish a naval armament of her own; and here, on the waters of her own Narraganset, was discharged, from it, the first cannon fired in the Revolution, at any part of His Majesty's navy.

She was the first to recommend to Congress the establishment of a Continental Navy. The recommendation was favorably received, and measures were adopted to carry it into effect; and when that navy was constructed, she gave to it its first commodore, or commander-in-chief—Esek Hopkins, of North Providence. She furnished three captains and seven lieutenants, they being more than three-quarters of the commissioned officers for the four large ships, and probably the like proportion for the four smaller craft. Under this command, the first Continental fleet—the germ of our present navy—consisting of eight sail, proceeded to New Providence, surprised that place, took the forts, made prisoners of the governor and other distinguished persons, and seizing all the cannon and military stores found there, brought them safely into port, as a handsome contribution to the service of the American army. On our alliance with France, this armament gave place to the French navy.

But this was not the only kind of naval warfare adopted. The harbors of our State swarmed with armed vessels. Our merchants constructed privateers, or armed ships already on hand, and our sailors manned them, and in spite of the utmost vigilance of the British cruisers, they escaped to the ocean, and were wonderfully successful. British property to an immense amount was brought into port, by which the wants of the people and army were supplied, thus producing a double effect—invigorating their country, and enervating her foe. A questionable mode of warfare this, it may be said; and so it may be said that every mode of warfare is equally questionable. Nothing but the direst necessity can, in any case, excuse war; but our ancestors seem to have thought that, when once the war was commenced, the shortest way, to conquer peace and secure their independence, was the best; and believing that the sensorium of the enemy might be found in his purse, they struck that, and not without tremendous effect. At any rate, in this business, it must be conceded that Rhode Island was foremost. In fact, this port, here at the head of the bay, so swarmed with this terrible species of insect war-craft, that the enemy called it “the Hornet’s Nest.”*

But whilst she was thus engaged in carrying war over the ocean, she was not behind her sisters in carrying it over the land. She raised two regiments at the commencement of the war—twelve hundred regular troops—she furnished her quota to the Continental line throughout the war. In addition to these, from the 16th of December, 1776, to the 16th of March, 1780, she kept three State regiments on foot, enlisted for the State or Continental service, as occasion might require. They were received as a part of the Continental establishment, and one of them, at least, was in the Continental service under Washington.

To characterize the Rhode Island officers who served in that war, it will suffice to name a few of them.

There was General Greene, second only to Washington—perhaps his equal in the field. There was Hitchcock and Varnum, distinguished members of the bar, who did honor to the profession of arms. Hitchcock commanded a brigade, consisting of five regiments—two from Massachusetts, and three from Rhode Island—at the battles of Trenton and Princeton; and “for his signal gallantry received the special thanks of Washington, in front of the college at Princeton, and which he was requested to present to the brigade he had so ably com-

* For this fact I am indebted to the venerable William Wilkinson.

manded.* Varnum commanded a division of Washington's army on the Delaware, which included within it the garrisons of Fort Mifflin, and Fort Mercer, or Red Bank. There were, also, Col. Christopher Greene, Col. Jeremiah Olney, Col. Lippitt—I merely give their names—Major Thayer, the true hero of Fort Mifflin; Talbut, that amphibious Major, sometimes on the deep in some small craft. boarding His Majesty's galley, (the Pigot,) sometimes on land, driving at once into camp three or four British soldiers, whom he, alone, had captured—many were his daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes; General Barton, the captor of Prescott, and Captain Olney, the foremost in storming the first battery taken at Yorktown. Many others might be named; but what a host of recollections rise in the mind, on the bare mention of these!

As to the services of our troops in the Continental line, it is sufficient to say that they were engaged in every great battle fought under Washington during the war; and there are instances in which they sustained the whole shock of the enemy; as at Springfield, and at Red Bank, where twelve hundred Hessians were repulsed with great slaughter, by the five hundred Rhode Island men there, under the command of Col. Greene. These, together with the State regiments, were with Sullivan in his expedition against the enemy at Newport, and were, it is believed, the rear guard of the retreating army. The battle on Quaker Hill has never been appropriately noticed in history. "It was the best fought action during the Revolutionary War."† I use the language of Lafayette. There it was that this rear guard checked the pursuing forces of Britain, and sustained an orderly retreat; there it was that our black regiment, with their cocked hats, and black plumes tipped with white, moving with charged bayonets as a single man, twice or thrice rushed on the banded force of British and Hessians, and as often drove them from the ground.‡ The estimation in which the Rhode Island regiments were held, both by the commander-in-chief and the Continental army, may be shown by a short conversation between Washington and Col. Olney. There was some disturbance in the Rhode Island line, and Washington, riding up to Olney's quarters, said, in a state of excitement not usual for him, "Col. Olney! what means this continued disturbance among the Rhode Island troops? *They give me more trouble than all the rest of the army.*" "I am sorry for it," said Olney, composedly; "but, Gen-

* See the letter of Mr. J. Howland, the venerable President of the Rhode Island Historical Society, as quoted by Mr. Updike in his "Memoirs of the Rhode Island Bar," p. 148.

† *Annals of Providence*, p. 256.

‡ Tradition.

eral, that is just what the enemy say of them." A smile lit up the face of Washington, and the cloud passed from his brow. The freedom of this reply could have been warranted by nothing but the known estimation in which the Rhode Island troops were held, both by Washington and his army.

For nearly three years, during the time that Rhode Island was making these efforts, the territory occupied by one-fifth part of her inhabitants was, as I have said, in possession of the enemy, and one-half of the remaining portion of her people may be said to have slept within range of his naval cannon. The shores were guarded; artillery companies were stationed in every town bordering on the bay; the militia were constantly either under arms to repel assaults, or ready at a moment's warning for that purpose; and in Sullivan's expedition they were called out in mass. Such were the trials through which she passed, and such the efforts which she made, that, on the return of peace, both State and people were utterly bankrupt. All the property within the State, both real and personal, would not have paid the debts of either. The subsequent laws, making paper money a tender, were, in fact, bankrupt acts. Massachusetts, by not adopting this course, forced the oppressed debtors into a resistance of the execution of her laws, and finally into rebellion and civil war. I say not which was the better course. It was, in fact, a choice between great and unavoidable evils; but the course of each State was perfectly characteristic. Rhode Island dissolved the contract, and saved the debtor; Massachusetts saved the contract, and ruined the debtor. In Rhode Island, mercy triumphed over justice; in Massachusetts, justice triumphed over mercy.

Such was the conduct of Rhode Island—that young sovereignty—when called upon to act out of herself, and upon the world around her. And has she fallen, in any thing, short of the high promise given by her fundamental idea? Have our expectations been in any degree disappointed? Is she not, thus far, first among the foremost in the great cause of liberty and law? In this struggle, she has acted under the liberty element of her idea, and it has triumphed over illegal force.

But she is now called to another trial, in which the law element, by force of circumstances, is destined to predominate. She is called to adopt a new constitution, prepared by the sisterhood for themselves and her; and she shrinks from it, as repugnant to her idea of government. She had been the first to propose the permanent establishment of a Continental Congress. She had been among the first to

adopt the Articles of Confederation under which it was held, and she was now to be the last to abandon them. She had ever felt and acted as a sovereignty, even under England; and every freeman in the State felt her sovereignty and glory to be his own. His own individuality—his own conscious being was identified with her idea, and he lived, moved, and breathed, as if he were one and identical with her, or she one and identical with him. Under the old confederation this sovereignty would have been continued, and with it, the same free individuality—the same glorious conceptions of liberty and law that had come down from of old. But under the new constitution—"through what new scenes and changes must she pass—through what variety of untried being," under constraint and limitation to which she had hitherto been a stranger—exposed, perchance, to the annoyance of a new brood of States? or of States, at least, that shared not in her sympathies, and which might become hostile for imputed political, if not religious, heresies—she paused—she hesitated. If her sisters, with something of their Church and State ideas still clinging to them, and with their royal governors just cast off, could put on this straight jacket, why let them do it—it might be natural enough for them—but she would hold to the old confederation whilst she could—she could use her arms and her hands under that; but under this they would be tied down: and she must pass her helmet and shield and lance to other hands, and trust them for the defence of her own glorious cause—she determined to cling to the confederation—and who can blame her? I do not—and she did cling to it, until she stood alone, and was obliged to abandon it.

If Rhode Island lost something of the freedom of her sovereignty, by the adoption of the constitution of the United States, it must be admitted that she gained much, by the new position into which she was brought with her sister States. She, in fact, acquired a new stand-point, and vantage ground, from which the influence of her idea of government, and of her enterprising and inventive genius has been transmitted and is continually passing into every portion of the Union. The constitution of the United States, itself, had adopted her own original idea—indeed, without it, as I have said, it could not have been established; and whatever remnant there was of old Church and State ideas, has, under its influence, long since passed away. In the constitution and government of the Union, her own conceptions of liberty and law have been conspicuously exemplified to the nations of the earth, and have produced, and are still producing on them, their legitimate and necessary effects.

From this new vantage ground she has made her enterprising and original genius more sensibly felt by all. Having cast aside her shield and her lance, Minerva-like, she turned to the spindle and the loom. Without abandoning agriculture or commerce, she gave her attention to the manufacturing arts. The first cotton, spun by water in the United States, was spun in North Providence. The first calico printed in America, was printed in East Greenwich. It was from these beginnings that the cotton manufacturing business of this country sprung, and soon came to give a most important direction to the legislation and policy of the Union. It was in 1816, that the manufacturing interest, chiefly of this State, presented to Congress the great question of protection to American industry, in the most effective form. And from that time to the present, it has been a question upon which the policy of the government has turned, and in reference to which administrations have been established and displaced, as this or that party prevailed.

But she has given occasion to a question more important still—a question touching her own original conception of regulated liberty—a question, however, which she settled for herself, by direct legislative enactment, and almost by judicial decision, nearly two centuries ago; but which now comes back upon her, by reason of the new relations and immature influences into which she is brought. I allude to that question which has grown out of events too recent for a particular discussion here, and at this time, but which I mention because it forms a necessary part of the history of her idea of government. It is a question which, when raised under the constitution of the United States, it was well should be first raised and decided here, in a State which has been so long accustomed to preserve a due equipoise between liberty and law, and be then presented to those States who are yet vernal in the enjoyment of that liberty which has been so long her own. Upon their ultimate decision of this great question, may turn the destinies of this nation. Yet if Rhode Island continue true to her own just conceptions of government, we need not despair of the final re-organization, even of the elements of anarchy and misrule. By force of her own example, shall she restore them to order. The future is big with fates, in which she may be called to enact a higher part than any that has yet been hers. Let her gird herself for the coming crisis, whatever it may be. Let her recollect her glorious past, and stand firm in her own transcendent idea, and she shall, by that simple act, bring the social elements around her, even out of anarchy, into order and law.

We have thus reviewed the history of Rhode Island's idea of government—of its internal development, and of its external action ; and now ask you, fellow citizens, all, whether there be not that in its history which is well worthy of our admiration ; and that in it which is full big with destinies glorious and honorable ? Shall the records which give this history still lie unknown and neglected in the cabinet of this society *for the want of funds* for their publication ? Will you have one respected citizen to stand alone in generous contribution to this great cause ? I ask ye, men and women of Rhode Island !—for I may share in the noble effort to rescue the history of an honored ancestry from oblivion—I ask ye, will you allow the world longer to remain in ignorance of their names, their virtues, their deeds, their labors, and their sufferings in the great cause of regulated liberty ? Ye, what is tenfold worse, will you suffer your children to imbibe their knowledge of their forefathers from the libelous accounts of them given by the Hubbards, the Mortons, the Mathers, and their copyists ? Will you allow their minds, in the germ of existence, to become contaminated with such exaggerations, and perversions of truth, and inspired with contempt for their progenitors, and for that State to which their forefathers' just conceptions of government gave birth ? Citizens ! be ye native or adopted, I invite ye to come out from all minor associations for the *coercive* development of minor ideas, and adopt the one great idea of your State, which gives centre to them all, and, by hastening it onward to its natural developments, you shall realize your noblest hopes. Let us form ourselves into one great association for the accomplishment of this end. Let the grand plan be at once struck out by a legislative enactment, making immediate, and providing for future appropriations ; let the present generation begin this work, and let succeeding ones, through all time, go on to fill up and perfect it. Let us begin, and let our posterity proceed, to construct a monumental history that shall, on every hill and in every vale—consecrated by tradition to some memorable event, or to the memory of the worthy dead—be reveal'd to our own eyes, to the eyes of our children, and to the admiration of the stranger, something of Rhode Island's glorious past. Let us forthwith begin, and let posterity go on, to publish a documentary history of the State—a history that needs but to be revealed and truly known in order to be honored and respected by every human being capable of appreciating heroic worth. Let a history be provided for our schools that shall teach childhood to love our institutions, and reverence the memory of its ancestry ; and let myth and legend conspire with history, truly to illustrate the character and genius of ages

gone by, and make Rhode Island all one classic ground. Let a literary and scientific periodical be established that shall breathe the true Rhode Island spirit—defend her institutions, her character, the memory of her honored dead from defamation, be it of the past or present time—and thus invite and concentrate the efforts of Rhode Island talent and genius, wherever they may be found. Let us encourage and patronize our literary institutions of all kinds, from the common school to the college; they are all equally necessary to make the Rhode Island mind what it must be, before it can fulfil its high destinies. Let this, or other more hopeful plan, be forthwith projected by legislative enactment, and be held up to the public mind for present and future execution, and we shall realize by anticipation, even in the present age, many of the effects of its final accomplishment. It will fix in the common mind of the State an idea of its own perpetuity, and incite it to one continuous effort to realize its loftiest hopes. If Rhode Island cannot live over great space, she can live over much time—past, present, and to come—and it is the peculiar duty of statesmen to keep this idea of her perpetuity constantly in the mind of all.

LEGISLATORS OF RHODE ISLAND :*

The State which you represent is not an institution for a day, but one for all time. Generation after generation passes away, but the State endures. The same organic people still remains; the places of those who pass off are filled by those who come; and the same sovereignty still lives on and on, without end. Every particle of the human body is said to pass off out of the system, once in seven years; yet the same organic form still continues here to act its part—to be rewarded for its good, and punished for its evil deeds. It is just so with that body which constitutes the State. The organized people continues ever the same. The individuals which compose it are its ever-coming and ever-fleeing particles, animated within it for a time, and then passing off to be seen no more: but unlike our own frail structures, it is qualified to endure through all time, and therefore, in all that is done, this idea of its perpetuity should be ever kept before it. A great object is accomplished when once a people is fully impressed with this idea; it almost secures the immortality of which you thus oblige it constantly to think. One great curse of all popular institutions has ever been, a resort to paltry, temporary expedients—to legis-

* The members of the General Assembly, then in session at Providence, were invited to attend at the delivery of this discourse; and most of them, it is believed, were present.

that looks only to the day, or the petty requirements of the
it. But once impress the people with the idea of its own perpe-
and induce it to act thereon, and you change its character—you
ize it—you make it a being “of large discourse, that looks be-
nd after.” Once ingraft this idea upon the minds of the people
s State, and they will live in it—they will love it. They have
boundless future before them, but “shadows, clouds, and dark-
est upon it.” Vague and indefinite hopes they indeed cherish,
they can not anticipate what is to be realized. Strike out, then,
and plan for the future—give some distinctness to the object of
tate’s high aim—to the elevated stand, in distant ages, to which
pires—and even now they shall live in that future, just as they
ly live in the past. They will enjoy it by anticipation, and cheer-
urge the State on to that high destiny which the God of Man
lature designed should be hers.

THE INFLUENCE OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY AND INVENTION ON
SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ORATION,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY

OF

BROWN UNIVERSITY,

SEPTEMBER 6, 1843.

ORATION.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY :

THE influence of discovery in science, and of invention in art, on social and political progress, may certainly form an appropriate theme for an occasion like the present ; and if, during the short time which has been left to us by the preceding exercises of the day, I should endeavor to draw your attention to this subject, rest assured that the attempt will not be prompted by a confidence in any peculiar qualification of mine for the task, but from a desire, in some manner, to fulfil a duty which, perhaps with too little caution, I undertook to perform.

We are disposed, I think, to ascribe too much of human progress to particular forms of government—to particular political institutions, arbitrarily established by the will of the ruler, or wills of the masses, in accordance with some theoretic abstraction. And this is natural enough in a country where popular opinion makes the law. But, to the mind that has formed the habit of penetrating beyond effects into the region of causes, it may, I think, appear that the will of the one, or the wills of the many, equally are under the dominion of a higher law than any that they may ordain ; and that political and social institutions are, in the end, drawn or constrained to all their *substantial* improvements, by an order of mind still in advance of that which rules in politics, and flatters itself that dominion is all its own.

If it be true that knowledge is power, then it would seem to follow that any change in the arts or sciences, favorable or unfavorable, must be followed by corresponding changes in society. And such, in fact, we find to be the result. When the arts and sciences become stationary, all social and political institutions become stationary ; when the arts and sciences become progressive, all social and political institutions become progressive. The universality of this fact clearly demonstrates the necessary connection of cause and effect between scientific and social progress. And if the form in which this state-

ment is made be correct, it does as clearly show which is the cause, and which the effect, and that we are not to seek for the causative energy of human progress in the wisdom of the political, but in that of the scientific and inventive mind. Let it moreover be recollected, that, at least in these our times, the scientific and inventive genius has a universality which elevates it above all human jurisdictions; that it belongs to the whole humanity; can be monopolized by no government; and that its discoveries and inventions walk the earth with the freedom of God's own messengers.

This is an important position, which I shall presently endeavor further to confirm by some brief references to history.

But though we may find the cause of human progress in the scientific and inventive genius of the race, still we may question the extent of its power over those institutions that are created and sustained by the social or political will. I shall ascribe to it, on the present occasion, none but the power of ordaining for those institutions their only true law of progress. It prescribes to them no particular form of government; but requires that every government, whether in theory despotic or liberal, should be so administered as to enable the human mind to put forth, in a manner consistent with order, all its powers for the benefit of humanity. It forces upon government, whatever be its form, the necessity of extending practical freedom to all. It requires it, upon the penalty of ceasing to exist, to carry out to the utmost extent, both in the social and political spheres, every important discovery or invention, and thus coerces, by a process its own, obedience to its supreme authority.

But what is this progress? It may be a short, but it is a sufficient answer for the occasion, to say, that it is the elevation of mind over matter; in the material universe it is the extension of the dominion of man over the powers and forces of nature; in humanity it is the orderly elevation of the high moral and intellectual energies over the brute force of passion, prejudice, and ignorance.

In the realm of science and art, the most exalted geniuses and the brightest intellects that it contains are ever at the head of affairs. They are there, not by the appointment of government, nor by the election of the masses, but by a decree of the supreme Intelligence. And, if it be true, as I hope to demonstrate, that their discoveries and inventions rule in the grand course of events, it will afford some consolation to reflect, that, whether government falls into the hands of demagogue or despot, (and it suffers equally from either,) this high order of intellect doth, after all, by setting limits to their follies,

guide and govern in the main. To it we bow with deferential awe—to it we willingly own allegiance, and are proud to confess ourselves its subjects.

Time, indeed, was, when this order of mind formed a union with government, and was itself despotic, or was ruled by despotism. Such seems to have been its condition in ancient Egypt—such may be its condition still, under those oriental governments, where every change must operate a social disorganization; but such, from the earliest date of Grecian freedom, has never been its condition in the sphere of western civilization. It has been subject to restraint, it has suffered persecution, but it has formed no necessary part of any local government. It has been under no necessity of limiting its discoveries, or shaping its inventions to suit particular political or social organizations. At that early date it cut its connection with these, and, by so doing, found the Archimedean stand-point and lever, by which it is enabled to move the world.

But where and what is this point on which the scientific intellect takes this commanding stand? It is not to be found in that space which can be measured by a glance of the eye, or a movement of the hand. It is to be found only in the world of mind; and even there, only in that perfect reason which is at once a law to humanity and the revealer of all truth. It is a point which lies even beyond the extravagant wish of Archimedes. Perhaps he had unwittingly found it, when engaged in the solution of that mathematical problem which cost him his life; when, whilst the streets of Syracuse were thronged with bands of military plunderers, and the Roman soldier, amid shouts of triumph, entering his study, placed the sword at his throat, he exclaimed, "Hold, friend, one moment, and my demonstration will be finished." Far elevated above local interests, far above the petty strife and confusion of the day, it is a point from whose Olympian height all humanity is seen dwindled to a unit. It is in this elevation, above the world and its turmoils, that the scientific philosopher interrogates the deity of truth, and communicates its oracles to the whole nether humanity; confident, that as they are true, whatever may be their present effect, they will ultimately promote the progress of the race.

Nor is he at liberty to abstain from interrogating this deity; to refrain from the efforts to discover, and consequently to invent, whenever a discovery is to be actualized by invention. That law which prompts the mind spontaneously to search for the cause of every effect, and for the most effectual means for the accomplishment of the end, is not superinduced by education. It comes from a source above man;

it is constitutional, therefore irresistible ; and he makes his discoveries and inventions because he must make them.

Now the sciences and arts, comprehending not merely the liberal and fine, but the physical and useful, consist of a logical series of discoveries and inventions, commenced at the earliest date of human progress and continued down to the present time, the last grand result being the sum of all the labors that have gone before it ; nay, not unfrequently the sum of the blood and sufferings of the ignoble masses, as well as of the labors of the exalted philosophic mind. I mean not to say that this law of reason, which impels man to discover and invent, conducts him from step to step, from truth to truth, in a direct line to the far result ; for he has his liberty, and he often deviates, not for a day merely, but for a generation ; nay, sometimes for a whole epoch. But, however widely he may err, he at last discovers the error of the first false step that he has made ; his false premise is brought to its *reductio ad absurdum* ; and, with the benefit of all the experience, discipline, and knowledge that he has acquired by pursuing it to this result, he returns to the point of departure, and, with redoubled energy, follows out the demonstration direct, to its *quod erat demonstrandum*.

Gentlemen, excuse me, whilst on an occasion so purely literary, I draw an illustration of this idea from a thought suggested by an invention in a branch of mechanic art.

I lately visited an establishment, perhaps in some respects the first of the kind in our country, for the manufacture of iron into bars. I stood by, and for the time, witnessed the operation of its enginery. I saw the large misshapen mass of crude metal taken blazing from the furnace, and passed through the illumined air to the appropriate machine. I saw it there undergo the designed transformation. It was made to pass repeatedly between two grooved revolving iron cylinders, of immense weight. At every turn of the wheel it took new form ; it lengthened, stretched, approximating still its intended shape, till at the end of the operation it came forth a well-fashioned fifteen or twenty foot bar of iron, ready for the hand of the artizan, or the machine that was to resolve it into forms for ultimate use.

When I had witnessed this process, I thought I did not want to go to the banks of the Nile to be assured either of the antiquity or the progress of the race. An older than the pyramids was before me ; one which, though voiceless, told a tale that commenced before the Pharaohs, before the Memnon, before the Thebes. Here was a material which had been common to the historical portion of the human family for the space of five or six thousand years. Millions on millions of

ds had been tasked to improve the process of its manufacture. I t back, in imagination, to that primitive age, when the first unskil-hand—some fur-clad barbarian or savage—drew a mass of the raw erial from the side of some volcanic mountain. He constructed a el of clay for its reception, and, somewhat in imitation of the pro-he had witnessed, he placed it over a heap of blazing combustibles. h long and patient labor and care, he reduced it to a liquid mass ; then cast it into the shape of some rude implement of husbandry ar. Exulting in his success, he brandished the instrument in nph, and deemed it the *ne plus ultra* of human improvement. e disappeared ; but he left a successor. I followed him, in imag-on, and saw him take the art at the point at which his predecessor left it. He had discovered that the material was not only fusible, luctile ; and with sweat and toil that knew no fatigue, he gradu-beat the heated mass into the shape of something like a hatchet, sword. At this point he also disappeared ; but his successor, and still improved on the labors of his predecessor. Generation followed generation of apt apprentices in the art ; they formed a nunity of masters skilful to direct, and of servants prompt to obey. r fashioned new implements as their numbers increased, and the s of advancing civilization varied and multiplied. The master-ls studied, and studied successfully, all the various qualities and ptibilities of the metal. They became skilful in all its various in agriculture, commerce, manufactures and war. Yes, ye phi-ropists ! in war ! For humanity actually armed herself against nity to draw out and discipline the faculties of the human mind, bring the art to perfection. She instituted a school of her own, was herself its stern and unyielding preceptress. She chastened aggard and truant children as with a rod of iron. I saw her her sons into bondage by thousands—aye, by millions. I saw sweat and toil at the anvil like so many living machines. They once free barbarians ; but they were now in the school of civili-n. They were learning something of the arts. They would not : from the love of labor, but only from constraint and fear. Their ng task-masters grew strong and powerful in the labors of the arous masses, that superior knowledge and power had subjected heir will. They took counsel together, and still went forth to uer and enslave. Ages, centuries, epochs passed away, and still ame process was going on. They built up for themselves a bright glorious intellectual civilization, that extended far and wide over earth ; yet it was but the gilding of the surface ; for it had its

deep and dark foundations upon mind in bondage, upon masses in slavery ; and their power grew feeble from expansion. The numbers of the free would not suffice to sustain their dominion. And they sought for aid, but could conceive of none, save in the enslaved masses beneath them. And now came, improved by long ages of civilization, the scientific and inventive genius to their aid. She glanced back upon the past ; she discovered the point of departure from the progress direct, and the source of the errors whence this appalling result. She sought, and sought not in vain, to substitute the brute forces of nature for the labor of human hands. Then began the water-wheel to turn at the falls, and the trip-hammer to sound upon the anvil, and the manacles of the slave to fall off, as improvement was built upon improvement, in regular consecutive order, till the burning bar shot from the perfected machinery almost unaided by human strength.

This brought me to the process which I had just witnessed, and I thought I saw in it the grand result of the discipline and labor of the race for thousands of years. I thought I saw in it, not only the reality of a progress in the race, but the unquestionable proof of the existence of a law of progress, carrying on its grand process through the whole humanity by a logical series of causes and effects, from its earliest premises, in far distant antiquity, to its latest result ; and that the law which rules in discovery and invention, is one and identical with that which governs in the progress of the race.

I speak not here of particular communities or nations—for nations, like men, decay and die—but of the whole humanity, which is as immortal as the spirit of man, or, perhaps, as the divinity that rules it ; which feeds and grows in one branch of its existence upon the decaying energies of another, and which is thus ever renovating its vital and intellectual energies out of the past, and, amid unceasing decay, enjoying a perpetual rejuvenescence. On such an existence doth this law of progress ever act ; constantly forming and energizing the individual intellect by the unceasingly accumulating wisdom of the past, and by appropriating the forces of nature to the uses of social man, it is, at this day, carrying on in the world of mind that work of creation which the Divine Author of humanity did but commence in the garden of Eden.

There may be limits to man's capacities, but to the energies of nature which those capacities, acting under this law, may put in requisition, there are no limits. Each new discovery in science suggests the existence of something yet undiscovered ; each new combination in art, on trial, suggests combinations yet untried ; thus revealing, on the one hand, a law of suggestion, which, from the nature of mind,

must ever act; and, on the other, objects and subjects of action which are as boundless and as inexhaustible as the universe.

Now if this be, and must continue to be the true process of discovery and invention; and if, in its progress, as I hope to prove, it must constantly reflect itself into all social and political organizations, we have an assurance of progress, not dependent, thank Heaven, upon carrying to their results any political abstractions, or any ideas of popular sovereignty drawn from the perversions of revolutionary France; but upon a law of progress, which God has ordained for the government of humanity, and which is as certain and eternal in its operations as any law which governs the material universe.

But let us see, by a brief glance at the page of history, whether this law of progressive discovery and invention, doth, or doth not, rule in social and political progress.

And here let me premise, that the sciences and the arts, considered with reference to social and political progress, may be divided into two classes; first, those which are necessary or useful as aids or instruments of thought and sentiment; as among the sciences, grammar, rhetoric, logic, geometry; and among the arts, music, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, and the art of writing, or preserving the memory of the past. Second, those whose immediate object it is to enlarge our knowledge of nature, and improve the physical condition of man. These are the physical sciences, and useful arts improved by science. In the progress of the race, the first class is necessarily brought earliest to perfection. Man must be disciplined to think logically, and to communicate and preserve his thoughts and sentiments, before he can make any considerable progress in the physical sciences and useful arts. Hence it is, that, among the ancient nations of the earth, we find this high order of mind almost exclusively engaged in carrying the first class to perfection, whilst it devoted comparatively little attention to the physical sciences and useful arts. Indeed, the useful arts seem to have been abandoned almost entirely to slaves. They were carried on by manual labor. Invention had not yet subjected the forces of nature to the human will, and that vast amount of toil, which is required to support a splendid civilization, was urged on by an immense mass of people in bondage.

I would further observe, that as the scientific and inventive order of mind subsists, generally, independent of any necessary connection with any particular government, so its influence is not to be traced in the history of this or that people or community merely, but rather in that of a common civilization; such as that of classical antiquity, or

modern christendom, consisting of a community of nations, in which one government or society acts upon another, and from which, through this very diversity, that order of mind derives its power to cserce. It acts through one government on another, through one society on another, through society on government, and through government on society; its discoveries and inventions every where inviting the appropriate change, at first from policy, but if not adopted from policy, compelling its adoption, at last, by force of the principle of self-preservation.

History enables us to show, in but a few instances, the effects which each succeeding discovery or invention produced on society in the infancy of the race; but it does enable us to see their combined results in the form which society took under their dominion.

In Egypt, the sacerdotal order was the depository of all the science and learning of the age; and that order, in fact, seems to have been the governing power. Now what were its sciences, real or pretended? Geometry, astronomy, astrology, and a mystic theology. These were studied as the great sciences of ancient Egypt, and carried out into their respective arts; and, to say nothing about their geometry and astronomy, have not the two last left the distinctive impress of their mysticism upon every thing that remains of this ancient civilization? It appears in the labyrinth, the pyramid, the temple, and the hieroglyphics with which they were blazoned; and in the statuary, the sphinx, the veiled Isis, and mute Harpocrates, with which each entrance was sanctified. Society divided itself, spontaneously, into castes. Where there is progress, the highest order of intellect must lead, and the priesthood of Egypt, with the king at their head, necessarily stood first. Next to them the warrior caste, by which all was defended or preserved. Beneath them, the mass consisting chiefly of slaves, or those who were elevated little above the condition of bondmen. These were again divided into castes, corresponding to the laborious arts which they followed, with, probably, each its tutelary deity. The son followed the occupation of his father, and society underwent a sort of petrification, from the arts which admitted of no change without destruction. This arrangement could not have resulted from the designs of a cunning priesthood, establishing and ordaining the organization for their particular benefit. It must have grown up with the progress of the sciences and arts. Each art, newly invented or introduced, had its artizans, who transmitted, like the sacerdotal order, their peculiar mystery to their particular posterity. The governing power, since it embodied within itself all science, and took its constitution from it, might, after the arts had

reflected themselves into society, have very naturally interfered to protect that social organization, into which, as mysteries, they spontaneously fell.

But let us pass to Greece. No one doubts that Greece owed her civilization to her literature and arts. But to what was she indebted for the successful cultivation of these? It has been ascribed to the freedom of her political institutions. But, again it may be asked, to what were *they* indebted for that freedom? Is it not plain that they were indebted for it to the fact that her literature and arts early took root in the vigorous barbarism of distinct and independent communities, and that as her political institutions settled down into definite and fixed forms, they took their complexion and shape necessarily from the arts and literature cultivated by society? In Lacedæmon, the art of war alone was cultivated, and she was, for long, exclusively a martial State, but was finally obliged to give way to the influences operating around and within her. As to all the rest of Greece, it was under the dominion of the fluctuating wills of the many, or the few, and there was nothing permanent to give regular progression and tendency to political and social institutions, but the arts and sciences cultivated.

Greece commenced her civilization with colonies from Egypt and Phœnicia. They brought with them the arts and sciences, and something of the wealth of the parent countries, and ingrafted all on her active barbarism. And here, again, the immediate influence of the newly introduced sciences and arts, or of any particular discovery or invention, rarely appears in history, and is but dimly shadowed forth in the myths of the golden and heroic ages. But until they were introduced, Greece was peopled by bands of roving savages. Piracy was an honorable profession; the coast could not be safely inhabited; one savage band was continually driven back upon another. Attica was spared for its poverty. The Corinthians made the first great improvement in naval architecture. They invented the war galley of three banks of oars; they constructed a navy of like craft. This was followed by great results; they cleared the Grecian seas of pirates; nations settled on the coast, and by like means kept them clear. The Mediterranean was laid open to honest traffic; commerce flourished; the arts flourished. The Grecian communities took the longest stride in the infancy of their progress from this simple improvement in naval architecture—the longest with the exception of that made by the Trojan war. That war did for the Greeks what the crusades in modern times did for the nations of Europe—it made them known to each other;

disciplined them in a common art of war ; made them acquainted with a higher civilization and its arts, and restored them to their country with a common history, and themes for their bards of all time.

Greece, it is believed, presents the first instance of a civilized people in which the exercise of the powers of government and the almost exclusive cultivation of the sciences are not to be found in the same hands. The sacerdotal corporation in Greece did not embrace all learning, as in Egypt, and did not, as there, control the state. Science and art, absolved from political connection, stood then and there, on the same independent ground, as in our own age and country. Philosophy, it is true, was held in check by superstition ; but government did not assume to restrain, control, or direct improvement in art and science. And now, what was the result of this independent and isolated existence of the scientific mind upon the social and political organizations of Greece ? It seems to me to have been immense. Whatever of art or science was introduced from Egypt found no corresponding social organization in Greece, and the bondage of caste there never appeared—and for this reason it is that of all the races of men the Grecian is the first to present us with an intellectual people ; a people intellectual and progressive by force of its own internal and all-pervasive action. Science was no mystery, and each Greek was at liberty to cultivate whatever branch of knowledge or art it to him seemed meet ; and therefore it was that the Grecian society necessarily became free to the extent to which this cultivation could be carried, and *there* freedom stopped—*there* slavery commenced. Those who were consigned to the labors of the industrial arts, if it had been permitted, had neither the means nor the power to cultivate the sciences ; and they were slaves.

Every free Greek did or might cultivate grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, and geometry. And what was the product of these sciences ? The fine arts. They improved language ; they improved the power of expressing thought and sentiment ; and they produced philosophers, poets, historians, orators, sculptors, painters, and architects. These produced an ever-enduring literature, and specimens in the fine arts destined to become models for all time. The sciences and arts of Greece became the sciences and arts of Rome and the Roman Empire, and were diffused to the full extent of Roman conquest.

I will not indulge in any common-place rhetoric about Grecian civilization. You know what it was. The only point to which I would here call your attention is, that the arts and sciences of classical antiquity were not effects of the improved character of the social and

political institutions of the epoch ; but, on the contrary, that their improved character was the result of the scientific progress of the common mind, which progress went on in obedience to no law, save that which God has ordained for its government.

But it was the liberal sciences and the fine arts that were mainly cultivated in this ancient civilization. Man had not yet learned to go abroad out of himself into nature to search for facts. He found the elements of the sciences and arts, which he almost exclusively cultivated, within his own mind, or within his immediate social sphere. He was preparing the necessary means, the instruments, by which he was in after times to explore the universe, and extend the sphere of social improvement by the physical sciences and useful arts.

And now what was the consequence of this perhaps necessary restriction of discovery and invention ? A superficial civilization, grand and imposing it is true, but still a civilization that went no further than the practically free cultivation of the predominant arts and sciences of the epoch ; a civilization that did not penetrate the great mass of human society. The laborious industry by which it was supported, was carried on by an immense mass of unintellectual bondmen, who were to be employed by their masters, lest they should find employment for themselves. The useful arts became mysteries, and the secrets of nature remained secrets still.

Every where, throughout this ancient civilization, whether Grecian or Roman, the same horizontal division of society prevailed, and in portions of like ratio. A portion of the social mind, large, it is true, if compared with any thing in preceding history, was cultivated ; but still a very small portion, if compared with the masses in bondage. In Attica, the proportion of the freemen to the whole enslaved population, was as two to forty ; in the Roman empire, at one time, as seven to sixty ; and the bondmen subsequently so far increased, that armies sufficient for the defence of the State could not be enlisted from the freemen. Beneath this bright covering of civilization, what a vast amount of intellectual susceptibility lay slumbering in the night of ignorance and bondage !

The predominant arts and sciences of this epoch were at last brought to their perfection. They ceased to advance, and society became stationary. The mind of Asia and the south of Europe could go no further. It was the hardy vigor of the north, alone, that was competent successfully to use the instruments which this ancient civilization had perfected ; to go out of the sphere of social man into nature ; to regenerate and multiply the useful arts and sci-

ences, and, by their means, to elevate the masses from the condition of bondage to the freedom of intellectual life. Northern barbarism, therefore, came ; and it conquered, for this simple reason, that the arts and sciences of antiquity had not made the civilization of the epoch sufficiently strong to resist it.

Gentlemen, we are not dealing with a history of events, but with the causes which produce them, and especially those changes which add permanently to the improvement of the social and political condition of man. I know you may follow these changes in the history of events, civil, religious, and military ; but I am endeavoring to point out their origin in those causes which gave the institutions they produced shape, consistency, and duration ; and to demonstrate, that they are not to be found in accident, or in the arbitrary dictates of the human will, but in an eternal law of mind, which especially manifests itself in the arts and sciences. For this reason it is not necessary to cite all history, but merely a number of its facts, sufficient to establish the position.

And now, lest I should exhaust your patience, I pass the gulf of the middle ages with this single observation, that it was a season during which Christianity was engaged in humanizing and softening the heart of barbarism, and thus qualifying its mind to take form under the influence of modern art and science ; and landing on the margin of our present civilization, I proceed to discuss the social and political effects of scientific discovery and invention in modern times. And here we have an opportunity of tracing those effects with historical certainty to their causes, and of proving, as I hope, to minds the most sceptical, the truth of our position.

But, before doing this, I must speak of the social condition of the mass of society on which early modern discoveries produced their effects. Time will permit me to state it only in the most general terms ; and perhaps, on an occasion like the present, and to such an audience, this is all that is necessary, or even proper.

Guizot, in his admirable history of the civilization of modern Europe, dates the commencement of modern society in the sixteenth century. But modern society came out of a pre-existent state of things, which state of things first manifested itself and became general in the tenth century, when Europe rose out of the bosom of a chaotic barbarism, and took distinct form in the feudal system. This remark, however, applies more particularly to the north and west of Europe. It was whilst this was the predominant system that she commenced and carried on the crusades, and not only made

herself acquainted with herself, but with the remnants of civilization in the east and south of Europe. It was not until the thirteenth century that she manifested a decided tendency to her present political and social organization. And it is to a mere glance at her condition at this period, that I would now invite your attention.

In the east was the Greek, the remnant of the ancient Roman empire, still consisting of the same elements which distinguished it in the time of Constantine, a master class and a servant class. Those of the first class, eclipsed though they were, "had not yet lost all their original brightness." They were still imbued with something of the philosophy and literature of ancient Greece; and, in point of numbers, they bore perhaps about the same ratio as their progenitors to the immense mass of slaves beneath them. In Italy, were the Italian republics, exhibiting remnants of the ancient Roman municipal institutions. They cultivated the Latin literature, and were soon to be engaged in renovating the fine arts of classical antiquity, and were already, for the era, extensively employed in commercial enterprise. The ratio of the free to the bond was probably about the same as it had been during the Roman empire. Subject to these exceptions, all Europe fell under the feudal system, and certain corporations, called free cities, which, situated within the fief of some baron, wrested or wrung from him whatever privileges they could, by force or compact. There were no nations—no governments on a large scale. Europe was dotted all over with baronies and these free cities. Each barony, whatever it might be in theory, was a little sovereignty. Each baron, with his retainers, under a load of armor, and armed with sword and lance, and other offensive weapons of the times, occupied his castle in the country. He willingly submitted to no law, save that of superior force. His kingdom was his fief, and his subjects were his vassals, who followed him in war, or tilled his land, or performed for him other laborious service. The free cities were walled; the dwelling of the burgher was not merely in law, but in fact, his castle, protected by tower and parapet; and the burgher himself, when he ventured abroad to thread the narrow lanes and crooked streets of his city, went armed with lance, and often under cover of armor. The Romish Church presented the only element which pervaded all these little sovereignties and cities. Except among the clergy and the civilians, there were no scholars; and, to say nothing about their vassals, perhaps not one in a hundred of the noble barons themselves could either read or write. Nay, they were proud of their ignorance of those accomplishments. The author of *Marmion* means to give them their

true character, at a much later period, when he represents the Douglas as exclaiming—

Thanks to St. Botham ! son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line ;
I swore it once, I swear it still—
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.

It is true, that when the crusades ceased, something of that zeal which had originated and carried them on began to pass into new channels. Those immense masses that had passed out of the north and west of Europe, had made themselves acquainted with the advancing civilization of the Italian republics, and with the remnant of ancient civilization in the Greek empire. They had penetrated into Asia, and had heard and credited all the fables that oriental imagination could invent, of the wealth and splendor of the gorgeous east,

Whose richest hand
Showered on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

And they returned to their respective countries with these fables, and stimulated a thirst for further knowledge ; but above all, they excited the love of adventure and discovery, a yearning for the yet unexplored and unknown ; breeding a vague but confident faith in a something vast, boundless, mysterious, that was yet in reserve for daring enterprise, or unyielding perseverance—happily a true augury this of the discovery yet to be made on this side the Atlantic—yet, however fertile their imaginations, the most ardent of them had not conceived the possibility of the existence of this continent. Here it lay, secreted in the western skies, beyond an ocean whose westward rolling billow, it was then deemed, broke on no shore toward the setting sun, awaiting, in all the grandeur of waving forest, towering mountain, and majestically winding stream, the further discoveries of science, and the future wants of a progressive civilization.

Now let us for one moment contemplate this condition of affairs throughout Europe—this vast number of scattered petty sovereignties and municipal communities—this general pervasive ignorance—this enormous mass of vassals, serfs, and slaves, which underlaid and gave foundation to all ; and then ask ourselves, what process of legislation or compact, originating merely in the human will, could have resolved this jumble of conflicting materials into those organized nations and communities of nations, which now constitute the civilization of all christendom. We can conceive of no process so originating, that could possibly have brought about this grand result. Yet human legislation and compact were the secondary causes by which it

was accomplished. But what, humanly speaking, was the primary cause? That is the subject of our inquiry. I find it in a necessary result of that law of scientific progress, which I have already pointed out; I find it in the grand revolution which at this time took place in the science and art of war; in one word, I find it in the invention of gunpowder. Start not with incredulity and aversion at the annunciation; the cause of causes is there. Tell me not of wars domestic and foreign, of treaties, of parliaments, of councils of state and church. They were the mere external symptoms of the action of the all-sufficient internal cause. Yes, the first cannon that projected the ball of stone or iron, announced, in its own voice of thunder, the final doom of the feudal system, the centralization of nations, the ultimate emancipation of the enthralled, and the establishment of a christian civilization on a basis never more to be periled by the inroad of barbarian, or the invasion of Turk. The revival of ancient learning might have done much toward again plating over society with the civilization of classical antiquity; but neither that nor mere human legislation could have overthrown the feudal system, centralized nations, penetrated, and finally emancipated the nether mass of bondmen, and forever shut out the inundations of barbarism.

Feudalism gave way either immediately, in anticipation of the results of the discovery, or finally, under the direct operation of its physical force. What availed the Herculean arm, or giant muscular force? What availed the panoply of helmet, and shield, and coat of mail? Nay, what availed tower and trench, parapet and battlement, whether of baronial castle, walled city, or burgher's armed abode? They all crumbled into atoms, or stood scathed and powerless before the blast of this tremendous invention.

Gunpowder, in the material world, is a most terrible leveller; it makes no distinction between the strong man and the weak. But in the world of mind, it is a most determined aristocrat. It establishes "in times that try men's souls," none but the aristocracy of intellect. Nay, in the long run, it goes still further; for, since to command its service it requires national wealth, it perpetuates power in the hands of those only who know how best to use it for the benefit of all.

The barons abandoned their castles for the court of the sovereign, suzerain or lord; and that lord became the most powerful whose resources were the most abundant. Immense wealth, such only as a people at least practically free, can create, became necessary in order to carry on a war of offence or defence. The suzerain, or king, was thus at once converted into the friend, and became the liberator of

bondmen. Vassals and burghers became subjects and citizens, practically free. And their freedom was guarantied to them by no plighted faith of kings; by no lettered scroll of parchment; but by an irreversible law of necessity, enacted by this sovereign invention. What it did for individuals, it did for nations; armies could no longer carry on war in a foreign country without keeping up a communication with their own; and to conquer a new country, was to establish a new base for military operations against others; and thus, from necessity, was established a community of nations, in which the safety of all found a guaranty only in the independence and freedom of each. Hence comes that law of nations which is recognized by all christendom, and that sleepless vigilance which guards and preserves the balance of power.

Gentlemen: After considering these consequences, permit me to ask you whether christendom be indebted for her progress, thus far attained, to human legislation, guided by some abstract theory merely, or to the sovereign law imposed upon her by this all-controlling invention? When one nation had adopted this invention, all were obliged to adopt it, and christendom having thus necessarily received this power into her bosom, shaped her policy by the necessities which it imposed. Indeed, she owed her then, and owes her present condition, not to the foresight of her counsels guided by the speculations of her theorists, but to this law of human progress, which has overruled her follies and sustained her wisdom.

I have been considering an invention which begins its influence in the world of matter and reflects it inward to the world of mind. I now pass to another discovery or invention, that belongs to the same century, but which begins its influence in the world of mind, and reflects it outward to the world of matter. You will at once understand me to refer to the art of printing.

Were human progress a mere result of fortuitous events, and not the necessary operation of a law of mind proceeding from a designing reason, these two discoveries, made about the same time, might be inscribed in the list of remarkable coincidences. But they belong to no such list. The invention of printing, like every other, may be traced from its first rude essays down through a logical series of discoveries and improvements, urged on by the conspiring action of the whole humanity, to its last grand result, as the necessary consequence of all that has preceded it. It was necessary that a large portion of the human race should be educated to the use of letters; that the art of reading and writing should become widely diffused; the materials for copying cheap, and the demand for copies beyond the capacity

of the penman to supply. You may accordingly trace the growth, which produced this invention, from the first symbolic painting of thought on rock or tree, by roving savage, to the mnemonic hieroglyphics inscribed on pyramid and temple; then to characters representing words; then to those representing syllables; till the very element of the human voice at last take representative form in the alphabet. In this form it branches forth beyond the sacerdotal caste, and, like the banyan tree, repeats itself by striking its far-reaching branches into fresh soil. It passes from the Egyptian into the Phœnician, thence into the stronger intellectual soil of Greece; it multiplies itself throughout the Roman empire, at every repetition making still further demands upon the labors of the hand; it survives the middle ages, that its far-extending root and branch might draw increased vigor from the northern mind, and that nether mass of humanity, which is at length thrown open to more genial influences; and then it is, that this stupendous growth of all time puts forth, as its last fruit, this wonder-working art of printing. Readers had multiplied with the revival of ancient learning, with the progress of emancipation, with the love of the marvelous in romance, and the mysterious in religion, and demands for copies of great works, and especially for such as were sacred, or were so esteemed, could be satisfied in no way but by the labor-saving machinery of the press.

Now the military art must date its rude origin at the same distant epoch. It must have grown by force of the same law of suggestion, and therefore must have almost necessarily produced its corresponding invention of gunpowder, during the same century. Thus it was that one and the same law of progress conspired to perfect these two grand inventions at about the same time. Twin sovereigns, the one to commence its labors in the world of mind, the other in the world of matter.

And what were the effects of the art of printing, on social and political institutions? Did it take law from the human legislator, or give him law? Let us see.

It created, for the first time in history, what may be called a public mind. Cabined and cribbed though it was, within the forms of an age of despotism and bigotry, that mind grew and expanded, till it felt the pressure of those forms as obstructions to its growth. It then reformed the legislator himself, and through him cast off its obstructions, and thereupon expanded, with a broader liberty, into a mightier stature.

This mind thus shaped itself, not upon general speculative ideas, but upon natural tendencies and habits of thought, coming from the

hoary past, and common to all, and to which the inspiring influence of the press now gave an all-pervasive life. Society was thus made to feel its existence through its organized entirety through all its institutions and interests; and on this regenerated feeling, common to all, was established a true sovereignty of public opinion. Do not misunderstand me. When I speak of public opinion, I do not mean the wild impulse of minority or majority; I do not mean popular agitation or effervescence. I do not mean a state of mind indicated by mass meetings, barbecues, and the like. These may indicate a feverish state of the public mind, but they indicate no public opinion. On the contrary, they show that public opinion on the given subject is not yet formed. But I mean that opinion which is a natural, spontaneous growth, or proceeding from the organized whole; which is therefore in accordance with the political institutions, established interests, and the general moral and religious sense of a community. Until these are endangered, threatened or disturbed, public opinion rests unmoved, and heeds not the angry discussions that are going on among the overheated partizans of the day.

If, therefore, you would know what public opinion is, do not look to a party press that is doing what it can to draw forth an opinion favorable to the cause which it advocates, but look to the established interests, the intellectual character, and the moral and religious sense of the people, which the whole press, in all the variety of its departments, has contributed to form, and from them estimate what the common judgment, in the last result, must be.

Public opinion, in our country, indulges in no abstract speculations: it leaves them to the dreams of the theorist. In the full enjoyment of its own unobstructed freedom, it is never clamorous, it is never violent. It moves only on great occasions, and under the pressure of some stern necessity; but, when it does move, it is irresistible; it bears down all opposition before it. The demagogue frequently attempts to imitate the incipient stages of this movement, by an artificial agitation of the masses. Yet his imposture is sure to be detected in the end, by the fraudulent expedients to which he resorts in order to sustain that continued excitement in which alone he can live. Public opinion neither countenances such expedients, nor desires the agitation which they provoke. To it, all agitation is incidental, and results from extraneous causes, or from its partial manifestations. Sovereign in itself, it seeks not the aid of violently excited feeling, and when it unequivocally manifests itself, all agitation ceases, and the stream of events rolls quietly on.

It is when the course of the waters is obstructed, and they are accumulating behind the obstruction, that this artificial, this counterfeit agitation begins. It is then that every monstrous thing, little and great, which peoples the flood, swells into unnatural dimensions, and each, from the small fry to the leviathan,

Hugest that swims the ocean stream,

creates for itself its particular whirlpool and circle of bubble and foam, deceiving the inconsiderate spectator into the belief that all this is the agitation of the onward rolling flood, the indication of the natural tendency and pressure of the mighty mass. Yet let but the master-mind, which alone is competent to view the entirety *ab extra*, open the sluice-way, or the accumulating wave break the obstruction down, and the tide rolls tranquilly on, swallowing up in its prevailing current, whirlpool, bubble and foam, and little monster and great, and bearing them all quietly off to the ocean of eternal oblivion.

This is public opinion ; the gravitation of the general mass of mind through all its institutions and interest towards its eternal centre ; and when it so gravitates, it is always right ; but this *artificial* agitation is generally wholly individual, and when it is such, it is always wrong ; since its object, whatever may be the pretext, is wholly selfish. It is only when the agitation is natural, spontaneous, and comes from an effort to express the common wants and desires of a people, and is conducted with a religious reverence for public morals, for good order, and all truth, that it is ever the true harbinger of a genuine and enduring public opinion. A public opinion, based upon the generally received ideas of morality, religion, and law, doth in fact constitute the common conscience of a people ; and it is this conscience which in every great and trying emergency makes heroes or cowards of us all, as we may chance to be right or wrong.

It was a deep religious and moral feeling of this sort, for the first time brought into general activity by the diffusion of the Scriptures through the agency of the Press, which in the sixteenth century commenced and carried on the great work of religious reformation. The obstructions to its efforts were mountainous, and a deep and wide searching agitation went before it, often mingling error with truth. It touched, it moved that principle which lies beneath the deepest foundations of all that is human, and at once all social institutions were agitated as by an earthquake. It taught the human to give place to the divine. It dashed government against government, institution against institution, man against man ; and urged on that series

of religious revolutions, which for ages shook all Europe to its centre. It passed from religion into philosophy; it took form in politics; it produced its consequences in this country; it exploded, with most murderous effect, the combustible monarchy of France, and is to this day, with almost undiminished energy, passing down its tremulous agitations through the present into the boundless future. It changed the aspect of christendom; it established Protestantism and Protestant states, and reformed Romanism itself.

Nobody can doubt that all these changes were the necessary results of the discovery of the art of printing. They date from the commencement of the reformation; but the reformation could not have succeeded except by the aid of this art. Before this discovery, it had been repeatedly attempted both in church and out of church, and the attempts had failed; but after this discovery, it was attempted by a poor obscure monk in Germany, and the attempt did not fail. It began in the social mind, and extended itself, after much agitation, by a regular and orderly process, through the legitimate legislation of each community, out into state and church.

The creation of means by which the common mind, in every country of christendom, may in an orderly manner produce every desirable and necessary change in government, is one of the important results of this discovery; but its general social results have been no less important.

Let us go back, if we can, to the middle of the fourteenth century. Let us place ourselves in the bosom of that country whence all our political and social institutions are directly or indirectly derived; nay, from which all our ideas of legal right and duty, of liberty and law, proceed; and now, as in the midst of that century, let us see what the condition of the common mind is without the aid of this art. The first thing, then, that must strike our attention, is the general apathy and indifference of the mass around us, as to all matters of general, social and political importance. There is no press, there are no newspapers, no periodicals, political, religious, literary or scientific. In the place of the light which should come from these sources on the common mind, a profound darkness prevails, beneath which, all thought and action still rest in primeval slumber. But this is not all; there are no books in circulation or use, save those few that are transcribed on parchment by the slow and tedious operations of the pen. If we enter their public libraries, the precious manuscripts are chained to the tables, or are guarded with the vigilance of armed sentinels. If we enter their schools, the child is learning his alphabet from

a written scroll furnished him by his master. What a mass of ignorance ; aye, and of necessary bondage ! How eagerly the million multitudes look up to the learned few for light and guidance ! With what intensity of attention do they hang on the utterance of their lips, and how carefully do they treasure up, in their memories of iron, the oracles that fall on their ears ! Ah ! these are days when it well behoves the learned to take heed what they say. They are rulers of necessity, if not of choice, and their words are law ; and well may they subject themselves to some general rules of thought and speech, and become a corporate community, sacerdotal or other, that the masses may take organization beneath them. Well is it for humanity and human progress that they have this absolute masterdom, and can hold, in unqualified subjection, the blind passions and terrible energies that are slumbering under them ! Now let us return to this our day and generation, and—

What a change ! The press is pouring forth its torrents of truth or falsehood ; the land is whitened with its daily sheets ; the labors of a whole literary life may be purchased by an hour's labor of the mechanic ; reading is the pastime of man, woman, and child, of prince and peasant ; and strange voices, laden with strange thoughts, come thick on the classic ear, from cottage, and garret, and cellar. Where is that awful intensity of attention, that necessary and salutary subjection of the masses to the learned few ? Gone ! gone never to return ! Every individual has become an original centre of thought ; and thought is every where tending to clash with thought, and action with action. What is it that preserves order in the midst of all this tendency to anarchy ? Why, it is done by that public opinion which subsists from the organized whole, and which the press itself has created. It is that public opinion, which, by its mere *vis inertiae*, sustains the law, and holds the struggling demon of discord down. It takes the place of the learned of old ; and how important it is that its genuine authority should be sustained, and that no demagogue or insane enthusiast should be permitted to impose on the world its counterfeit !

This invention came not from legislation, but on the contrary, from the independent progress of science and art. Unaided by human policy, it organized for itself an empire within the privacy of the human mind ; and, gradually extending its dominion from spirit outward into matter, brought human legislation, at last, to follow reluctantly in the steps of its progress. And when, at length, the old world became too limited for the intellectual growth which it had generated, or ancient institutions so incorporated with the life of nations as not

to admit of that change which its irrepressible expansion required, it was then that the excess of this growth sought for and found in the newly discovered western world, an ample theatre for its enlargement.

A world newly discovered ! and how ? Why, by the progressive improvement of the art of navigation, aided by the then recent discovery or application of the virtues of the magnet ; an art which had taken its birth at the first stage of the progressive humanity, and which had proceeded, *pari passu*, with other arts, under a common law of progress, and which consequently had its corresponding discovery at this very juncture of affairs. Under the government of Divine Providence, all is order and law ; and notwithstanding the occasional outbreaks of human passion, and the perversity of the human will, that government compels its own puny creatures, whatever may be their motives, or however widely they may err, to shape their actions, at last, to its own grand train of events, and to carry out and fulfil its own great designs.

All three of those wonderful inventions, gunpowder, printing, and the compass, were necessary to the successful establishment of the Anglo-Saxon colonies on these shores. A number of tempest-driven Northmen doubtless discovered and colonized them in the beginning of the eleventh century ; but their discovery was premature. It came not in the logical order of progress. The colonists necessarily failed to effect a permanent establishment. Their intercourse with the mother country was fraught with every peril of uncertainty ; for, over fog-wrapt surge, or beneath cloud-invested sky, they wandered without compass or guide. The shores themselves were occupied by ferocious savages, and fire-arms were wanting to subdue them. And then, what availed it to add the forest and barbarism of the new world to the forest and semi-barbarism of the old ? The invention of printing was yet wanting to reform the general mind of Europe, and to generate that spirit which in after times was to go forth to establish its emancipation on these shores, under the auspices of institutions to be formed from all that was select and glorious in the past. The establishment and development of the institutions under which we live, are due to no arbitrary enactments, suggested by abstract speculations, but are the necessary results of the operations of these discoveries and inventions, on the free growth of the Anglo-Saxon idea of liberty and law.

Thus the state of the arts and sciences, in the beginning of the eleventh century, was not such as to enable the progressive humanity to discover these shores, and to establish permanent dominion on this side the Atlantic. Their accidental discovery, at that time, yielded

no useful results. But the progress of the arts and sciences in the fifteenth century had been such as to furnish all the necessary means for the purpose; and the discovery and colonization of this continent followed as a necessary consequence in the consecutive order of events. Its discovery *then* took its place, as a logical result of the grand series of discoveries and inventions that had preceded it, and thus became a new premise, or broader basis for the progressive action of the race.

I might here dwell on the consequences of the discovery of America, and its settlement by civilized communities. I might show how those consequences reacted on the arts and sciences themselves, on the relations of nations, on their internal politics, their domestic habits, and social enjoyments; shaping their institutions and controlling their legislation. But I deem further historical illustrations unnecessary. The great truth that human progress is the result of an ever active law, manifesting itself chiefly in scientific discovery and invention, and thereby controlling legislation, and giving enduring improvement to all social and political institutions, cannot be a subject of historical question or doubt. It is a law as palpable in the history of the social mind, as the law of gravitation in the movement of matter. Indeed, I should feel that I owed a serious apology to my hearers for having detained them so long on this point, were it not for certain extravagant ideas which seem to be rife in the land. The advocates of those ideas would teach us that there is an absolute, undefinable popular sovereignty, which can, in a manner its own, and at any moment, carry a certain supposed natural equality into social and political life, and *thereby* elevate poor human nature, however rude and degraded its condition, at once, as by a sort of magic, into a state of supreme and absolute perfection. When this sovereignty does not itself act to this end, it invokes the legislature, which is supposed to be competent to do nearly as much. No doubt government can do much; it can suppress insurrection, it can repel invasion, it can enforce contracts, preserve the peace, concentrate and protect the existing arts; but all this is to organize, and sustain organization, and not to establish the *natural* equality. Yet this is all that government can do to promote human improvement; but in doing this, it does but act in obedience to that law, by which God governs in the progress of the race.

The idea that legislation necessarily acts an inferior part in human progress, that this progress is governed by a law that overrules and controls political sovereignty, may be humbling indeed to the demagogue, who would make everything bend to the popular will. But

there this law is, an undoubted and incontrovertible reality, which will bear with no paltering, but demands the obedience of all, on the penalty of degradation or ruin. The true statesman, the real promoter of human progress, at once recognizes, and feels proud to obey it. He feels that in so doing, he is performing the most elevated and dignified of duties. For though by legislation he cannot advance the entire humanity a single step, yet he may, by legislation, materially advance the nation for which he legislates. You may be able to add nothing to the light of the sun, yet you may concentrate his rays in a focus, and thus make a particular point, as bright as the source from which they emanate. The statesman can concentrate the scattered arts; he may carry out each discovery and invention to all its available uses, and thus elevate the nation which he serves, to the head of the progressive humanity. Yet if he would do this, he must not wait to be driven to the task, like a galley slave, by the rival and threatening policy of foreign governments. For the very fact that they coerce him, shows that they are already in his advance.

Supposing that a people has already adopted the common arts and sciences, as far as they are available, there will still remain certain discoveries and inventions of more recent date, which are not fully applied, or carried to their necessary consequences. Among these, in modern times, there has always been some one susceptible of such universality of application, as would seem to merit the particular consideration of statesmen. Take, for instance, at the present time, the steam engine. What is susceptible of more universal application? What, bringing out all its powers, can add greater energy and vigor to the arm of government? What has, or can perform greater wonders? Not gunpowder, not the compass, nay, not even the press. It may be made to toil in the field, and supplant the labor of the slave. It already works at the spindle, and the loom, and the forge, and the mine. It is even now, whilst I am speaking, moving over earth with the speed of wings, walking up the downward torrent, and triumphantly striding over the roaring billows of the Atlantic. Already, where in use, has it reduced the distance one half between man and man, nation and nation, of extreme islands and continents of the habitable globe. It has brought civilization into immediate contact with barbarism, and christianity with heathenism.

Unless all history be false, and the eternal laws of matter and mind nothing but a dream, there can be little danger in predicting too much for the progress of this invention. Indeed, the danger is, that the most extravagant predictions will fall short of the reality. No matter

what government first applies this invention to all its practical naval and military uses, other governments must follow, however reluctantly, or cease to exist. Nay, should an unwonted apathy seize on all civilized governments, society would, at length, do the work to a great extent at their hands. The progress of this invention is ever onward, and will not cease until it has filled the world with its consequences.

Already has it coasted the shores of India, penetrated its interior by river or road, invaded the empire of China, and roused the Chinese mind by its appalling apparition, from the long slumber of centuries past. Ere long it shall bind subject Asia to Europe by bands of iron, and the Cossack and the Tartar, whilst feeding their herds on the banks of the Don and the steppes of southern Russia, shall start with amazement at the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and the thunder of the rail-road car, as it sweeps on toward the confines of China. Can the monarchies of Europe slumber in security, whilst the immense Russian Empire is thus centralizing and condensing its vast military resources and population at their backs? Never; their very existence must depend upon their resort to like means of defence or annoyance. And, from the heart of every monarchy of Europe, must diverge rail-roads to every assailable extreme; that when danger comes, and come it must, the whole war force of the nation may move, at a moment's warning, with the speed of wings, to the extreme point of peril.

The governments of Europe must become stronger internally and externally; more secure within and more formidable without, maugre the democratic tendencies by which they are threatened. Democracy is strong, but here is a power still stronger, that *will* have its course. It is a power with which governments will and must organize themselves, at their peril, whatever may be their form. And when thus organized, their endurance must be as that of adamant. Organized on like basis, our representative democracy itself may be secure; but if not thus organized, it can only wait, with as much quietude as it may, to be gradually absorbed, and finally swallowed up by the strong organizations that may be brought to bear upon it. Think ye that the military progress of this invention in the old world is to produce no effect on the new; that the breadth of the Atlantic is to set bounds to its effects? The breadth of the Atlantic! Why, it has become a narrow frith, over which armies may be ferried in twelve or fifteen days, to land in slave or non-slaveholding States, at option; and that power, "whose home is on the deep," already transports over her watery empire, on the wings of this invention, her victorious cannon. Other

governments are little behind her in the application of this power. Thus menaced, have we strength to do our duty with dignity? Can we much longer be governed by factions?

I am not suggesting a course of policy; I am simply carrying our premises to their necessary consequences; and to *that* end I ask: If we continue a free and independent people, must we not organize ourselves on the basis which this invention affords? Can we avoid it? Have we any choice but to radiate our country with communications for its defence, that the whole war force of the nation may be thrown with railroad speed on any point of danger? This system of defence may not be adopted till the shock of some foreign invasion, or some terrible internal convulsion, forces upon the government the necessity of adopting it; and then, if it be the will of God that we continue one people, it will, and must be adopted. When it is done, this union will be complete; its duration will depend on no written scroll of parchment; on no variable popular breath; its strength on no constitutional constructions changing to suit the temper of the times, but the constitution itself, resolved by the law of progress, shall take form, over the whole face of the land, in bands of iron.

Such must be the political progress of this invention. Government, in this country, has as yet done nothing, but society has done much. True to itself and its highest interests, it has been prompt in obedience to the law of progress. It has already extended, and still continues to extend the application of this sovereign invention. It has contracted, as it were, this country within half its former space. It has made a sparse population dense, and if a dense population has its evils, as in large cities it certainly has, the same invention offers an antidote. It can, without disadvantage, render those populations sparse. It can combine the morality and the occupation of a rural with the intellectual activity of an urban population. It will and must proceed on its mission, by force of the very law which gave it existence, till the civilization of christendom, on the basis which it affords, has been fully accomplished, and then, by force of the same law, will it bear that civilization into the bosom of barbarism, christianize the nations, and establish the dominion of the arts over the broad face of earth and ocean.

Such is the nature of the law of progress. Ever adding to the triumphs of intellect, ever expanding the sphere of civilization, ever enlarging the domain of liberty and law, it began its political and social manifestations, as from a central point, in the sacerdotal caste of Egypt. It continued them in Greece, and there, with the fine arts

and liberal sciences, expanded its influence over a wider compass. It reflected its action thence into the yet barbarous Latium. It created the civilization of Rome; Rome carried that civilization abroad among the nations of the earth, and enstamped her image wherever she set down the foot of her power. Barbarism came to receive the teachings of this civilization, at length christianized, and to open a sphere of action for the physical sciences and useful arts in the nether masses. Then came the era for deepening as well as widening the action of this law, by the aid of physical discovery and invention. Fire arms resolved the feudal system into a community of nations. The press inspired that community with a common soul. The compass revealed this western world, and pioneered to these shores the select mind and choicest institutions of Europe. It still urged on its discoveries; it has nearly completed the exploration of the globe. And now comes this invention of Watt to perfect what these discoveries have begun, and then to penetrate into every part of the world, and to carry a Christian civilization wherever it penetrates. Sprung, armed for its mission, from the head of the progressive humanity, it cometh forth the genuine offspring of that one Eternal Reason which hath ruled through all ages past. It embraceth within itself, struggling for utterance, the history of millenniums to come. It standeth before the portals of the future, but as no veiled Isis, as no mute and motionless Harpocrates. It hath a language its own; and as it moveth to its task, it talketh freely of its mission. Thou unambiguous prophet! what a voice for the future speaketh from the expanding volume of thy force! What a tale to the future is foretokened in the movements of thy demon strength! Great fashioner of the destinies of nations! Thou hast hardly commenced thy career of victory; but when it is finished, all lands and all seas shall lie beneath thy feet, at once conquered and glorified by thy conquest!

And now, gentlemen, if such be the law of human progress, if it must thus ever operate from the past into the present, and through the present to the future, and as by a sort of logical process, what becomes of those doctrines of social and political reform, with which our land is now so rife, and with which the public ear is so incessantly abused? What becomes of those ideas of a natural, absolute, unlimited and uncontrollable popular sovereignty, which is at once to bring humanity to perfection by establishing a *natural* liberty and a *natural* equality in *social* and *political* life? There may be a dire clashing among some of the ideas that are thus brought forcibly together; but the wise advocates of these doctrines see it not, feel it not. They

have sundry naked abstractions, which they have created for themselves, or others for them, upon which, by their own unassisted wisdom, they hope to build up society anew, on an improved plan. They would cut clear from the past; they would establish a new theory of human nature, and base a human progress upon ideas and laws their own. Well! let them do it; but let them do it, as they must, with material their own. Let them create their world, and their man and woman, after their own image, and then, on their principles, run their course of events in rivalry with that of Divine Providence. But let them not lay their hands on those whom God has created after his image, and who are moving on to their high destiny under his divine guidance. Let them not undertake to substitute their will for His, their laws for His, over any except their own, and we shall then know what that progress is about which they are now so abundantly eloquent.

In their estimation, all social and political institutions can be removed, by their sovereign wills, with the same ease that you take the glove from your hand, and any of their own imaginings substituted in their place. Their abstractions have no reference to the influence of the past on the present; no reference to the existing social or political organizations which have grown out of by-gone centuries; and it is not strange that they are utterly astonished to find, when they attempt to carry them into effect, that they are entering into conflict with all that the past has done for us. And then it is very natural for them to proceed, from lauding their own principles, to the abuse of the past; to the abuse of all our ancestral institutions and social and political ideas, as antiquated, and as obstructions to human progress.

Gentlemen, the present state of human progress is a child, of which the hoary past is the venerable father. And the child bears the image and feels the pulsating blood, and enjoys the patrimony of its sepulchred parent. There is not an institution, or science, or art, of any practical value, nothing of the good or true, in social or political life, that has not come down to us as a creation, or as a result of the labors and achievements of the venerated dead; the dead, not of modern times merely, but of far distant antiquity. The blood of Thermopylæ, of Marathon, and Platea, flowed not in vain for us. Homer sung, Plato mused, and Socrates moralized, for our benefit. For us Rome went forth in her invincible legion to conquer and humanize; for us Roman wisdom planned and Roman valor fought, and laid broad and deep the foundations of christendom. Aye, something even of our nearer selves appears in the action of the distant past. That blood, which now circulates warm through the Anglo-American

heart, may be traced through centuries of light and shadow, of triumph and trial, in the Anglo-Saxon line. For us it struggled under the Norman rule, and created *our* idea of liberty and law; for us it struck the harp of heaven in Milton, of nature in Shakespeare, and proclaimed the laws of the universe in the philosophy of Newton. O! let us build monuments to the past. Let them tower on mound and mountain; let them rise from the corners of our streets, and in our public squares, that childhood may sport its marbles at their basements, and lisp the names of the commemorated dead, as it lisps the letters of its alphabet. Thus shall the past be made to stand out in a monumental history, that may be seen by the eye, and touched by the hand. Thus shall it be made to subsist to the senses, as it still lives in the organization of the social mind; an organization from which its errors have died out, or are dying, and in which nothing but its Herculean labors do, or are to endure. Yes, let us sanctify the past, and let no hand, with sacrilegious violence, dare mar its venerable aspect. Change indeed must come, but then let it come by force of the necessary law of progress. So shall the present still ever build and improve on a patrimony formed by the deeds of heroic virtue, and the labors of exalted intellect. So shall the great and glorious be added to the great and glorious, and the labors of the illustrious dead still be made fruitful by the labors of illustrious living, time without end.

Such is the nature of that inheritance which has come down to us from the past, worthy to be honored by every philanthropic feeling for the present, and cherished by every hope for the future. And now do these theorists expect us to renounce this patrimony, and go and build on their barren abstractions?—commence a new progress on their empty speculations? And shall we do it? No, never, never, whilst humanity, through her grand organization of nations, yields a necessary obedience to the laws of the Supreme Reason, or Nature, through her universal frame of worlds, stands fast in the laws of her God!

THE
P A N I D È A :
OR,
AN OMNIPRESENT REASON
CONSIDERED AS
THE CREATIVE AND SUSTAINING
LOGOS.

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thought; a sense sublime,
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky; and, in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things—all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

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* Theanthropoid is a Greek compound, formed from the words Θεός, (God) ἄνθρωπος, (man,) and εἶδος, (form.) It may be well here to add that the title Πάντα is, likewise, a Greek compound, formed from the words πᾶν (all) and ἰδέα, (idea,) and is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable but one, as in pan-a-
-a.

THE PANIDÈA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

NATURE, that veiled Isis, ever stands at the portals of existence, as at the gates of her own temple, and puts these questions to every human being that enters: What am I? Whence am I? and, To what end? Day and night, ever since the birth of Humanity, she has repeated these questions without pause, and still, for the want of a perfect answer, will continue to repeat them through all time to come. Yet it is not the mere image, that visible and palpable form which stands before him who is thus addressed, that is the real interrogator; but the Divinity—the soul that dwells within it. The image is a mere form, through which the Deity ventriloquizes these queries, concerning this particular phase of his existence. When we find ourselves interrogated by such a being, we may well ask what the questions imply, with a full confidence that every one of their necessary implications is a truth. And

WHAT ARE THEIR NECESSARY IMPLICATIONS?

Do they not necessarily imply an ability in him who is interrogated, to return an answer in some sort true? Do they not necessarily imply a command to answer? Do they not necessarily imply a duty to obey the command according to the ability of him who is so questioned? Truly these are the necessary implications of questions propounded by a *divine* querist.

Humanity has not neglected her duty, or been slow to obey the implied command. She has freely used her abilities, whatever they may have been, and in her efforts to answer the questions, she has served herself. In what condition would she now be, had she ever turned a deaf ear and stood mute before the divine querist? She would be without religion, without philosophy, without science, without its resulting art; without government, without law. The African, who worships the beetle, or fetich, has not been entirely mute; and is

decidedly in advance of the condition of absolute disobedience to the high command.

Humanity necessarily began her efforts to solve the problem, thus presented, with a blended philosophy and religion. These resulted in scientific discovery; scientific discovery reflected itself back on religion and philosophy, which, rectified or confirmed thereby, gave new direction or new energy to scientific investigation; and thus has the progress of the race been urged on, from generation to generation. All have been, consciously or unconsciously, engaged in solving the grand problem. No step has been taken in human progress—no new truth has been revealed, that has not been an advance toward this still ever receding goal.

The problem itself is, indeed, a theme as ancient as the human mind; and, if the solution has been attempted from like cause, and with like means of investigation, it certainly cannot be surprising if like ideas have been again and again evolved, and like systems again and again brought forward, with no other claims to novelty than what they might derive from some really new, or pretendedly new combination of the same anciently recognized elements. Therefore, in offering any seeming solution of a problem, which has been thus a subject of scrutiny through all time, no one should flatter himself with the idea that he has any element of thought to present which has not already been a subject of discussion. The most that he can hope to accomplish is, perhaps, to offer some new mode of illustrating old thoughts, or to reveal some new test of their truth, which shall give combination and unity to ideas hitherto without an approved system. If he can accomplish this, he may thereby be enabled to present, in some sort, (since all truths subsist together in harmony,) a solution not inconsistent with, but supported by the existing state of science, and which shall be so illustrated, so cleared of all mysticism—if in any respect it be obnoxious to the charge—as to render it intelligible to the general mind, on the simple condition of a fixed attention and earnest desire to understand its process. In the chapters which are to follow, there may be few thoughts that fundamentally differ from those which are the common property of the philosophic world. Indeed, he who gives but a little attention to the history of Philosophy, cannot fail to learn how true is the maxim of the wise man of old, who could discover nothing new under the sun. Yet, though there may be nothing new, in the leading ideas of the system which shall be presented for the consideration of the reader, since those ideas may be found scattered in various systems, there may be something new in

their combination. And should this combination be the legitimate result of some *one truth*, it will acquire, from that fact, that kind of consistency and unity, which are essential to the clear understanding of, and full faith in, any system. The author will endeavor in the following chapters to shew, not *a priori* merely, but by an experimental process, yielding an appropriate formula, that there is a truth which is competent to produce such a combination. He hopes to show that this truth, on its application to all sensuous and intellectual phenomena, operates as a law of unity, whereby it reveals, in a manner not altogether unlike the Newtonian idea of gravitation, the fact, that one grand order, subsisting from the Absolute Unit, pervades all matter and mind; and that all existences whether spiritual or material, subsist as one infinite whole, in the Eternal Soul of all things.

And now it may be a matter of some interest to the reader, to be informed what this truth or fact is, which promises such results. It is a truth, whose expression or formula, furnishes the author with his method of treating his subject; and to the end that the reader may more clearly understand the bearing of this truth on the problems to which its formula applies, he proposes, in the first instance, to distinguish between the method which it gives, and that which is in general use; in other words, to show where the latter method ends, and the former begins.

The ordinary method ends, not merely with the phenomena of consciousness—that is with perceptions, conceptions, imagination, memory, and generally with the laws of thought—but with the necessary inference of the existence of something distinct from the consciousness whence these phenomena and these laws proceed; or which, subsisting centrally in the consciousness, is itself the life and the law thereof. Every one, who has attentively observed the facts of consciousness, must have remarked that our thoughts arise and succeed each other without any special act of the will. We may, indeed, arrest a particular thought, or train of thoughts, and examine it in all its relations; nay, we may, by one of these relations, pass to other thoughts; but by no act of the will can we pass, as by a leap, from this to that distinct thought, having no connection with the former. Their connection or relation must be *felt*, and when it is felt, and apperceived, thought succeeds thought spontaneously, and as by a power or energy its own. In this, we witness the acts of the will on one side, and the acts of that which is not of the will on the other; in other words, of the self or me, and of that which is not the self, or is the *not-me*. We thus discover a power within, yet foreign to us, which gives law to

thought, and is in fact the parent of every mental phenomenon, that is not a mere volition.

Now I may designate this power, as the perfect Reason, the Logos, the Divine Presence ; psychologically considered, it matters not what I call it, provided I ascribe to it no attributes other than those which it reveals in the consciousness. And this, I apprehend, is the utmost limit of the ordinary method, inward or upward.

But I may be satisfied, from observation and experience, that all other human minds present the like phenomena, and are governed by the same laws, which I observe in my own ; and must I not, then, infer that the same reason, or divine power, or being, is present in all minds just as it is in my own ? This is an inference which cannot be resisted ; and then, if it be Deity that is thus present, does he exist by diffusion, or does he multiply himself, and exist as so many distinct beings in the hundreds of millions of human minds that are now acting their distinct parts on this our planet ?

Here are grave questions, to either of which an affirmative answer involves an apparent absurdity. I am therefore forced to the necessity of questioning my ideas concerning space and extension—concerning unity and plurality. What are they, and whence ?

It was during a consideration of this question that a fact was evolved, new at least to me, and which had, as I supposed, a material bearing upon it. It was a fact which gave, or seemed to give, a complete answer to the question, and with it, what may be called a new method of investigating, arranging, and of resolving into absolute unity, all spiritual and material natures, without disturbing their identity, or marring the unity into which they were resolvable—a method which, without interfering with the before mentioned strictly psychological method, aided it by giving logical combination and unity to its results. Indeed it seemed to go something further. It seemed necessarily to result in a system in which my own conscious being was resolved into a type, representative of the great whole. It revealed a being, in this not-me within, that seemed to involve all things in self, and to be at once present to my own, and to every other human mind—and that without division or diffusion. The result of this new idea of the Presence was, that it produced combinations its own—perfectly coincident, however, with all that falls within our experience. It brought like to like, revealed a law of assimilation, and resolved all the infinitude of particulars into entireties, and then the entireties themselves, in the last result, into the unity of the Reason or Logos. Yet it avoided panthe-

ism, unless it were on the incomprehensible scale of the infinite, by recognizing a limited or quasi freedom in the human will.

And now, what is the fact?

I have no name for it; but I will endeavor to give the reader some idea of it by an illustration, or proof, drawn from the phenomenon of the single perception of an object from the double images of the retinæ.

Whilst engaged in studying Hartley's theory of vibrations, in reference to this phenomenon, the thought occurred to me that it might be accounted for on the principle that the space between the two images was not, to the percipient faculty, an object of visual perception; in other words, that two similar images would necessarily be as one, if there were no visible objects between them. The correctness of this conclusion I endeavored to establish by actual experiment—with what success the reader will judge when he has perused the next chapter.

Upon applying the formula which the experiment gave, I found that any number of similar visible objects was resolvable into unity, by the mere ideal abstraction of their separating spaces; and it hence followed, that space, abstractly considered, was nothing but the ascription of the Reason or Logos, or of some power operating as a law to the consciousness, of geometrical relations to a coexistent plurality of objects. And then, since we determined the extent of bodies in themselves by the relations of part to part, and of each part to the whole, any coexistent plurality—say resisting mathematical points or forces, having no dimensions, but by their resistance made obvious to the senses—would bring with it the idea of extension. But if this were so, then all objects of sense—the whole material universe, myself included, were resolvable into this Reason, Power or Presence. And I felt no difficulty in conceiving that ideas or imagery of the divine mind, subsisting from the absolute will, might be to me—a co-ordinate image and a finite will—the stern and unyielding realities which they seemed to be. Matter itself might be but the repetition, *ad infinitum* in the degree of the infinitesimal, of the absolute unit, and the various forms which it took, but the ultimates of ideas or conceptions in the divine mind.

Nor, by the aid of the same formula, was it difficult to show how the Supreme Reason, in the unity of the personal divine, could be present, even in its *entirety*, as the central being of every human soul. For to it, in the absolute esse, there were no separating spaces, and all entities were as one. Nor did it seem difficult to conceive of an order of presence and a resulting law of assimilation, in and by which, like was classed with like, and the each and all, of the individualities of

each class, made to subsist as one idea, one image, in the divine mind. This I hope to make very clear in the following chapters; but for the present, I draw an illustration from our ideas of number.

The idiot, according to Hobbes, counts the strokes of the clock, one, one, one, on to twelve; yet he has no idea of twelve, as an entirety—as a sum, or abstract idea—which embraces within itself all the several units, and sums of which it is composed—that is every unit and every sum which may be formed by any number of them, from two to twelve.* Yet such is the idea which the word twelve represents and expresses. Now, just as this idea involves all the units and sums that compose it, so this Reason or Logos, by virtue of its presence, involves within itself—within its own unity—all individualities, species, genera, orders, classes; and gives the all to subsist as one idea—one form—within itself. And this I hope may excuse, if it cannot justify, the perhaps too ambitious language of the title page.

In endeavoring to prove the truth of this system, I shall not confine myself strictly to ontological and psychological methods. The point, from which I am to view the great problem, enables me to draw illustrations and proofs from the material world, and even from the history of the race; and I may at a future period, for the purpose of showing the conformity of the system even to the course of human events, conclude this treatise, by educing from the premises which it affords, a brief philosophy of history which shall appropriate, as a necessary part of it, the essentials of revealed religion.

Being in possession of a formula which gives a method, and discloses results, thus consonant to our experience, knowledge, and hopes, I have thought that it would, at least, be excusable to obtain from it whatever results it might fairly yield. And if I in doing this may seem to be too daring, let the reader recollect, that I am only following what I deem to be a fact, to its necessary results; and that I am responsible for those results, only to the extent of my responsibility for the truth of the fact from which they are educed.

But there may be those who will shrink from the perusal of a treatise which recognizes the divine attributes in aught that manifests itself in humanity; and who will confound the words "The Reason, The Logos," &c., as here used, with those which designate a faculty deemed merely human, and therefore fallible. For there are many of the best minds, who almost unconsciously adopt a sort of mechanical

* So one may count days, one, one, one, until they amount to a century, and yet form no idea of any combination of them as a unit, such as a week, a month, a year, a century. Each of these embrace their fractional parts, (which are themselves entireties,) as well as their combinations. The day, the week, the month, the year, the century, are all equally units and entireties.

system of philosophy, which regards Nature as a whole, and even the mind of man itself as mere machines, which Deity has indeed created, but which he has left to move on to their destinies, under the government of impulses or laws which he has given them, but from which he has withdrawn his presence, as the essentially vital and actuating power. It is due to such persons—it is due to *myself*, on *their* account—to state, more particularly, in what sense I use these terms.

The word Logos, is Greek. It is translated, in the first chapter of John the Evangelist, “The Word”—“In the beginning was the Word.” But it also signifies the Reason, the Wisdom, and the like. I have adopted it here, following other writers on like subjects, as synonymous with the phrases, The Perfect Reason, The Supreme Reason, The Absolute Reason, the Omnipresent Reason, and others of corresponding import, varied to suit the phase, in which the idea is regarded; and I use the term Logos, frequently in connection with these phrases, merely for the purpose of keeping constantly in the mind of the reader the recollection, that that which these phrases designate, is, although it appear in the mind of man, something distinct from, and infinitely above the mere individual will, or aught that belongs to the individual self, or Me.

In this Reason, or Logos, we recognize the Divine Unit, from which all things have proceeded, and in which all things are. In it, we recognize Deity, as he manifests himself in the microcosm, man. When we recognise this Reason as not human—save when we pervert it—but as the Divinity within us, we recognize God in the centre of consciousness; and then we have a right to infer, He being a unit, and every where present, that what He is there, He is, *mutatis mutandis*, every where. Let me illustrate these ideas, by tracing the manifestations of this being, within the sphere of my own consciousness.

In the most elevated sphere of cognition or inference, I recognize Him as that absolute or supreme Reason, in which space, extension, and all the forms of the world of the senses are still ever immanent and ever subsistent, as a one continuous thought or conception. In this sphere, his dominion is *absolute*. But when I recognize the same being, as acting within the limited sphere of my finite self—which he has indeed created, but created finite—I recognize him as a reason which rules according to those partial and imperfect ideas, notions, or forms of thought, that by his presence he causes to arise within me, by occasion of the blind groping of the will. This Reason, or Deity, even then, however, still rules, and conducts us logically sometimes to the demonstration direct, sometimes to the *reductio ad absurdum*; as the

premises may chance to be perfect or imperfect, true or false—and it thus becomes what may, for the purpose of distinction, be called the *reflective* reason.

I will give instances of both forms of this reason, which fall within the sphere of our own observation and decidedly manifest the source from which they emanate. When I witness a change in any object of sensation, I instinctively ascribe it to a cause; I have no choice but so to do. It is the dictate, the impulse of this reason. Here this reason is *absolute—irreflective*. But when I go in quest of the cause, this same reason is still my guide, yet it has now passed from the sphere of the infinite, to that of the finite; and can only refer me, for the cause, to such ideas as are to be found within the sphere of my individual consciousness. In this sphere, it becomes the *reflective* reason, and puts on the appearance of human fallibility.

In the sphere above—that is, in its essential and absolute being—it is the all-creative energy, ever present at the centre of our consciousness; and that which is to us the material universe, is but one of its conceptions; in the sphere beneath, or exterior to it, that is, in the perceptive consciousness, it puts forth the same conceptive power, but puts it forth only in accordance with the blind promptings of the human will; and then acts on the partial and imperfect conceptions, which it has thus produced, to whatever results they may yield at the demand of individual volition.

Such is the distinction between what is here called the Reason, considered as the divine unit that comprises all things, and in which all things are ever immanent, as the forms of its thought, and the Reason in its limited relations to the conscious me, or homo individualis. And if it be true that this self-subsistent entity gives law to the will conditionally, and thus rules in thought, it must be apparent that what we call the self, is rather an object of its action than a part of itself. Accordingly, in this treatise, I distinguish it from that which constitutes the personality or self, by naming it the Not-Me; meaning thereby to embrace all that subsists in, or from it, distinct from the human will; whilst I designate the will itself as the Me; meaning thereby, to designate the conscious identity—the indestructible feeling that *I am*.

Yet should it be perfectly understood, and the idea should be ever present to the mind, that between the Reason and the Will, the Not-Me and the Me, the union, in some sense, is most intimate, though the entities be most distinct. The moon is not in the ocean; yet is her presence manifested by the tides, in every drop of the mighty mass,

and at the same time, in the whole, as in every single drop. The Reason or Logos subsists in like manner, by its laws, and the results of those laws, in each and all of the entire man ; but with this difference,—it acts from within outward, and acts in, and on, an entity, conditionally free. The Me governs the body as a whole, or entire instrument, but it does so, only by putting in requisition the laws or energies of the internal structure, (as of nerve, muscle, and so forth,) which are of the Reason, Logos, or Not-Me ; and about which it knows no more, than it does of the constitution of the mind. The Me puts in action the soul as a whole, or rather is itself that whole, considered as an active entity ; but the internal action of that whole is of the Reason, or Not-Me. It puts in requisition the memory, the imagination, the reflective Reason ; but the action of each of these is of the Reason or Logos. The union of the Me and the Not-Me, or Logos, is so intimate, that what is in the entirety, the Me, is, in its constituent elemental power, forces, or laws, the Not-Me, or Logos. The Not-Me is ever the internal law or energy of the Me, even to infinitesimal degrees. The two entities seem, as it were, to interpenetrate each other, and still to subsist without blending : so that if viewed on one side, the Not-Me, or Logos, alone appears ; if on the other, the Me alone is manifest.

The system which I shall now endeavor to establish, is, in fact, a doctrine of *entireties*. The principle, which gives it order and combination, is such as to be susceptible of embracing all entities, whether of the world of spirit, or of the world of matter. And, if in this respect it be something novel, the reader will find therein some apology for the frequent recurrence of any terms or phrases which may grate harshly on the unaccustomed ear. It will not be in my power, if I would express my meaning, entirely to avoid them. And in regard to style, generally, my sole object shall be to make myself intelligible, in as few words as possible.

If these introductory remarks be such as to encourage the reader to a perusal of the chapters which are to follow, I still feel it a duty to warn him that he has no holiday work to do. They are, I flatter myself, intelligible, but if he means to understand them and to comprehend the system as a whole, he must gird up his loins like a man that has a task before him. He must labor in thought, as well as the author. If he does, his labor, in any event, may not be entirely lost to him. An intellectual exercise upon a doctrine of entireties, in an age so much accustomed to deal in fragments, may do him a service, even though his anticipations may not be realized.

CHAPTER II.

THE ALL RESOLVED INTO ITS SUBJECTIVE UNITY IN THE LOGOS, OR ABSOLUTE REASON.

*Εν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος, καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεόν, καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.
Πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο· καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἓν ὃ γέγονεν.
'Εν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.*

JOHN I. 1, 3, 4.

WE know nothing of matter, but by the agency of the senses. We have, and can have, no knowledge, except by intuition and inference, of any substance separate and distinct from its qualities. Locke has distinguished qualities as primary and secondary. Solidity, extension, figure, and mobility, he considers inseparable from matter in whatever form it may be, and therefore he classes them as primary qualities. His secondary qualities are those that spring from the primary; that is, qualities which are nothing in the objects themselves, but which are certain sensations in us, produced by the various powers of the primary qualities; as by the bulk, figure, texture, and motion of their insensible parts. Hence colors, sounds, tastes, &c., are by him denominated secondary qualities.

In the above enumeration of primary qualities, it does seem to me that three names are bestowed on what is essentially but one quality. Figure is but a mode of extension; and solidity results from extension and figure. If my hands embrace a cannon ball, and I endeavor to bring them together, what is it that prevents their contact but a modified extension in the ball, resisting a modified extension in the hands. Extension acts against extension, and the only new element, which this action reveals, is resistance. This I shall hereafter consider; and it will, I think, be made to appear that if extension be resolvable into an absolute Reason, resistance, as its correlative, is equally resolvable into an absolute Will. I may, therefore, now dispose of all these primary qualities, simply by considering two of them, viz: Extension and Mobility.

But since we cannot have an idea of either of these qualities without the idea of space, I deem it well first to consider our idea of space. Space is not a quality, either secondary or primary. It is not an object of sensation. Of all our primary ideas, this, without which none other could exist, comes not to us through the medium of any one of the senses. No one ever saw, heard or felt space. Nor is its idea a

product of the reflective reason. The brute creation have as truly a perception of space as we, though they may not make it an object of reflection. Yet, notwithstanding it is neither an object of sensation nor a result of reflection, we have such entire faith in its existence, that it is easier to conceive of the non-existence of bodies than of space. But if it come neither from sensation nor reflection, there is but one other source from which it can be derived, and that is from intuition, or (to confine myself to the language of this treatise) from that absolute Reason, which I conceive to be God's presence within us. I will endeavor to make this position good, by satisfactory proof. According to the common notion, space is a somewhat which extended bodies fill, or by which they are separated; and which would remain as a vast—as an immeasurable vacuity—if they were all annihilated. Now, as preliminary to the consideration of extension and mobility, I will endeavor to show what space really is, in the *absolute*, whence it comes to us, and how a conception of it is forced upon the mind.

There is truly nothing in external creation but ultimate forms called material. Wherever these forms are, we perceive spontaneously, intuitively, all possible geometrical relations between them; and space is nothing but this objective geometry, minus the material forms or co-existent plurality which suggests it, or gives it, as it subsists in the geometrical reason, to become objective. Take away then material extension—the coexistent plurality, and space is nothing but this geometry, which a *pure mathematical Reason*, of its own spontaneity, has created out of itself; or rather which exists in itself, and of which the external is only its objective form.

This position, it is believed, can be established as an incontrovertible scientific truth. It can be proved, by an experimental process, that the space of a body is nothing but the body itself and its geometrical relations, by showing that if you annihilate a portion of the field of vision, you also annihilate a portion of its space. I can best illustrate this idea by the experiment itself; and as it is one to which frequent reference may hereafter be made, I must beg the reader here to make it a subject of particular consideration and to criticise it closely. I value it for the means which it affords of illustrating ideas in relation to spirit and matter, concerning which we have hitherto had an obscure notion, rather than a definite conception.

An impression upon the organs of sight is not itself vision, but only the condition necessary to seeing. Now the faculty of sight is one and indivisible; but it has two distinct organs, with each of which, independently of the other, it can see, and with both which it does

see, when both are in the appropriate condition. But since the same field of vision paints two distinct pictures—one on the right retina and one on the left—why is it that two objects are not perceived instead of one? It is not owing to the unity of the faculty of sight only, for distorted eyes see double. The question has been answered in various ways; but the only answer which appears to me satisfactory is, that the objects are not seen double because the space between the picture on the right retina and that on the left excites no visual perception. I will give the answer in another form. You see the object through both the impressions, but through the space between them you can see nothing—nothing visual or visible separates them to the internal faculty—and it is for this reason, though we see distinctly with each eye, independently of the other, that both together produce but a single perception of the object. The two impressions are as independent of each other as if each belonged to a distinct person; but by reason of a common faculty of sight, the object seen by both appears somewhat larger and more distinct.

But let the reader satisfy himself on this point. If he be under the necessity of using glasses to aid his sight, he can at once realize the truth of our problem. The two glasses will represent the two images produced on the organs of sight by an object, and the bow between them will represent the space which separates the two images. Now apply them in the usual manner to the eyes, and the space between the two glasses will utterly disappear, and the two glasses will be seen as one. Here then are actually two objects—the two glasses; they are actually separated by the space of an inch—they produce on the retina two distinct images, and why do we not see the two distinct images, instead of seeing both as one? I answer that, because the glasses are applied to the eyes in the usual manner, the visible space between them is made to disappear—is annihilated as to the percipient mind; and hence, as there is no visible extension to separate them, and as they are in all respects similar, they necessarily appear as one object or glass—considerably enlarged, but still as a single object. So if on corresponding portions of the glasses, nearest each to each, circles be drawn, say of the size of half-dimes, or the coins themselves be so placed, they will appear as one. Now here are actually two objects producing their images, yet both seen as one, because the extension between them is annihilated as to the sight of the beholder. But when we look at a single object, it produces two images, one on each retina, and the space between them may be called the *non-visual*, and these images and this non-visual space precisely correspond, the former

to the glasses, or the coins placed, or the circles drawn, and the latter to the separating space or arch between the glasses. And then since the result is the same, it must be explained on the same principle; that is, the non-visual space produces no effect on the mind, therefore the two images are to it as one. The geometrical relations of the two images to each other disappear, without leaving even a blank behind them; and, because they are not separated by other visual images, the mind resolves them into a unit. And the result would be the same, however great the tangible extension between them. Though separated by a *non-visual* equal to the distance between the stars, the two images would appear as one.

But if the perceived distance between any two objects of sight depend wholly on the intervention of other visible objects, then it must be true that visual space arises wholly from visible objects, and that if you annihilate any portion of the objects, you do not, as may be the common prejudice, leave a gap or *hiatus* between the remaining portions, but, along with the obliterated images, disappear all the geometrical relations, and consequent space, leaving an utter nothingness, or absolute blank of all relations, and distinct objects to become one.*

But though there be in this case no gap or *hiatus* left—no apparent space, without visible objects, yet there is a real—an absolute somewhat for these visible objects to take form in—something independent of them—self-subsistent, yet becoming extant, and giving the geometrical relations to them, which we call their space, the moment that they themselves become extant. For we must not forget that we are not now inquiring merely what space is to us as relative and finite beings, but what it is in itself—what it is in the absolute, or what it would be were there no material forms. Now I think it may be shown that this absolute somewhat, in which objects take form, can be no other than the absolute Reason. Thus: Space, as already shown, is but the sum of the geometrical relations of visible forms, yet visible form, in and of itself, has no geometrical relations but those which arise within itself, as from the relations of part to part, or of parts to the whole. Considered abstractedly, and alone, it has relations to nothing—out of or beyond itself it has no attribute, and if it be made to have, it must be done by something other than itself. Yet other than the object or form, we may suppose nothing present but the percipient mind; but in the presence of this mind these geometrical relations at once manifest themselves. Whence come they then? They

* Distorted eyes see double, because each takes in a portion of the field of vision, not common to both.

are not an object of sight or of feeling ; and whence do they come but from the mind itself, or rather but from that pure Reason which at once creates and perceives all mathematical relations ? If this be so, then those relations, the sum of which constitutes what we call the space of bodies, are but an ascription of that Not-Me which I call the absolute Reason or Logos, made through the conscious individual to the objects perceived. Hence space is infinite—it can never be filled ; for wherever an object is created, the Logos, through the percipient mind, ascribes to it those geometrical relations which are themselves its space. Withhold this ascription, and all material forms are resolved into unity—they cease to be extended : bestow it, and the universe is created.

Indeed, if this subject be considered scientifically, we come to a like result. For if it be true that the particles of matter are inextended, (and it is said to be all but demonstrable that they are,) then, if you take from them those separating spaces, which are the ascription of the geometric reason, that abstraction alone resolves them into unity ; and all matter becomes a mathematical or inextended point ; in other words, a mere conception, or one of the forms of the intellect. But if all matter be resolved into a mathematical point, which is but a conception or form of thought, space goes with it, and can exist only as a mere conception or abstract idea of the absolute Reason.

I now proceed to the consideration of extension. By extension I mean that idea which necessarily arises on the mere perception of the outlines or superficies of bodies.

Now, if it be true that space is nothing but that which I have called the geometrical Reason, (meaning thereby one of the forms in which the absolute Reason develops itself,) rendering itself objective, then it would seem that this Reason, as objective, embraces within itself those very forms by occasion of which it becomes objective. We have an idea of the immensity of space by contemplating the innumerable stars which occupy this objective geometry—take it from them—resolve the spaces between them into the non-visual of the foregoing experiment, and they are reduced to unity ; that immensity of space disappears ; the innumerable stars which occupied an illimitable expanse become a point ; and a mere point, in and of itself, can suggest no idea of space to the percipient power. If we would acquire an idea of space from the point, we must, as it were, repeat it *conceptively* ; we must imagine a coexistent point, and, by repeating points conceptively, we may come to an idea of space ; but the single point, in and of itself, suggests no such idea. Now what is that which we call extension in

those forms, by occasion of which this Reason manifests itself as the space which they occupy?

Unquestionably if pure space may be resolved into mere geometrical relations, the extension of bodies may be resolved into the same relations. There is no necessity of going into a process of abstract reasoning on this point; the foregoing experiment proves what space is, and the same experiment will show that extension is but one of the forms of the same geometric Reason which constitutes space. What is true of space is true of visible extension. Interpose the *non-visual* between the extremes of a body, and the extremes of the same body appear together as a one continuous extension; and this continuity it owes not to itself, but to an overruling law of the percipient mind, which makes a continuity where there is actually a gap or hiatus in vision. There is an extension between the retinæ; also between the glasses in the preceding experiment; yet the extension, in each case, disappears; the two eyes are as one; the two glasses appear as one. A blank of geometrical relations, in an extended body and in pure space, is therefore followed by the same results. In both cases unity or continuity is preserved, notwithstanding the actual breach made in the field of vision, and this continuity or unity can be preserved only by the involuntary ascription of new geometrical relations, in the absence of those supposed to be annihilated. Yet if extension exists from geometrical relations, there must still be something from which those relations subsist—something to support them—and what is that something from which they do subsist, and by which they are supported?

I answer, that there can be no geometrical relation without a coexistent plurality of some sort—as of points or of objects. It may be of little consequence what this plurality consists of, provided it be a coexistent plurality; but a coexistent or simultaneous plurality it must be. But whence can such a plurality derive its existence?

I apprehend it can derive its existence only from the absolute unit; the *Esse*, or, as it is felt or apperceived in the depths of consciousness, the *Logos* or Divine Reason. Let us see if this unit, subsisting as the soul of the soul, may not repeat itself objectively in a coexistent plurality, and thus give, by a necessary consequence, our ideas of extension and space; if out of this unity within us, there subsisting as the basis of our idea of number, may not come a coexistent plurality, or cotemporaneous order, that shall manifest itself in the consciousness, as an idea of extension.

The absolute Reason, considered in itself, is the absolute unit, and

as such, it must be the basis of all that is called matter or spirit. Subjectively considered, it is an entirety without parts. It attains to plurality and the finite, by repeating itself objectively. It repeats itself in the soul of man, and thereby makes him a finite intelligence.

And because he is a finite intelligence, man cannot see the infinite, nor fully apperceive it. The infinite is a unit to his intellect, and a blank to his sense; and he can contemplate it and realize its presence only in the *termini*, or limits, which it reveals to him as a finite being. I say it is a unit—a blank—for without variety or change, who could be conscious of any thing? But break this unit, this blank, into variety—into parts. Let this be done by consequence of the structure of the organs of sensation, and you have in this variety a world of the senses; let it be done by the action of the will within you, and you have that world of conceptions, which manifests itself in the consciousness; yet both the internal and external worlds will be but the same unit, seen or contemplated in different aspects. Now this variety, these *termini*, are that coexistent plurality, without which we can have no geometrical relations, spaco, or extension. Yet this plurality and these relations cannot be separated—they are correlatives. Without the plurality you cannot have the relations, and without the relations you cannot have the plurality. Either subsists from either; and all spring from and still subsist in the absolute unit or divine Reason; and are no other than the conceptions of that Reason as revealed to a finite intelligence. This is not mere theory; let us examine ourselves, for proof.

Unity, as felt in the individual soul, resolved into coexistent plurality to the senses, will necessarily make the idea of that visible and tangible somewhat, which we call extension. To explain: a mathematical point has no dimensions. It is a mere conception. The conception of a single mathematical point, taken abstractly and independently, gives us no idea of extension. If one of these conceptions after another be repeated to any number, they will still give no conception of extension. But let us have a conception of several of these points at once, say two or three as coexistent, and their relation to each other becomes immediately and necessarily a geometrical relation. They present to the mind, irresistibly, the idea of a line or triangle. Now the single mathematical point may be considered as representing the felt unity of which I speak, and which, if it do but repeat itself in a coexistent plurality, becomes, necessarily, an idea of extension.

This felt unity exists, subjectively, in what may be called the absolute mathematical Reason. That is, in one of the forms of that Rea-

son which we feel within ourselves as a law of our being, and which we know to be essentially an active and creative power. Do but change our normal relation to it, as it is in the individual soul, and it acts—acts from its own nature, and according to laws its own. It projects and repeats, objectively in finite modes, its own subjective unity, and thus creates that simultaneous, objective multiplicity which we call extension.

Without this unity, (felt, though not an object of thought,) the conception of extension would have no basis—no premise. For we cannot attain to a knowledge of extension by comparing one extended body with another, without taking for granted the existence of that very extension of which we are in search. Thus, I may place my hand on this table, and say that it is extended; but what authorizes me so to say? Why, merely because my hand is extended. But I may very properly ask myself, how it is that I know my hand to be extended? Where is the test that will enable me to answer such a question?—Where is it but in the felt absolute unity—this incipient mathesis—this perfect mathematical Reason within me? It is this Reason which spontaneously, and by a law and energy its own, forces upon me an instinctive feeling of the original unity within, and thence of its own multiple or projected plurality in the nether sphere of the senses.

I am here speaking of a mere tangible extension. I am inquiring how, from mere feeling, without any previous experience, comes this idea, and, bearing this in mind, I submit an additional proof that it is out of that Reason, felt as a unit in the individual mind, that this idea proceeds. When I hold my hand to the fire, and it is equally warmed all over, thereby producing a single undivided sensation, the feeling is a unit; and as such, is a form of the absolute unit; yet, from the perception of this unity, I acquire no idea of a palpable extension, such as arises from a resisting solid body. The feeling is nothing beyond itself, and it perceives not its own limits. So place the hand on a surface, which shall affect all parts of it with one undivided sensation, and the result must be the same. But stud the surface with a variety of points, resolve that unity into a coexistent plurality, and that single idea which is the absolute of extension, as it exists in the perfect mathematical Reason within, becomes spontaneously, instinctively, and instantly, conusant of the geometrical relations that are thus made to start out of its own bosom. It ceases now to be a mere single sensation of the hand; it becomes a thought—a geometrical, a mathematical thought—a thought forced upon the percipient Me, irresistibly, by an overruling law of the soul. Spread your fingers—place them on

distinct points, and you have a triangle—walk over the earth, and each act is determining, intuitively, by a spontaneous geometrical reason, that there is an extension. You geometrize practically, actually—you make an extension for yourself; or rather the will, the Me within, brings into action in its own consciousness, that perfect Reason, Logos or Not-Me within—with which it subsists in the most perfect union—and it is *that* which geometrizes, and makes an extension for you. It gives itself to exist without, as it exists within you, *mutatis mutandis*, and thus creates for you the world of matter as well as the world of mind.

The assimilative Logos, by its intimate relation to the will, imparts something of its own consciousness, and thus creates the individuality of the *Me*, and gives it to be conusant of all the operations that are going on within and around it, and to put in requisition energies divine. In this relation there is no confusion. I will to move my limbs, my body—in so far, my organization is the Me; but of the energies which this act of my will puts in requisition, I know little or nothing—they are of the vital organic Not-Me. I sit down, I rise, I walk, I run—but in every act, I put in requisition the earth's attraction, without which I could not move. And so it is as to the Me and Not-Me, internal. I open my eyes upon the universe, and a thousand ideas exist at once in my mind. The opening of my eyes was an act of the will, but the creation of these thousand ideas was an act of the Logos within. It paused not for my bidding. It is thus that the conscious Me, the individual man or spirit, puts in requisition, by this voluntary act, that spontaneous Reason which geometrizes to his senses, extension and space.

Now with this view of that which constitutes the relations and the individuality of the percipient mind, we may illustrate the position, that coexistent plurality is of itself extension, by the following supposition. Suppose the mind to be a mathematical point, endowed with sensation and reason—suppose all the objects of the material universe to be at one and the same time acting upon it—no matter how, but as so many magnets if you please—in an infinite variety of degrees, according to size and distance; and then I ask, whether this sentient, rational, mathematical point, could do otherwise than perceive the coexistent multiplicity and all its simultaneous relations, and in them, all the elements of geometry. Throw into a mathematical point all the variety of the universe, and it is of no consequence how it is produced, or what it is, provided it be simultaneous, and you will have an extension of necessity, and with it, all the relations of space. Mag-

nitide is nothing but by comparison, and the universe, thus wrought out of a mathematical point, would have its own immensity.

Sounds are heard in succession. Could we *rehear* the notes of a tune, as we *review* visible objects, music would have its geometry, its extension and form, and pure mathematical reason would take shape in sound, and stand out in a world of harmony. The hand, the eye, and the ear, have had, in all time and in all language, certain terms denoting an idea of extension common to the three senses. The terms long, short, continuous, broken, round or rolling, sharp, rough, smooth, and a multitude of others, are by no means purely metaphorical when applied to sounds. Their application and their meaning are as naturally understood in reference to sounds as to visible and tangible objects.

I come, then, to the conclusion that the coexistent plurality, with which we are made acquainted by the agency of the senses, and the geometrical relations which it reveals, are what constitute that visible and tangible somewhat, which we call extension; and that our idea of extension, as well as of space, and the coexistent plurality, is derived to us, from the absolute idea embosomed in the pure mathematical reason within us; in other words, is itself that reason geometrically actualized.

I will here add, that, although we have educed the coexistent plurality from the absolute unit, as represented in a single sensation of the hand, yet our remarks are no less applicable to the sense of sight. This sense or faculty, considered as yet unaffected by aught of change, is a unit, and one of the forms of the absolute unit; it wants objectivity; it sees nothing. Now, if by occasion of the action of the Me, or finite will, this unit break into a variety—be that variety a mere conception of the Logos, or whatever else it may—we at once have the coexistent plurality; we have the termini, the points, the lines, the objective geometry—all starting out of the unity of this sense, and all ultimately resolvable into that absolute unit, in which they have their basis, and whose creative energy the action of the will has put in requisition. Thus pure space and the extension of bodies, through whatever sense they may be contemplated, are both resolvable into the unity of the Absolute Reason, as mere geometrical relations which that Reason has evolved from itself, and ascribed to a coexistent plurality; whilst the plurality to which they are ascribed, is formed by a resolution of the same absolute unit into finite modes, by the conceptive repetition of itself in *termini* or points: so that space, and extension in all its variety of forms, are but conceptions of that divine Reason or Logos,

which is at once within us and everywhere without us. And, then, because they are the conceptions of that Reason, they are also the conceptions of the divine mind, and thus subsist, as to us, as a creation absolute and independent of our finite wills. They are the Not-Me, and come of the Supreme or Absolute Will; and, therefore, stand out, in the presence of the Me, or finite will, as the independent forms of the sensuous universe.

MOBILITY.

This term, in its most comprehensive sense, may be considered as embracing every susceptibility of change to which matter is subject; for it is difficult to conceive of a change, in material bodies, without some change either in their masses or their insensible parts. The term, however, is generally used to denote that susceptibility to motion which becomes manifest to the senses by a change in the geometrical relations of masses, or their parts. And it is in this sense that I shall here use it, but perhaps not exclusively confining its use to *manifest* changes. It may be made to comprehend gravity, for instance, which is generally a tendency to move, rather than a manifest motion; it may be made to comprehend the tendencies of vital bodies to growth and decay; and also the chemical tendencies in bodies, and so on. Considered in this light, Mobility, unquestionably, may be called a primary quality of matter, so long as we look not beyond matter for its origin or cause; for matter is not only constantly susceptible of motion, but is ever in motion.

But since space, or the sum of all geometrical relations, has been shown to be a mere ascription of that divinity within, (which I call the perfect Reason or Logos,) to bodies, or, in other words, to be that Reason itself extant, present to, or involving all things; and since the absolute extension, or coexistent plurality, has likewise been found to be that very Reason in one of its forms, it does seem necessarily to follow, that though the susceptibility to motion be in matter, yet that the motive power and source of the susceptibility are in the perfect Reason; and that it must be the willed action, or tendency of this Reason, that is the source of all motion in matter; and perhaps of action in mind.

Now this same willed action must manifest its expansive energy, in all growth, progress, and development—in the action of chemical affinities, in the flow of waters, the rush of air, in all physical changes on earth, in the action of mass on mass of matter through all space,

and in those centripetal and centrifugal forces which give order and movement to the universe; for it is an action, at the centre and the source of all things.

But further to illustrate, if further illustration be necessary: suppose all space (as it is to us) to be extended matter, or what in effect would be the same: suppose all material forms were reduced to a *unit*—that is, seen as the absolute Reason sees them—*ab extra*—thus having no space or relative points in space, what motion could there be in the entirety? Part might change in reference to part and to the whole, but the *entirety* could depart from no point, and proceed to none. It could but change state. And this great aggregate is, after all, neither more nor less than the same unit—that absolute idea, into which extension resolves itself, and which we found to be embosomed in the pure mathematical Reason, and a mere form thereof. Any change or tendency to change in this idea, which is the essential form of all matter, is the absolute of motion, and necessarily produces its correspondent relative motions, or tendencies, everywhere.

I have named this state or tendency, which is the absolute of motion, a *willed* state of the Logos, or divine Reason, ever acting in the soul. For we know of but one self-originating cause of motion, and that is *voluntary* power, or *will*. To believe that motion is in every instance caused by a will, is a dictate of spontaneity. It is true that we lose sight of this dictate, by discovering repeatedly that one body communicates its impulse to another, but could we stand *ab extra*, and at one glance behold all the infinitude of movement in the universe, would it not again return? Should we not see that it was an immense machine operating alone, and should we not, rather than acknowledge an effect without a cause—(the greatest miracles) recognize in its operation a life, a mind, a will presiding over it, and infusing its energies through the mighty whole? To conclude it to be an effect without a cause would be a violence done to an irresistible impulse of the Reason, whilst to ascribe it to the influence of a presiding will, would be conformable to the whole constitution of our nature.

The Logos itself, in a certain aspect, is but the supreme will—the divine energy subjected to the laws of divine wisdom, and so subsisting and acting within a divinely perfect order. Indeed, I shall have occasion, in this treatise, to speak of the Logos in this sense; and when so considering it, I shall call it the Supreme or Divine Will. I have here shown that the absolute of motion, or Mobility, comes from the Logos, or this Divine Will, and I now proceed to show that the same Logos gives to us our idea of

TIME.

Time, like extension, space, and motion, has its relative and absolute—its manifest and essential modes or aspects. Time was created when relative extension, space and motion were created. In other words, God created time when He created a succession of events, or changes.

Before this, (if I may so speak,) relative or manifest time was not—all was Eternity. He who asks therefore, with the child, who made God, absurdly supposes a creation, a time, and a succession of events or changes, anterior to their Creator. There is a difficulty, arising from the forms of language, in expressing to the understanding, the relation between time and eternity. The relation is logical, not chronological. Eternity is an everlasting *Now*, ever resolving itself, without changing, into what is called time. It is *as* the absolute of motion—one of whose *phases* it is—to the relative motions which it generates. And just as the relative is resolvable into the absolute of motion, so time is resolvable into eternity; and eternity is God, in the unity of His own order—or the Logos in *synthetic* unity.

Eternity is to those changes which make what we call time, what the soul is to those thoughts or internal changes which it generates within itself, and which constitute its own little world of mind. Obliterate the mind, if you choose, and the soul still remains to create a new one, as it often has done, in cases of insanity. Let the old and new mind alternate with each other, and each will have its distinct memory, and distinct time; and the same identity will thus put on two distinct exterior individualities, both deriving their times from the same phase of the Logos which constitutes their common soul.

Every change which takes place in the human mind is itself a portion of the time of that mind. A rapid succession of thoughts will, on retrospect, seem to have made the sun and moon to stand still. A slow succession—a lingering on a solitary thought—will, on review, seem to have wonderfully accelerated their progress; though during the state, we seem to suffer a short eternity. Stop all change in the mind, and you stop time; as in the case of swoons and profound sleep. The soul then rests in one continued state, and when it rouses from it, it finishes the sentence which it had, perhaps, begun, just as the state commenced. Not an instant is lost to it—no gap or hiatus is apparent in time during this suspension of change, any more than in space, when a portion of the field of vision is abstracted. The anal-

ogy between space and time is here perfect, evincing a common origin.

All minds have the same common eternity, since all have the same common Logos. But that eternity is to them, what the action of gravitation is to so many clocks. Each mind transmutes the common eternity into a time its own. Each individual mind has, in this manner, a time distinct from that of all others; and in this sense a man of thirty may have lived longer than one of three score and ten. Hence the necessity of a common measure for all minds; and we find that common measure in the motions of the heavenly bodies, in the revolution of the earth upon its axis, and its progress round the sun. To these motions, that mathematical reason, which is above, though within us, ascribes time; just as to extension, it ascribes space, or to vibrations, sounds; and forces upon us a faith in it, in the same manner.

The changes which give occasion to our idea of time are like sounds observed in successive order, and time thereby is made to differ from space, as mere arithmetical numeration differs from geometrical lines and angles; or as a successive repetition of mathematical points, ever disappearing, differs from a coexistent plurality.

But I need not dwell on this point. It must be sufficiently evident that if all extension, all space, all action, and consequently, all change, be of states or ideas in the Logos or absolute Reason, then time itself, which is but a succession, or an ascription to a succession of changes, must likewise have its origin or absolute idea, in the same divine Reason.

Here, then, are four absolute ideas—the absolute of extension, the absolute of space, the absolute of motion, and the absolute of time—out of which this external universe, together with all that it inherits, has proceeded as a mere relative or phenomenal existence. I take this relative or phenomenal existence as I find it, and trace it up to its pure abstract form, which I find to be in that perfect Reason which I feel in myself, (however I may pervert it,) and which every individual feels in himself, and which is itself the presence of that Deity who made all things.

So much for those qualities called the primary qualities. They are primary as to us, but they have their substance, substratum, or ground in absolute and unchanging ideas of the all-present Logos. Beyond them, I cannot look for the substance in which they inhere.

As to those qualities called secondary, I doubt not that some of them, such as color, considered with reference to the views here presented, are as truly primary, as extension, and have their absolute idea

out of which they proceed, and without which they would for ever remain unknown to us; but it is sufficient for the present, to say that if they are primary, they have their absolute idea in the perfect Reason; if secondary, they are dependent on, and derived from, the primary, and so are, indirectly, the phenomena of absolute ideas of the same Reason.

If this be true, all qualities that appear in matter, be they primary or secondary, subsist from their absolute ideas; and it hence follows, that Deity—the Logos, is that in which they are, and in which they become to us, in their own mode of development, objective forms; and in those forms they become what we call matter, and are to us what we call them. For let me not be misunderstood—the material universe is no deception—no mere dream or illusion of the individual soul—but is to us, precisely what our senses teach us it is. We are in the midst of the great all of material things, of which our material selves are co-ordinate parts; and we realize extension, space, motion, and time, when we take note of them reflectively through the senses, by comparing one material object with another, or one part of the same continuous element with another. It has pleased God to make our organism material, and comparing that organism with the forms by which it is surrounded, we find ourselves in a material universe, of necessity.

Had it pleased Him to have conferred upon us a spiritual organization merely, our universe would have as necessarily been spiritual; for worlds change, as qualities change, though the substratum remain the same. To us every thing is as it is, by relation—long and short, great and small, swift and slow, rough and smooth, hard and soft, and all other qualities, made known to us by the senses, as belonging to bodies, have an existence by comparison, or relation, only; which is, however, as to our material selves, a great and inflexible reality.

Such is the external world, as to the soul's instrumental organic structure; but what it is in itself, or what extension, space, motion, and time are, as to the perfect and absolute Reason, is quite another question. And accordingly we have found that they, subjectively considered, are mere ideas in the divine mind; and, objectively, the mere multiples—phenomena—of those ideas. In their most interior form, they are mere thoughts of the perfect reason—in their most exterior form, they are those very thoughts carried out into their own infinitude of imagery. In the midst of this imagery is man, himself an image of the perfect Reason, as it may be shadowed forth in the mul-

tiple and finite. And here he takes note of this imagery, because it is objective, and he himself a co-ordinate part thereof.

The general position, that the material universe, including the material man himself, is the imagery or last result of thought generated in the Logos or Supreme Mind, may I think be illustrated and confirmed by observing the operations of that law, or energy, which presides over and governs the development of thought in the individual mind. That it is the same Logos, or power, which creates and governs in the microcosmic order of the individual mind, that creates and governs in the grand scale of the universe, if not already sufficiently apparent, will, I flatter myself, be made very manifest in succeeding chapters. But if this be so, then, I think, that I may confidently appeal to the self-observation of the reader for a confirmation of the truth of the position just stated. For myself, I think that I am justified by experience in saying, that there is not a thought, however abstract and general, which does not spontaneously seek a development or expression of itself in form.

Let one, accustomed to abstract speculations, lie down to sleep with their necessary general ideas bearing upon his mind, and he will see how readily, when left to their own mode of development and expression, those abstractions take form in the imagery of reverie or dream. It is the proper language of the soul in converse with herself. In this imagery, he will well understand his abstractions. Their likeness will sometimes be so perfect, that he may often forget whether it be the naked thought, or its image, that stands before the inward eye. The thought oftener takes form in the ideal world of the eye, than of the ear; but in truth the principle is the same whether it find its ultimate in the one or the other. Ideas logically precede words, and when during these states they seek their ultimates in the conceptions of sounds, they are as truly symbolic, or metaphorical, as when they find them in the imagery of sight. There is, indeed, such a constant tendency in all minds to metaphor—and I here mean visual imagery—that the metaphor is felt to be necessary to every complete and perfect thought. No man ever had a vivid thought, that did not clothe itself in imagery. Not that he always, or even generally, expresses himself by describing the images in his mind; but I mean merely to say, that the process of thought is carried on by the aid of them, as in the natural language of the soul, whilst she addresses herself to those without, in such conventional speech as is best understood by all.

But if symbolic representation be the last result of the Logos, as it is in man, or the conscious *Me*, must it not be also the last result, as

it is in God, or conscious Not-Me? In man, thoughts—pure abstractions—stop short in the ideal, or a mere movement of the brain; but in God, acting through universal existence, they pass forth unobstructed, and find their own termini in what to us are real material forms, as their last expression.* The mind of God thus to us materialises itself—takes form in language suited to its own infinity—projects from the absolute idea of extension, the relative and phenomenal in all its infinite variety, and in that infinite variety, still subsists as one; just as the human soul preserves its own entirety, in the midst of all the variety of mind, which it generates within itself.

It may be somewhat difficult to reconcile the seeming contradiction that this universe, as it appears to us, should subsist in the perfect Reason, subjectively as a unit, and objectively as an infinite multiplicity; but I do not despair of making it intelligible. Are we not at this moment realizing a corresponding truth? Consider our own organic structure. It consists of an infinite variety, and every organ is performing its distinct function, and every nerve has its distinct capacity to feel, whilst the soul lives through and sustains the whole. Yet, amid all this variety, the whole organism is by her felt as a unit. If perchance some obstruction interrupt or break the entire harmony, this idea is disturbed, the perfection of the unity is marred; but as long as this harmony continues the soul feels this vast variety as a unit—as a one whole. This is her connate relation to the body—her feeling or idea of the organism in its subjectivity, or its synthetic state. Could the soul now project this organism so as to make it, with all its distinct organs, objects of perception, of feeling, or of vision—as indeed to some extent it does—this same organic structure would then subsist objectively, whilst the subjective relation would still be maintained. Its idea or felt existence, subjectively, would be a unit—objectively, a manifold formation. It is thus that the universe may subsist in the bosom of the divine Reason, subjectively as a unit, and objectively in all its infinite multiplicity.

Nor can there be much difficulty in conceiving how this universe, gross and coarse as it seems to us, becomes in the Divine Reason, itself a mere idea. If we take from it that space and those geometrical relations, which this Reason creates, and with which it invests it, it does in fact become a mere thought, or rather a mere substratum of thought—a mere something to be invested with qualities which may be just

* It is this tendency of the soul to symbolize ideas in sounds, as well as in visual imagery, that has created language.

as well spiritual, as material. Suppose that the space between the infinitude of worlds formed from the immense of matter, was converted at once into the blank of the *non-visual* of the foregoing experiment ; it is manifest that they would become to the sense of vision, just as the two pictures of the retina, a unit—great or small who can determine, since there would be nothing to which it could be compared. And as to its extension, would not any pure mental image or conception of form be just as truly extended as such a unit ? To a being thus *ab extra*—who thus subsists out of and distinct from space and extension—such a unit, in its subjective form, would be this universe of material things—intangible—inextended—imponderable—without motion or tendency, resisted by nothing, and resisting nothing. If to such a being, such a unit bore any relation—no matter what—his thought could move it.

How surely omnipotent then would he be if that unit were itself the present product of his thought ! If the universe be regarded in this light, there can be no difficulty in conceiving it to exist as an idea in the Divine Reason.

This material universe is thus a mere thought in the bosom of the Logos, through which, as its medium, that Logos sought to realize an image of its own perfect self in the human organic structure. It did thus realize itself in man's material form, and perfected its image therein for transmission through every succession of change. Excuse me, reader, whilst in illustration of a matter so grave I resort to the suggestion of an imaginative friend, without, however, meaning to adopt the suggestion further than it may serve the purpose for which it is quoted. "During the age of the primitive humanity," says he, "the Logos was at once God and man ; but when its image had attained a degree of perfection in human clay which qualified it for the reception of something of God's own personal freedom—something of his own free and absolute will—it received the divine gift thereof—it received the free conscious individual will—it became a free activity, and thus ceased to be one and identical with its Creator. The image thereupon acquired a quasi identity, as it acquired a quasi freedom, and became distinctly a living soul. It was in this incomplete or conditional separation from his Divine Parent, that to man the universe itself *seemed* to separate from its generator—seemed to lose, and, as to him, lost its former relation, as an ultimate form of the mind of God. Like himself, it seemed to become something independent of Deity ; for he made his own organism the test whereby he determined

the nature of its qualities, and as they were to him matter, he too hastily determined that they could not be mind to God.”*

CHAPTER III.

THE SUBJECTIVE UNITY IN THE LOGOS OR ABSOLUTE REASON, RESOLVED INTO ITS OBJECTIVE ALL ; SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL.

“ What if earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought ? ”

THAT God is present to every human soul, is a truth which all admit. That He is present within, and as the Logos, or that overruling Reason, which each and all feel within them, is a postulate of this chapter ; which, if it do not at once approve itself to the mind of the reader, I hope to make very intelligible before I close this treatise. At present this position rests on the ground that the Logos or perfect Reason comprehends all things, and that all things are therefore present to it, and it present to all things.

But I here go further, and, anticipating the proof that will be offered in the proper place, assume, that it is present in its *entire unity* ; nay, something more than present to the conscious Me, ever making to it, on known conditions, (which must always be fulfilled,) revelations from its own infinitude. Do you desire to know the absolute cause of all effects, or of any effect ?—Consult this Reason, the Logos within you—it is the grand Causality—the great Mover and Orderer of all spirit and matter. Go not forth into the material universe in search of absolute causation—inquire not of the stars—dig not into the bowels of the earth—nay, are you a physiologist ?—pry not inquisitively into the heart and brain—you shall not find the grand Causality there. Life, mind, gravity, magnetism, electricity, light, caloric and so forth, are but effects subsisting here on earth, and here constantly made to subsist, from those ideas in the Logos, whose ultimate results they are. All these effects will ever be manifest, in some form or mode, wherever the percipient Me may be made to exist : be it in the world of spirit or the world of matter. It will, however, be but effects that are perceived. The supreme Causality—the absolute life and mind—the essential gravity, magnetism, electricity, light, caloric, and so forth,

* Hence, it may be, comes the tradition of the fall of man from a paradisiacal state or golden age.

lie still deep in the eternal soul of all things—in existence necessarily inaccessible. Go, chase the rainbow—aim to pluck its gorgeous arch from the cloud—pursue it, and it will mock your quest; analyze its resplendent hues, and they may suggest to your reason, but shall never in themselves reveal to your eye, the parent source of all their light and beauty.

Therefore pause ye, and look upward to the grand fountain of all light, and you may then learn that the radiant arch is nought but the dimmed image of its glory. Go search for causes in matter—for life or mind, for instance—and you shall see nothing but effects; each series of which has its causes, which, when discovered, shall turn out to be but effects of causes still higher—thus ever alluring the soul upward—ever evading the knife of the dissector and the analysis of the chemist, they at length force inquiry to leave the material and enter the world of spirit; there to find, in the Logos, or perfect Reason, the life of lives, the soul of souls, the cause of causes. If matter be an ultimate expression of the perfect Reason, then there is that which is not ultimate—which is a substance, but not a substance whose qualities stand out to the senses. In other words, there is a degree of substance above the material or sensible; and whether this degree be called spiritual or supersensual, it matters not, so long as the true import of the terms is rightly understood. I shall in the next chapter give this degree of substance a more particular consideration; but, surely, without further discussion, no one, not disposed to contend for the absurdity that what we call effects have in fact no absolute principle of causation, can ever think of questioning the existence of such a degree. But the admission of this degree of substance is all that is now required in order to enable me to proceed with the further development of our theory.

I have in the preceding chapter been considering the physical man as the Me, and the material universe as the Not-Me. But this is the external form of the Logos or perfect Reason. The universe is a genesis of the highest element of thought in Deity; for no thought can arise at the grand centre that does not spontaneously propagate itself to the utmost verge of the orb of being, changing its aspect or form with every degree of substance through which it may pass.

Now I am desirous of showing that this external form, which each thought and the entire mind of Deity may have taken, has, in the degree next within or above, a correspondent world of form.—This the preceding chapter does not show; since for all that appears therein, there may be nothing but the absolute ideas and their ultimates.—

And I wish to establish this position logically from the world of the senses. I wish to reason from the forms of matter to those of spirit—from the universe as an effect or ultimate form, to its immediate cause within or above that form; I would, (if it may be done without blame,) trace the connection between the internal and external of this grand theatre of our existence, and show that in the world of spirit the Not-Me exists, with precisely the same relations to the Me, as in the world of matter.

For example, I here find my material self resting on this outstretched earth, canopied by the blue vault of heaven—I find it surrounded by an infinitude of co-ordinate forms of matter, all moved and actuated, or governed by certain laws, immutable and eternal. Now it ought to appear, if this position be correct, that in the degree or sphere of substance next above the material, I have a supersensual or spiritual form, in a correspondent supersensual or spiritual world, and in like manner related to, and surrounded by, forms spiritual—all too, in like manner, subject to laws analogous to, though not one and identical in all respects with, those that govern in the material universe.

But to establish this position, it is necessary that I first show that I have the legitimate means for accomplishing it. To this end I propose now to show, that the principle of causation, considered as the perfect Reason, furnishes legitimate means whereby the correspondence may be well established. I propose first to show, how this perfect Reason or Logos creates human language—how by an all-formative energy, it expresses itself in all the various modes of living and dead matter; and then I propose to show the perfect analogy between its operations in the individual mind, or soul, and through that, on the brain; and its necessary operations in all spiritual substance, and through that in all matter; and thence draw an inference which will at once show the legitimacy of the means, and support the above position.

~~But~~ But in order to the successful accomplishment of this object, we must be careful not to confound things that are in themselves distinct. We must be careful to distinguish between a cause, and the necessary conditions under which a cause acts. The vital principle of the seed is the cause of the germination and growth of the plant; but earth, moisture, heat and light, are the conditions necessary to its germination and growth. The various conditions, under which cause develops itself, give distinct individuality to each development. Could the conditions, under which the vital principle of the acorn develops itself,

be always mathematically the same, the development would be the same, the form the same, the oak the same ; but this may not be until every condition be the same, even to the quality of the seminal matter, and consequently to that form or modification of the universal life, which corresponds thereto. Again—if further illustration be necessary—look at the green fields, the glassy waters, the brown forests, the gray cliffs of the hills, and the blue overarching sky ; there is but one cause operating here, to produce all this variety of hues. It is the light of the sun, which in itself is one, and perfectly homogeneous ; but the various surfaces which receive and reflect it, impose those conditions upon it, which give to it, as the same uniform cause, all this variety of effect. In each separate surface, the light, as cause, takes a distinct modification—acquires a separate individuation, (if the term may be so used,) and yet is dependent, for its distinct mode, on the same homogeneous element. So it is with the one all-pervading life. There is, it may be fairly inferred from the preceding chapter, but one life ; yet that one life—(by reason of the diversity of the seminal qualities which it, acting, as the divine will, creates for itself, and through which it passes into effect)—is wonderfully diversified. Each germ of animal or vegetable life, contains within itself a somewhat of the universal life, individualized and made something distinct from its original self—a somewhat that still continues to be of, and from, the universal life which produced, and still sustains it, and an integral part of which it still continues to be. And as such part, it becomes a distinct medium through which the universal life operates, with an assimilative energy, on its surrounding elements—transmuting them into a shape appropriate to the medium. Causality, thus passing into multiplicity, creates conditions for itself, (for each new medium becomes in turn a condition to one subsequently created,*) and so goes on multiplying forms and media without end.

Could we always distinguish between the conditions, and the cause, we should, I think, discover a logical arrangement of causes and effects—and should learn that every thing, created and made manifest in the sphere of the senses, has its correspondent cause above the sphere of the senses—and that the arrangement and order beneath, was but an image reflected into matter, of an analogous arrangement and order above.

Now I am desirous of showing that there is this logical arrangement in the sphere above, and beneath—in spirit and in matter. To

* Thus the vital principle of the acorn forms the germ and root ; the germ and root the trunk ; the trunk the branch ; the branch the bud ; and the bud the leaf.

do this, I will show that causality operates logically—that it is in fact but the resolution of a sort of mathesis, or logical principle, into its necessary consequences, and relations—that it is a universal premise which, of its own spontaneity, evolves all its included elements or particulars. That a *premise*, as it exists in the mind, has this spontaneous tendency, every one must feel to be true who has made such premise an object of contemplation. The Me cannot bestow its fixed attention upon any premise for any considerable time, without the manifestation of a spontaneous tendency of this sort.* The act of bestowing the attention may be an act of the will; but the resolution of the premise is a law of mind above the will, and therefore of the Not-Me, the Logos, or divine Will.

But independent of this fact, if the conclusions to which the preceding chapter has conducted us be correct, it is unquestionably true, that Causality can be no other than that perfect Reason, Will, or Logos itself, passing, with more or less perfection, out into the actual—becoming itself an actuality, in ultimate time and space, or more properly in ultimate successive and simultaneous order. Permit me to illustrate this view of the subject, by an example of its operations taken from the sphere of sounds, or the world of the ear. The organs of speech being given, articulate sounds—inasmuch as they become extant in successive order—are less subject to the control of conditions than effects wrought in most other sensuous spheres within which this Reason may be supposed to display its creative energy. Music is similar in all countries; and the structure of speech essentially the same, however different may be the articulate sounds which compose it.

That law, which is common to all men in their intellectual operations, and which governs from generation to generation in the achievement of some necessary good, is the Reason common to all—that is, it is the overruling Logos itself. I will draw an illustration from an achievement of this Reason as it operates through man, and which thus makes an undoubted manifestation of itself as Reason, and then proceed to its analogous works in Nature.

Take human language then—the language of some unmixed people—a language that has become fixed, such as the Hebrew, or Arabic, Greek, or Latin. That language is not the work of one individual, or of any number of individuals concerting and designing a language.

* Thus the idea of Man suggests the idea of the varieties of the race, of nations, and of individuals; so genus suggests the idea of species; cause that of effect; a part (as the segment of a circle,) that of the whole.

The language has been forming through a succession of generations, by the tongue of man, woman, and child, entirely ignorant of what they were doing. Yet analyze that language, and its structure is perfect; design and logic appear in every part. Considered with relation to that part of the human family which used it, and through which it was formed, nothing can be more perfect—not even the structure of the organs of speech. A logical design of the perfect Reason has embodied itself in sound, and become in the world of the ear an object of thought as perfect, as any one that may be found in the world of the eye. There have been those who have said that God formed the first human language; and it is the perfection that appears in some of those ancient and unadulterated languages which suggested the saying. Those, who so believe, are, it appears to me, unquestionably right. God did form the first human language, but not, perhaps, in precisely the way they may suppose; and yet in a manner perfectly analogous to that in which he has fashioned the visible creation. The ear is but the medium through which the perfect Reason ascribes sound to vibrations; just as through the eye, it ascribes space to a coexistent plurality. That Reason, therefore, the Divine as it is in man, spontaneously acting through a limited and special form of humanity, passed through human vocal organs, and the auditory nerve, and thus reflecting its own action into a sphere of sensation, gave it there to take logical form in a perfect language.

Unless it be supposed that the first human language was dictated *verbatim* to man, by his Creator, (and no philosophical mind can I think at this day assert such an hypothesis,) or unless it be supposed that millions of distinct wills could accidentally concur in the same creative work, it must be conceded that language was formed by that overruling Reason which operates through all ages, as a law or an inspiration to man. And if so, it is the Logos which has thus actualized itself in sound.

Yet has it not thereby parted with any thing that belongs to its spiritual sphere. The idea, logically precedes the sound which expresses it, and still exists in mind, though it may have uttered itself in language—it still exists in the supersensual in logical order, though it may have actualized itself in the sensible sphere of humanity in a corresponding logical order. Let the reader bear this in mind; and let us now see if we cannot follow the perfect Reason, or Logos, into those manifestations which it makes of itself, *independent* of the human organization—into manifestations however, which shall be per-

fectly analogous to those just described, and attended with corresponding results.

Why, it seems to me that all Nature is but a language subsisting from ideas in the Logos, which ideas continue still self-subsistent, whatever exterior forms they may take. Look at the animal creation—and, from the half-reflecting elephant to the ant that perambulates the subterranean streets of its little city, every form is but expressive of ideas in this all-actuating Reason. What is an instinct but an idea? an individuation of the Logos, going forth to actualize itself in a world of material forms—an idea, which when actualized in form, fully and perfectly expresses itself to the senses—aye, does more—goes forth into action, and so passes to all its necessary and logical results. Take the bee, for instance; is it not perfectly manifest that it is a mathematical reason which constructs with such accuracy the cells of the hive?—that it is a reason of the most perfect order, which actualizes itself in the polity of its little communities. The rational individual man himself, resolved into the multiplicity of a sectional existence, and still retaining his identity, could not more decisively manifest the law of an overruling reason, than a community of the bee or ant. It therefore can be no other than the same spontaneous and everywhere present Reason, which thus becomes extant. In the organism of the bee, or ant, it of necessity, and without choice, precept, or experience, proceeds straight forward to accommodate every thing to itself. The organism gives it limitation, or rather it makes for itself a limitation by realizing itself in an organism, just as a thought or affection of the soul may realize itself in a single articulate sound. It indeed seems to be that very Reason which actualizes itself in human language—with this difference, that in living bodies it goes far beyond its achievements in sound. For, look through animated nature, and whatever form this Reason adopts, that form becomes a limited premise, from which it passes—not in speech, but by a series of acts—to every possible logical conclusion of which the premise admits.

We have heard of vegetable instincts, and there is no doubt of their existence; for there is but one life, and the vegetable is one of its manifestations. And who can doubt that its law of action is just as rational in the vegetable, as in the man? Could we see those particles which make their journeys from the root of the growing stalk of maize out into the ear, and there behold them marshal themselves in kernels and rows of kernels, we could hardly doubt the present action of the overruling Reason. Nay, this spontaneous Reason may be traced into what is called inorganic matter. Do not the mountains rise, and rivers

roll, just where a perfect Reason would command? Not perhaps where the individual man would desire; for that were to leave the same Reason in him idle and undeveloped; but where the order of the great whole requires. Are not the wanderings of the stars regulated by a perfect mathematical reason? And when we ascertain the laws which govern them, do we discover in those laws any thing more than exists in that power within us which makes the discovery? The discovery is a mathematical discovery; and the power which makes it is a mathematical power, which, in the act of demonstration, evolves something of its own infinitude, and recognizes its own identity, on the grand scale of the laws of the Universe.

Causality, then, is that every where present and ever active Reason, or Logos, which gives logical expression to itself in nature without, and which we feel as spontaneity no less logical within us, and so near to us, that we habitually confound it with ourselves

It is to the logical form in which it manifests itself in the multiplicity of the Universe, and to the additional fact that this expression is derived from the unity of the Logos, that I would here particularly call the attention of the reader.

For if Causality be a unit in itself, and if it express itself to the senses in logical form, in all particulars and in the grand entirety of the Universe, then have I a right to infer that its expression is no less logical and orderly, in the sphere of causes next above the senses—that is, in the sphere of the supersensual and spiritual. Indeed I have a right to go something further, and insist that it is there, not only logical, but analogous; and correspondent to its form and expression in the world of the senses. I have a right to infer, as will more clearly appear in the sequel, that the Logos, as the grand causality, actualizes itself in a special form in the spirit of man—organizes itself in a spiritual body, and through that in the material man; and that the human form, in this world of the senses, is what the spiritual body is in the world above the senses; in other words, that there are a Me and Not-Me, supersensual or internal, precisely as there are a Me and Not-Me, sensible and external.

But we may bring the truth of this conclusion close home to us, and, by examining the laws and tendencies of the perfect Reason, as they manifest themselves within us, prove not only this entire correspondence, but realize, and even feel within ourselves, something of the manner in which the effect is produced. Our external organization is itself a part and portion of the material universe; and the laws and tendencies of this reason (considered as causality in its unity) must

be within this organization, *mutatis mutandis*, what they are in the mighty whole. Analyze a single ray of light, and you may discover the properties of all that mass of light which illumines the Universe—ascertain the law which causes the apple to fall from the bough toward the centre of the earth, and you may calculate the density of Uranus, or measure the speed of the comet, in its journey through space—a law, an energy, which governs and actuates a single drop in the great ocean of life, must be a law, an energy, pervading that mighty whole, of which the drop is but an insignificant part. Let us then examine the operations of the Logos as they manifest themselves within us in the creation of mental imagery; for such as they are there, they must be on the grand scale of the Universe. In doing this, I presume not to analyze Deity, or to grasp the Infinite; but I may realize something of the nature of His creative power, by observing the operations of that creative energy within, which generates all thought—an energy, which, by a law its own—sometimes acting unaccompanied by my volitions, sometimes modified by them—spontaneously fills my mind with its own ideal imagery, and creates a supersensual world within me. I may will the necessary conditions, but the conditions *realized*, the imagery comes of a law *above* my will.

“ We do not make our thoughts—they grow in us
Like grain in wood.”

The causative energy, which produces this imagery, may ever be the same Divine Reason acting in its unity toward a perfect development; but its realization, in the consciousness, may partake of the voluntary, moral and physical states of the individual—may be perfect if they be perfect—or incongruous and heterogeneous, as in dreams, if they are not in harmony with the divinity which they call into action. The defective or incongruous development of ideal imagery is ever chargeable on the state or condition of the individual Me, and not on the creative cause.

I state this position in this general manner that I may not divert the mind of the reader from the course of thought, by which we are now passing to the main object of the present argument; and, reserving it for a more particular consideration in the next chapter, I proceed to show how it is that the Logos or Perfect Reason operates as a creative energy within us, and transmits its *ideal* forms into matter. If it can be shown that it is a creative energy which produces this effect, then, since that energy is a unit, in which all things are, it will follow, that it must operate as a like cause in all its like relations, and that consequently it must produce, on the grand scale of the Universe,

effects differing from those, which it is shown to operate in ourselves, only as the recipients of its action differ. In one word, if it can be shown that it materializes its ideal imagery in the brain, it will follow that it must, by a corresponding process, materialize its imagery in all substance susceptible of its influence ; and that the forms of the material Universe are but the ultimates of an ideal world of forms, subsisting in the bosom of the Logos.

Now what is the Logos within us, considered as the source and fountain of our ideal imagery ; in other words, considered as an internal, creative energy ?

Why, undoubtedly, if the views of the preceding chapter be correct, the Logos, considered as a formative energy, is itself necessarily the all-involving form—the abstract and absolute of forms ; or the unity of forms in their original synthesis. But what do I mean by this original synthesis in which all forms are in their unity ? Let me assure the reader that this phrase carries with it more of the appearance, than of the reality of mysticism. I will endeavor to illustrate its meaning.

The form of the future oak subsists in synthetic unity in the qualities of the acorn—that is, in those tendencies of the matter which constitutes the acorn, to produce the roots, stem, branches, leaves, blossoms, and fruits of the oak, and nothing but these. Again, all colors, all hues subsist in like manner, in synthetic unity, in the pure light of the sun, ever ready for development by a law or energy their own, on the appropriate conditions being given. Light, when it thus reveals itself, passes from its synthetic state to an analytical development of its involved elements, and shows objectively what it is in its own subjective unity. Thus, the Logos considered as the absolute of form, or all form in the unity of original synthesis, only awaits the existence of the appropriate recipient, or medium, to become analytically extant, not only in mind, but in time and space. It creates from itself its own recipients, and when it finds an appropriate recipient in that ultimate called matter—dead matter—it passes into the forms of planetary orbs and central suns—worlds and systems of worlds. When it finds recipients in the various modifications of the vital element, it stands out in all the variety of animal and vegetable forms. When it finds its recipients in the states of the conscious Me, it passes into the forms of ideal imagery, and thence out into the creations of art—a world superinduced on the world of nature ; just as the world of life is superinduced on the world of dead matter.

Again—to carry out the premises afforded by the preceding chapter

—The Logos or Perfect Reason, is not only the original synthesis of all form, but it also contains all form within itself, by reason of its omnipresence, or rather by reason of the presence of all forms to it. Take away space—the ascription of the perfect mathematical Reason to a coexistent plurality—and all forms are resolved into a synthetic unit, and subsist in the bosom of the Logos as a mere idea. The same Logos that contains the absolute of space and extension, contains this all-involving idea of form. This idea in the Logos must be ever present to the conscious Me, and there subsists with a tendency to make analytic revelations upon every change of condition in the percipient self.

I trust that what I mean by the phrase, the unity of all forms in their original synthesis, may be now understood. But if it be understood, it will at once be perceived that the Logos, considered with reference to form, is Omniform, or all-formful.

Form arises from relations; and the absolute Logos considered without relations—as it must be when regarded as absolute unity—is without form; but considered with reference to its own involved multiplicity in all the degrees of substance, it is, in its central and divine sphere, the perfection of all form. With reference to Nature, it is Nature in her principles, or the mind of God in the creative sphere of the divine ideal. With reference to the form of man, it is human beauty carried up to divine perfection; or rather, it is itself that perfect form, of which man is but a poor, imperfect image. But it is enough for my present purpose to say, that the Logos is the all-formful as well as all-formative principle; that it is ever present with those attributes to, or in the conscious Me, the individual soul or self; and that, in as far as the Me or self becomes recipient of its special or particular influences, it makes revelations of its all-containing ideas—presents something of them, sometimes in the sphere of the Me internal alone—as in dreams, or in the memory of the past, or in the forms of the fancy or imagination—sometimes in this sphere, and in that of the sensitive Me, at the same instant. This I suppose to be necessary to every complete perception of external objects. But with this we at present have nothing to do. We are now confining our attention exclusively to that imagery which manifests itself within, to the Me internal.

I may have been in the habit of regarding this internal imagery as a creation of my own, and as a part of my voluntary self, and subject to my will; yet nothing can be more certain than that it has an existence independent of and foreign to it. On a close examination we

shall find that it is ever subject to the laws of the Logos whence it proceeds, or in which it continues to be, and is just as truly a something distinct from my essential self, as the fields and forests, which now fall within my view, are distinct from the corporeal organ which is the instrument by which I behold them.

That the soul has no choice but to see the form, or image, in case of sensation, will at once be admitted ; but this is equally true in the case of pure internal imagery, whether we be dreaming or in a state of wakefulness. Do but give the feeling or mental state, which is ever a necessary antecedent to the perception—and the appropriate image comes—we willing or not willing. In dreams, the mental image most certainly comes spontaneously, as a consequence of a particular state of recipiency. So in reverie ; and in every case of waking memory, the appropriate feeling precedes the remembered form. The image comes just as independently of our wills as the light of the sun upon opening the eye toward him, and it continues within us just as independently of our volition, as the sensation, or perception of the same light to the eye whilst open ; so long as the appropriate condition or relation of the conscious Me to the internal Logos continues. It comes and subsists independently of our wills ; and so is not of us, but of that from which it proceeds, or in which it becomes manifest.

The moment then that these forms, or conceptions, arise to the Me within, they become as to it, realities—supersensual or spiritual realities. They exist in the mind, and are a part of it ; and therefore are as truly real, as the individual mind itself. But because they there exist, they do not cease to be of the Logos, any more than the color of an object ceases to be of and from light, because it falls within the scope of my vision. They still are of the Logos, and, for that reason, are still endowed with something of its spontaneous energy. But, if this be so, any such image must subsist in the mind, with its force (if I may so speak,) undiminished, and so have a tendency, beyond its spiritual region in the individual mind, outward into that portion of the nervous substance to which it has the most appropriate relation. If for instance, there be in my mind a distinct image of my friend, that image, of a law its own, should tend to bring the organ of vision into a state similar to that in which it is, when he is actually seen. (I do but speak of a *tendency*.) And now let us see if this inference cannot be verified by experience and observation.

If there be any truth in physiognomy, or craniology, the whole soul stands out imaged in the physical organization. Now what is thus true of the whole spiritual being of man, every one has observed to be

equally true of its particular changes. Whence is the smile of joy, the tear of sorrow, the tremor of fear, and the muscular constriction of rage, but from the mind?—the spirit transmitting its influence into the bodily organization, and taking form therein. So powerful is this action on the physical organization, that a single thought has been known to produce death.

But, it is in that portion of the physical system with which the mind is more immediately connected, that we must look for the more immediate and slighter manifestations of thought. Now that part of the physical system is undoubtedly the brain, and its nervous appendages; and when we inquire into the effect of an idea or conception upon the nerves, we shall find that the class of nerves, whose action gives occasion to a corresponding sensation, or perception, is that class which is most powerfully affected by the conception in the absence of the sensation. Thus, if the conception be that of a tangible body, the nerves of feeling will be most sensibly affected—if of visible form, the visual nerves—if of sounds the auditory nerve. If any one can form the distinct conception of a piece of coarse felt drawn upon the edge of his teeth,—or of walking up a slippery plain of boards or shingles, at an angle of forty-five degrees, his foot occasionally sliding,—without feeling the nerves affected in precisely the same manner that they are upon the actual sensations arising from these acts, all that I can say is, that his nervous system is constituted very differently from mine.

But as to the effect of this class of conceptions on the nervous system, I need proceed no further—every one is familiar with them. But how is it with ideal images, or the conceptions of visible forms? Do they imprint themselves, or produce corresponding effects, on the visual nerve?

For myself, I cannot doubt that the visual nerve is just as susceptible to impressions from the conception of the form of an object of vision, as the nerves of touch are to the conception of a tangible body. I have known the visual imagery of dreams to retain, after waking, possession of the visual nerve, and to have an apparent *outness*, (excuse the word,) until external objects produced their full effect and obliterated the impression from within. But here the visual nerve must have been affected by a mere conception, or ideal image. I have heard one, in whose word I think I may place implicit confidence, observe, that he could, at any time, by fixing his eyes on a darkened portion of a room, give a faint apparent *outness* to the visual imagery of his mind. Now this can be done, only by the conceptions imparting

their own images to the retinae, and so overcoming external impressions made on the same point, as to give the mental imagery to take their place.*

This, indeed, is the true theory of apparitions and spectral illusions. Whenever the nerve becomes exceedingly susceptible to this sort of mental influence—as in many cases of physical and mental derangement, it certainly does—or the image so vivid that it transmits itself through the visual nerve to the retinae, and there takes form, supplanting those from external objects, the mental image, then, does of necessity appear as a part of the field of vision, and seems to have form, place and reality therein, as an external body. But in such case, there is a real form, (not a picture,) produced by it in the retinae, such as that produced by the rays of light. The latter must be a change in the visual nerve answering to the external object; the former must be precisely the same change answering to the ideal image; and, in case of spectral illusion, a change of character, so decisive, so powerful, as to overcome the action of some portion of the field of vision. In other words, the force of the visual image within, on the nerve, must be greater than that of the supplanted image of the visible object. Disordered nerves could never of themselves accidentally take this form; but doubtless they may be so disordered, as to become more susceptible of taking form from mental imagery, and perhaps, at the same time may bring the conscious Me into unwonted relations to the all-formful Logos.

Phrenology professes to account for spectral illusions and mental imagery, by ascribing them to the action of certain organs, which she has, or believes she has, demonstrated to exist in the brain; but unless these organs be endowed with a self-active, independent, isolated energy—be in fact themselves that energy—she accounts for no psychological fact whatever. To say, for instance, that the organ of form gives us the idea of form, and that a diseased state of that organ produces monstrous mental imagery, is as if one, professing to account for the existence of vegetable and animal forms, should say, that they were the products of a seminal substance, and that if that substance were diseased, the vegetable or animal would be diseased and misshapen.

The man who shows me a musical instrument, and says nothing about the musician, or of sound from which he draws forth all the va-

* William Blake, whose biography is given in Cunningham's *Lives of the most eminent British Painters and Sculptors*, must, I think, be regarded as affording an extraordinary instance of this power of the mind.

riety of harmony, accounts very imperfectly for the music which I hear, when the performer's fingers are moving upon the keys ; or for the discord which would result from the same movements, should any of the strings become accidentally deranged. The instrument is as the brain ; sound and its laws are of the Logos ; and the movements on the keys, represent the various states or conditions of the Will or conscious Me. You may show me a kaleidoscope ; but if you would account for the phenomena which it reveals, you must go beyond the instrument itself—you must make me acquainted with the existence of light, and teach me something of its laws ; and you must then add something concerning the movements which the hand must give to the instrument, in order to produce a succession of images. Phrenology, when she points out the organ of form, does nothing, unless she reveal to us something of the all-formful energy, which is ever acting upon it to produce its phenomena, and something concerning the human will, whose various changes, states, or conditions, give to that energy its ever-changing manifestations. In this case, however, it should be recollected that the performer dwells within the instrument, and that by his mere volitions he puts in action, this or that energy, which independently of those volitions, spontaneously, of a law its own, acts *ab-intra ad extra*, responsively to the changes which are calling forth its action.

The mental image, then, does not originate from the brain, or any particular organ thereof, but only finds therein its echo, or responsive action. This, perhaps in every case, is necessary to a full and complete development of the mental image, as long as the soul continues its connection with the body. For there can be little doubt, that as every key₂ has its relation to the sound which a musical instrument yields, so every point of the brain has its corresponding organic relation to the soul—which, whilst unchanged, tends to keep the soul unchanged in its primary state or condition in reference to the Logos. But if this be so, then it will follow, that some change must be produced in the brain, or in some organ thereof, in order to overcome the primary tendency and effect of this organic relation ; and hence, for this purpose, if for this alone, there must be this sort of responsive action in the nervous system, at every change in the mind. If it, at any time, happen, that this responsive action is interrupted or deranged, by disease or other cause, there will be great danger of insanity ; and if the interruption or derangement be continued, insanity will be the infallible consequence. For in such case, changes of the Will, or conditions of the conscious Me, are not followed by the results which it

intuitively anticipates. Images, as unexpected as the sounds of a deranged musical instrument on the performer's touch, obtrusively start up, and manifestly have an existence as independent of our volitions, as the forms of the material Universe, when forced upon our reluctant attention by the will of another—bars, chains, dungeons, and gibbets, cannot have a sterner reality. In such case, we necessarily mistake this anarchy of the mental images, for an external reality, and insanity becomes the inevitable consequence. The all-formful Logos retains a relation to the disordered system through all its mutations; and so does the conscious Me; but then the Me's primary feeling, resulting from its organic relations, is no longer the same—it has changed; and when, after it has thus changed, it undergoes a modification from volition or other cause, the modification is no longer followed by the accustomed results, but by something quite different. Some development of the Will or conscious Me, therefore, seems to be a necessary prerequisite to every case of insanity. And this inference appears to be supported by the whole history of the insane; for though many are born idiots, yet never have I heard of one who came into the world a lunatic. But to return from this digression, into which I have been led by an objection which imperfect phrenological views might suggest.

This fact, then, it seems to me, has been established; namely, that the formative Logos does, on certain conditions, present to the conscious Me an ideal image; which is a substantive spiritual reality still in the Logos—that whilst thus subsistent it so acts on the brain and visual nerve, as to repeat its image therein, take material form, and become a material reality, without ceasing to exist as a mental or spiritual image—not that it should be understood that the ideal image acts from an isolated, independent energy of its own, but that, whatever energy it has, is derived from the Logos, which presents the image, and in which it still continues to subsist.

But the same all-formative energy is present in its unity to every portion of matter, just as it is to that which constitutes the brain and visual nerve. It, therefore, surely must in like manner everywhere reflect its images into whatever of matter may be receptive of them. Appropriate recipients are everywhere present to it in all seminal qualities, in all vital substance, vegetable or animal; and the spiritual image must tend, (as I find it tends in myself,) to take form in whatever may be most receptive of its assimilative action. The Logos being a unit, its energy must everywhere be the same as it is in the conscious self—varying its effects, however, as a causative energy, with the conditions and media in which it acts. The appropriate recipients

being given, its spiritual imagery must take form therein, for the same reason that it takes form in the brain.

Yet is there a wide difference between the effect which it produces in the brain, and that which it produces on the grand scale of the Universe. But this again is owing, not to any difference of kind in the action, but to a difference in the conditions and media in which the action takes effect. When the spiritual image arises in my mind, it does but appear in a microcosm—in the limited sphere of an individual soul or self, and so tends to repeat its form only in the brain and visual nerve; but when it passes from the Logos direct to the common world of matter, it is subject to no such limitations, but repeats its form in that which is most receptive of it, and is thus made to stand forth as an image actualized in matter, amid a universe of co-ordinate forms.

But whether the image in the Logos pass in action from my mind to the brain, or, from spirit beyond my consciousness, to matter, the forms are still dual—still spiritual and material. The spiritual images must logically precede the material; and must still continue to subsist distinct from it; just as, in forming a language, the idea must precede the formation of the word which expresses it, and must continue to exist, though the word be forgotten and lost forever. But if it be true that each form is dual—has its spiritual and material subsistence—then all natural forms are, in like manner, dual, and we have a world of spiritual forms and a world of material forms; the latter subsisting from the former, as effect from cause, as shadow from substance; and the one differing from the other, only as a material differs from a spiritual mode of substance—their correspondence being in all other respects complete and perfect.

And this is something more than mere analogy; for if it be the Logos which of its own spontaneity creates the image which exists in the mind, and repeats that image in the brain and visual nerve, because they are receptive of its influence, then, in all cases, where matter becomes thus receptive of its influence, like effects will follow. It is but to conceive the same cause, which operates on the brain, to be operative, in like manner, on the stupendous scale of the Universe, in order to account for the creation of all forms, whether animate or inanimate—all subsist from, and continue to be ideas in, the Divine Mind; and the world of form in matter, is but an image—an assimilated image—of a world of form in spirit.

If we take this conclusion in connection with that law of mind to which I have already adverted, namely, that there is a spontaneous tendency

of all thought, however abstract, to form, then creation will follow as the necessary consequence of the self-established order of the Logos—the mind of God exists ; therefore the Universe.

What then—are material forms mere phenomena of spirit? Are my corporeal organization, and these rough and tangible elements of earth and water—this starry sky—yon worlds that roll, and suns that burn in the depths of space, the imagery of a dream? Be it so; but recollect, these are not the phenomena of my spirit's creating—it is not a dream, of my dreaming. If dream it be, I am, spirit and body, an insignificant part of it—if dream it be, it is a dream of the all-creating Logos, and no less real, than God Himself. It is the absolute unit projected into the all-possible variety of its ultimate degree, and yet not losing thereby its unity, any more than that principle, which constitutes the life of man, loses its unity, by taking form in the multiple of the human body. To the mind of God—to the absolute and perfect Reason—all creation, spiritual and material, and the forms thereof, are but phenomena of thoughts Divine; but to man—made somewhat distinct from Deity by the freedom of his will—they are, at the limits of that freedom, the inflexible, absolute, and stern realities which they seem to be.

Were it mine, in the season of exalted vision, at will, to cause apparent suns to blaze forth—systems of worlds to circle round them—their hills and vales to be clothed with verdure and forests—torrents to descend to oceans, and oceans to heave and roar—animated forms to move and act appropriate parts—all these to subsist, continuously and simultaneously, to the internal eye, dependent on my will; I having at the same time a conscious feeling of my own presence pervading all—pray what would this splendid vision be, but the mere imagery of the mind? Yet if, in the midst of this imagery, I willed into existence as part of it, and as a representative of my own personality, an image of myself, actuated by thought, endowed with something of liberty distinct from mine, having by consequence, a Will its own, fitted to be influenced by partial relations, and partial views of that whole, of which it was but a microscopic part—and if, when this were done, our visionary man went forth into my ideal world, it would be no mere shadow to him. Let him will my ideal hills and vallies to cast off their verdure—my ideal torrents to stop their downward course—and my ideal ocean no longer to heave its billows to the shore, and he may be supposed at once to discover that the verdure, the torrent, and the ocean, subsisted from a Will independent of his own, and that they were as real as himself. Let him place his hand against the

mountain with a willed effort to move it, and ideal form shall resist ideal form, and my mountains shall remain unmoved. An all-powerful Will, presiding over the each and all, shall impose appropriate limits to every effort of its own puny creature.

And yet, if it be granted that man is in any respect a free and independent force, and as such, bears in the grand order of things an ordained and established relation, the Universe, viewed in this aspect, must likewise have its fixed order, and so long as the relation continues, must lose something of its absolute and unqualified subjection to the Divine Will. Whatever changes it may undergo, must be changes made consistently with the order required by the relation, and the power of the Deity must therein find limits growing out of a self-imposed condition. Hence the Universe, even as to Deity, may have a certain degree of fixity, not to be disturbed whilst the relation continues.

CHAPTER IV.

SPHERES, SENSUOUS AND SUPERSENSUOUS—THEIR CORRESPONDENCE AND DIFFERENCE.

“The truths we think,
Subsist the same in God, as stars in heaven ;
And, as those specks of light, will prove great worlds
When we approach them.”

It is a remark of the preceding chapter, that the supersensuous or spiritual can differ from the material form, only as a spiritual differs from a material mode of substance ; or, considering spirit and matter as two distinct substances, then, only as the one differs from the other. Adopting this as the basis of my argument, I will endeavor more particularly to point out, in what respects I conceive the world of spiritual forms to correspond with, and in what respects to differ from, the world of material forms.

Of spiritual substance we know nothing, except as it manifests itself to the conscious Me ; and indeed, the same remark applies to matter. One might therefore rationally conclude, that we had equal assurance of the existence of both ; and that there could be little or no dispute as to the most obvious qualities of either. Yet some there are, who deny the existence of spirit altogether, and recognize nothing but matter. Others there are, who deny the existence of matter, and re-

cognize nothing but spirit; whilst there are others still, who confidently affirm the existence of both; but who, in order to distinguish spirit from matter, insist that spirit has, in no sense, any of the qualities or properties of matter, save that of real substantive existence. They deny, for instance, that it has any dimensions, or, in any sense whatever, an extension, or relations of space. The materialist finds it hard to conceive what and where such an entity can be, that has neither length, breadth, nor thickness—that is neither hard nor soft, light nor heavy. And taking this doctrine as it is commonly presented, one cannot be greatly surprised at his difficulty in believing it. Yet have I a most undoubting faith in the existence of a supersensuous form or mode of substance, call it spiritual—call it material—call it what you may. I mean by the phrase spirit, simply such a substratum, or modification of a common substratum, or support of qualities, as renders those qualities absolutely distinct from all those which are made known to us by the aid of the senses. Let us see if there be not some test by which we can establish this distinction clearly, and prove the existence of such a supersensuous or spiritual order of qualities, as shall render the existence of spirit conceivable.

It appears to me, that there can be no such thing as power, cause, effect, law, quality, property, or any other thing, distinct from substance. Every manifestation, whether made through the senses, or directly to the mind, must have its appropriate substratum, or support, in something. This the materialist must admit, or deny the existence of matter. True this may go to prove an infinitude of substances, or causes; or what is much the most probable, a common central substance or cause; but whether the one or the other, for the present purpose it matters not; all that I now affirm is, that substances, or substance in its various modes, is all that there is, whether subject to the senses or above them. And when I speak of spirit and matter, I do but use terms which classify the various modes of the same common substance, by a reference to distinct classes of phenomena.

Now, in making this classification, I proceed precisely as I do in making any other classification. I use a test; and the soul itself is that test, and there can be none other; and in making this affirmation, I do not mean to assert either that the soul is, or is not spiritual—I mean simply to insist, that, be it what it may—acting and suffering accordantly with its own laws and constitution—it is the ultimate test of identity, and difference, of all substances, sensuous and supersensuous.

And it is a test to which it is not possible to conceive an objection.

The constitution and laws of the soul are as eternal, as those of the Universe; and in perfect accordance with them; since nothing can come to the conscious Me, save that which those very laws, of their own *spontaneous* energy, present to it.

Now, in this constitution of soul, thus true to all things, there is a trinity of degrees or spheres—variously named, it is true; and about their names there may be some disagreement; but every body knows what I mean when, in logical order, I call the most external sphere, the sphere of sensation; the sphere next within, the sphere of the understanding, or reflective reason, wherein the conscious Me exerts, internally, its free activity; and the third and central sphere, the sphere of the spontaneous Reason, or all-pervading Logos—by others called intuition, instinct, law, &c. In the sensitive sphere, the conscious Me perceives the forms or objects of the material universe, merely as objects or forms. In the sphere of the understanding, it apperceives their images—ideal images, which subsist even in the absence of the sensuous object. These images, and those things which they represent, are, in this sphere, understood to be effects or sequences of something which logically precedes them as their cause. Whilst from the third or central sphere, the spontaneous Reason, pervading all, is ever tending to reveal, and subject to the forms of the understanding, the cause or antecedent. I am not ambitious to have the reader adopt this as the perfect statement of the operations appropriate to each sphere; all that I at present affirm to be a necessary consequence of this trinity of degrees, or these laws of action, is, that each sphere has its distinct development of qualities, properties, and modes of substance; just as each organ of sensation reveals distinct properties in matter. I open my corporeal eye, on the material universe; its forms act thereon; and they become manifest, as the causes or occasions of their perception; and I feel, no matter for what reason, that they subsist exterior to, and independent of me. I close the eye, and by an internal faculty, see the image of the same object within.

Now, however analogous this internal image may be to the external form, which it represents, yet it cannot be entirely one and identical with it; for so far as it is now an object of my consciousness, it has properties, laws, subsistence, and form, which cannot be altogether one and identical with those of its material type. But let us decide the question by the aid of that infallible test, the conscious soul, which must ever be appealed to in the last resort; and does it not spontaneously distinguish between the interior and exterior form?—and is it not conscious, whilst in a sound state, that the former is perceived by

a faculty or power, which is in some respects distinct from that by which the latter is perceived? It is established beyond the possibility of doubt, that there are certain qualities, properties, forms, and so forth, of which it can become conusant only by the aid of the organs of sense, and designates them as sensuous, or material; and that there are certain other qualities, properties, forms, and so forth, of which it becomes, immediately and internally, conusant, and of which it cannot have cognition by the aid of the organs of sense—these it designates as supersensuous and ultra-material.

Now both these classes of qualities may have their basis in the same common substance, and the differences between them be but *indicia* of certain radical modifications of that common substance, or substratum. It is the spontaneous reason that forces upon us a belief in the existence of this substance or substratum of qualities; for the percipient mind cannot see, either directly or indirectly, any thing but the qualities or phenomena of substance. Substance, then, is strictly the one universal term designating all that underlies spirit and matter; whilst the word matter, as determined by perception, is a generic term, which designates a certain class of qualities, of which the soul becomes conusant by the aid of the organs of sensation; and spirit is another generic term, which designates another class of qualities of the same universal substance, of which the soul becomes internally, and perhaps directly, conusant, and without the aid of the organs of sensation.

The dispute between the spiritualist and the materialist, when divested of the theories and hypotheses into which it runs, is therefore a question merely, whether there be, yea or nay, any ground for this classification—a question which these very philosophers, before their understandings had been mystified by dogma and creed—aye, before they left the precincts of the nursery—had decided for themselves; and correctly decided.

It will be perceived that the term substance, as I have here used it, can be no other than the essential Deity, considered as the basis or source of all qualities, properties, or laws, of which the soul can take cognizance. It is his Will which creates them, as the changes of the conscious Me creates the blush, or the frown. They are of the order which that Will has established and eternized, in its own perfections. Matter and spirit, therefore, are only two different modes of the same entity—two distinct orders of qualities, properties, and laws, which the same common substance puts on, or presents to the percipient soul.

In every instance, therefore, I might speak of the modes of sub-

stance, as the basis of these two classes of qualities; but this may sometimes be an inconvenience to the writer, and obscure his statements. To avoid these results, I shall use the term substance or modes of substance, as may best subserve clearness and brevity of expression. Indeed a mode of substance is, relatively to the qualities which it puts forth, to the percipient soul, a distinct substance; since it is the medium through which, the divine idea that appropriates it, goes forth into its multiples of the sensuous and supersensuous. These distinct classes of qualities, then, having their basis in the ideas of the eternal Reason as their cause, may, without leading to the slightest error, be regarded as having their substance, support, or substratum, in the same ideas; and hence we may speak of substances without confusion—meaning always to be understood to have reference to the divine idea from which the quality, property, or law subsists.

Regarded in this light, the test which we use, reveals not only distinct qualities, but distinct primary causes; and in those causes, distinct substances; for every pervasive power, cause, effect, law, property, or quality,* truly distinct and independent of all, other than its legitimate or necessary conditions, indicates the existence of a distinct substance, or radical mode of substance.

If we have established the competency of our test to prove the identity or difference of qualities, let us apply it to ascertain in what respect the objects of the Me internal, differ from those of the Me external. This will be done by briefly presenting a few instances of difference.

Does not every one perceive in the soul, qualities, laws, energies, totally different from, though in some respects wonderfully analogous to, those of the masses of matter by which he is surrounded? The soul alone thinks. Its tendency to think, is the necessary gravitation of the soul to the great centre of all thought. External objects affect it through the organs of sensation; and on receiving the effect, it acts with an energy its own, and according to laws its own—just as magnetism, light, caloric, act, each from its independent laws. All the natural instincts and tendencies of the soul, are laws derived from an overruling principle within. Its tendency to trace effects to their causes, is a supreme and primary law of the rational soul—a spontaneity from the Logos, and a constitutional recognition of God, the Supreme Cause.

* Such as life, soul, magnetism, gravity, caloric, electricity, and the like. Though many of these are evanescent, yet no one can legitimately infer that they cease to be, upon their disappearance from the bodies in which they become manifest. Nothing was ever annihilated.

That, which is erroneously called the association of ideas, is the effect of a law, purely of the soul. It is a law which subjects the primary feeling or general intellectual state, to certain generic changes, or conditions, which are called abstract or general ideas, and which spontaneously evolve the multiple and particular. It is the transition of one of these generic feelings, or states, into another, that evolves in its operations, a succession of mental images. Sleep is of the vital soul—disease of the vital soul; and death itself is but a departure of the vital soul from its organic structure. Mere matter sleeps not, dies not, and is never diseased. Sleep is the quiescence of the soul in its primary state. Pain and disease come of a partial breach in the organic relation of soul and body.

Mind, then, or that which falls within the exclusive cognition of the Me internal, has its distinct properties, energies, and laws, without a metaphor; and these must inhere in, and be developed by, a mode of substance, distinct from that, whose qualities are revealed to the corporeal eye. The admission of this is all I ask for. The materialist may call these supersensuous manifestations and their substances, matter; if the term suits him better; but it is certain that they do not fall within the scope of the external senses; and I choose to call those qualities material, which fall exclusively under cognizance of the corporeal senses; and those supersensuous or spiritual, which are revealed by the light of reason, or by an internal energy, to the senses of the inner man.

The Me internal, then, has its distinct class of qualities, and by consequence, its distinct general mode of substance; differing certainly as much from the external, as the Me internal, differs from the Me external. When we see, and hear, and feel within, as we do in every dream, in every act of memory, and in every case of distinct conception—we see not by the aid of external light, we hear not by the aid of external vibrations, and we feel not from the action of external tangible bodies, and hence the Me internal must differ in these essential laws, widely from the Me external. But if it be thus true that the soul has a distinct mode of substance, and class of qualities, of which it takes cognizance within, then, it has its own world of substance, with its qualities and forms, distinct from the material; and yet, upon examination, we shall find that there is a most striking analogy between the internal and external worlds. Let us consider this analogy. In the external world, we have two distinct elements of action, or sources of power; Nature, and Man—a Me, and a Not-Me. How universal and absolute is the action of gravitation!

Its dominion is impartial and equal, over every particle of the tangible and visible. It affects rock and mountain, torrent and ocean, living and dead matter, alike. Every particle of my corporeal frame is, at every moment, under its dominion. It becomes the basis of all motion. It rushes in the storm, it waves in the forest, and rolls in the billow. It combines with animal life, and is the everywhere-present agent of instinct. Not a movement could be made without it. The earth's attraction is the immediate source of all motion; will and instinct only guide it.

Considered in another aspect, the Not-Me also puts forth its spontaneous energies. It peoples earth and flood with every kind of vital forms; and the Me finds its physical organization one of them, and on all sides pressed upon by a living, as well as a relatively quiescent, Not-me, stimulating it to put forth its powers. In obedience to the impulse, its internal energies come out into its external organs, and the physical man goes forth into great Nature, to bring her into subjection to himself. If he rashly oppose his puny will to hers—to the laws of her eternal order—he does but cast himself beneath the rolling wheels of her colossal chariot to be crushed to atoms. Yet if he do but ask to guide the action of her divine energies—to direct the force of her torrent—to avail himself of the strength of her storm, or the giant might of her animal kingdom, she beneficently answers his prayer. The divine energy permits him to tip the horn with brass, and the hoof with iron, and then quietly bends its neck to the yoke, and meekly bears his burthen. The power of a Deity becomes his, and clothed in divine energies, he stands, in the midst of Nature, the true image of her God—she, the ideal imagery—he, its in-forming soul.

But the divine energy, under another form, no less truly exists *within* us. Spontaneity, that all-pervading influence—that presence from above—that basis of all action of the soul—is just as universal within, as the law of gravitation without. Passion in its rudest form, and thought the most sublimated, are alike subject to its dominion. Even the Me, the free will in its quiescent state, is resolved into it, and becomes a coexistent and coincident activity; loses for the moment its relative, in the absolute identity, speaks the voice of prophecy, and reveals secrets from the awful depths of the Logos. The deep feelings of the conscious Me are but its relations to the divine energy—conditions on which the Logos reveals the appropriate idea, and gives to it a language its own. The savage who made an offering of his ornaments at the falls of St. Anthony,* and the bard who poured forth his devotion

* See Carver's Travels.

in the vale of Chamouni at the foot of Mont Blanc, however different the forms of expression, did but give utterance to the same sublime idea, revealed on like conditions.

O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
I worshiped the Invisible alone.—COLERIDGE.

When the Me internal thus passes from state to state, whether impelled by sensation, or moved by its own volitions, it ever finds itself still under the government of laws, and in the presence of intellectual forms, that come to it from an overruling power. If it seek but to guide and direct the spontaneous energy, it becomes invested with something of the attributes of the Divinity, and creates a paradise within ; but if it seek not to guide, but to oppose its puny will to the divine influence, its little world of mind becomes a chaos—a pandemonium of wild and tempestuous passions. How certainly, then, do its images start up spontaneously, with all the sternness of external realities that will not be layed. They take possession of the man, and bind the conscious Me in its own tabernacle. They never fail to inflict meet punishment on him who violates the laws of his physical constitution ; but to him who has consciously violated, or meditates the violation of the moral law of his being—like the furies that pursued Orestes—they are ever present. Waking he sees the phantom dagger, “its handle toward his hand.”

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.
I see thee still ;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.

And in the deep sleep of night, the eye of the conscious soul still beholds the bloody hand, which not “all the perfumes of Arabia will sweeten.”

Such is a general view of analogy between the laws which govern the internal and those which govern the external world. Both orders of laws are equally real ; both coextensive with their respective spheres ; both uniform and analogous in their effects. But when we pass from this general view of the laws of mind and matter, to a particular consideration of the mental imagery which the Logos within presents to the conscious Me, when a distinct memory of the past comes upon us, or when in dream, or reverie, an inborn creation spreads itself to the intellectual eye with all the beauty, variety, strength of color, and firmness of outline, which mark the external reality, the analogy between

the worlds of matter and mind is so complete, that the resemblance, during the continuance of the vision, is lost in the full belief of their identity.

The forms of both worlds alike are visited upon us by laws over which we have no control, but by a change of the relation or state, which forms the condition on which they appear. To certain temperaments, to certain physical conditions, certain classes of mental imagery arise; just as to certain places, the material universe has its particular aspects; and as by a volition, we may pass from state to state within the same range of temperament, (though not of physical condition,) and change the imagery, so we may pass from place to place, and give variety to the external world; but in whatever state or condition the conscious Me may be, the imagery comes by a necessary law.

When a particular state is the result of physical infirmity, as in the crisis of a fever, or as in the physical disorder produced by an excessive use of intoxicating stimulants, how utterly beyond the control of the patient is the imagery by which the soul is visited! With what inflexible tyranny does it rule over the will! But if the state be induced by our own volitions, as by the voluntary recollection of some former scene—we may change it by passing, of our own accord, to a state of feeling, which shall bring with it imagery of a different cast; yet whilst any one state continues, the visions are not less real and necessary within the mind, than the scenes which present themselves to the external eye in obedience to the laws of the external universe.

What, then, are these internal forms and images really what they appear to be? Are the shadows and pictures of the imagination no unreal things? Have they, then, within themselves, truly relations of time, space, and extension? I answer these questions affirmatively, and shall endeavor so to explain and illustrate the answer, that it shall appear to be no less philosophical on account of its novelty. The great hindrance to the correct understanding of this subject lies in the erroneous idea so generally entertained of the nature of space and extension. I hope, therefore, to derive to the proofs and illustrations which I am about to offer, some aid from the first chapter of this treatise, which makes extension and space two of its prominent topics.

From what has already been shown, it may be fairly inferred that if the material be of one mode or degree of substance, and the spiritual of another mode or degree of the same common substance, they can have no continuous or common properties or qualities. For if substance be the substratum or support of properties or qualities, and, if it be resolved into two distinct modes or degrees, it must give rise to two

distinct orders of qualities, properties, and so forth. The qualities of one order, however, may mathematically correspond to those of the other, and yet have nothing in common; just as the ideal image may correspond to its assimilated form in the visual nerve, and yet the image in the one have nothing in common with the form in the other—not even a common space or extension. Thus, if both orders have extension, it cannot be a common extension; but the extension of one will differ as much from the extension of the other as the modes or degrees of substance differ. A common mathesis they may have, by which relations, in each apart from the other, may be determined. Yet the material can never take the place of the spiritual, nor the spiritual the place of the material. So that whatever the two extensions, each in itself, part compared with part in its coexistent plurality, may be, yet will they, considered as entireties, be each to each, reciprocally inextended. Thus will all this material universe be without extension as to spirit, and all spirit without extension as to matter. Spirit subsists in relation to matter, as soul to body, connected simply by a law. Spirit magnetically assimilates matter in form to itself, just as the ideal image assimilates the visual nerve. Yet this is done, as the moon governs the tides, without any thing like a blending or contact of the two substances. There is indeed no presence in the common acceptation of the term; yet something more than presence, since it acts in its entirety, at once in every part and atom of the whole mass, and on the whole as a whole. It everywhere tends to produce every thing, and hence makes a particular manifestation, or development of itself, only where special conditions favor it.

But though all spirit be thus as a unit to all matter, it by no means follows, that it is in itself a unit. It may, like material extension, when considered in itself, have its coexistent plurality, and consequent extension and space. To prove that such is the fact, will be to complete the parallel between the sensible and supersensible spheres of existence, and will also establish the fact, that mind has as truly its own permanence of order and form, as the material universe.

In order to establish this truth, (for truth it seems to me,) I shall chiefly consider that class of mental objects, with which the mind is almost constantly occupied. I allude, of course, to those which come by the sense of seeing. The quality essential to the production of an internal visual image, and without which it cannot exist, is color; and I use the term as one including light and shade. To determine where and what the color of these visual images is, is to determine where

and what the images themselves are ; at least in so far as color can reveal any thing of their nature or qualities.

Now it seems to me a matter of demonstration, that color has no existence out of the mind, or out of the internal Not-Me. In this I assert nothing new—it is a proposition to which all philosophy gives its assent, and it would be a waste of time to argue at length in its support. It is agreed by all, that color no more exists in external bodies, than the odor of the rose exists in the rose itself ; or than the sound of the bell exists in the bell, or in the vibrations which it excites. True, there is an arrangement of the superficies of bodies, that produces an effect on the organ of sight ; but neither that arrangement, nor its effect, through the agency of light on the visual nerve, is color. A sound is something more than mere vibration ; and a color is something more than a mere arrangement of superficies, whether of the object, or of the retina itself. It must be a mental, supersensuous, or spiritual effect, and nothing less. This becomes perfectly evident, when we consider that the present action of light is not necessary to color ; as is proved by the phenomena of spectral or incidental colors, and spectral illusions. And that color is independent of the mechanical action of the visual nerve, or brain, is sufficiently manifest from all the imagery of our dreams.

Is there any difference between the colors seen in our dreams, and those seen in our waking moments ? I propound the question gravely ; and if there be a difference, I ask for a serious and philosophical reply. I ask for the difference to be pointed out between the perceptions themselves—between the perception which I have of the color of a rose, when my waking eye is open and directed to it, and that perception or conception of the same color, when it afterwards arises in the distinct and vivid dreams of my sleep. It is a question which must be determined by self-observation. As to my own experience, I confidently aver that between the two perceptions of the same color, I know not, and cannot feel, the slightest difference. Who is there, that, when wandering in a distant land, has called up a distinct conception of the blue sky and green fields of his native home, and has not seen color with eyes other than the corporeal ?

In the absence of all visible bodies—nay in the absence of light on the retina—these colors are thus objects of the most distinct perception. Never are they more vivid than in the dreams of profound sleep ; and where can they then be but in the mind—the soul—that substance which we call spiritual ? In such a case, it must be a revelation of that substance acting under its own peculiar and distinct

laws. But if this be so, the action of light on the visual nerve is not the direct physical cause of this mental phenomenon, but the condition on which the soul acts to produce it. So in sleep. Cold, hunger, thirst, and the like, may be the mere occasions on which spirit acts from laws its own, and the conscious Me becomes percipient of the qualities of related spirit, feels the paralyzing nightmare, or sees the luxurious banquet.

Color, then, is in the spiritual, and not in the material substance—at least all that we denominate color is there. And it is there, consequently, as a spiritual quality or property of that substance, as truly as extent and solidity are to ourselves qualities of matter. What then does it further reveal to us of its nature, and of the spiritual world to which it belongs? Has it any thing analogous to those universal attributes which belong to matter? Does it reveal any thing analogous to extension, form, and so forth? I think it does; and I will now endeavor to verify the inference.

True it is, that one unvaried color would give us no idea of extension; it would be blindness. The film, which obstructs the light, makes the sight one unbroken unit—makes it to see one unvaried hue, and by reason of its unity of effect, it can give no idea of a visible extension. But divide it, for one color may be divided by another, and the moment you introduce divisions of this kind, you create all possible geometrical relations. That is, this spiritual substance, as it manifests itself in this objective quality of color, may be wrought into all variety of shapes, or given to take any conceivable geometrical figure. But when all the figures of geometry become predicable of this spiritual quality, I ask whether it be not an extension in itself, and has not, by consequence, a space its own, as truly as matter, which is extended, and which *has* its space for no other reason, than because it has all possible geometrical susceptibilities and relations? Both are the same geometric Reason, in distinct objective forms. As to matter, we compare one material thing with another, and come to an idea of material extension, from the geometrical relations which the comparison reveals; and when, on a like comparison, spiritual qualities reveal the same geometrical relations, shall we not come to the same conclusion?

But though the extension of spirit, and the extension of matter, cannot be one and the same, yet do the two extensions correspond each to each mathematically. Both develope the same geometrical principles, and both express the same great idea. The two different forms, arising from two different degrees or modes of substance, are two dif-

ferent languages, like signs and sounds, in which the same divine Reason expresses the same ideas. In matter, those ideas are in ultimates—fixed as in rock, mountain, sun, moon and stars; in spirit—in the Logos within—the ideals from which they proceed, subsist in an order equally permanent, but perhaps far more perfect. Yet by reason of the relations of the conscious Me to it, and of the facility with which it changes states of reciprocity, and compounds them, this order has all the appearance of individual mutability; and seems to belong to the individual self, till by close internal scrutiny, we discover its independence of the will, in the uniform analytic revelation of its contents.

There is nothing in the existence of two distinct extensions, mathematically corresponding with each other, that goes beyond our common observation. A man born blind, makes himself acquainted with all material forms by touch. He knows none but tangible forms—these to him are the whole world of forms. But give him to see—that is, introduce him to a new extension, an extension consisting of all the forms of varied color—and he will at once perceive, that a new world is opened to his mind; yet will it require little time for him to discover the mathematical correspondence between the world of the eye and the world of the hand. I will add one or two further considerations confirmatory of the foregoing deductions in reference to a duality of extensions, and then pass to another point.

The reader can form in his mind, a distinct conception of a triangle, or a circle; or the conception thereof may arise in his dreams, and thus have a purely mental existence; and I ask whether this object, the form of the intellectual eye, has not as necessarily its own extension as its own geometrical relations? How can a plurality of images, at one and the same moment, as in the distinct visions of sleep, exist in the mind, if that mind has in no sense of the term an extension or space? We have all experienced a coexistence of conceptions, as of a prospect, or of a multitude of persons, and can there be a coexistent plurality of such conceptions, without what must be termed an extension and consequent space, of an order distinct from the material?

The conclusion then, to which I come on this point, is, that the world of mind or Not-Me within, has its own extension and forms, as well as the world or Not-me without; and that there is a mathematical analogy, or correspondence between them, although as to extension, they have nothing in common, but a common geometry.

This seems to me to be the necessary teaching of the spontaneous reason, to the unsophisticated observation and experience of the inner man.

But I am free to admit that the moment he attempts to go beyond the teaching of his unerring preceptor, he will discover objections that will apparently be wholly irreconcilable with this doctrine. He will soon learn to object that this mental imagery is of an evanescent nature—often incongruous and inconsistent with itself; that the senses of the dreaming, vanish from the waking mind—that the images of the memory often pass out of cognition, and even fall into utter oblivion—that, finally, these intellectual visions belong wholly and entirely to the individual man—are of his own independent creation—fleeting and futile, and have nothing in them of permanence or order.

To all these objections, the reader may have already anticipated the answer which will be given. The disorder is not in the all-formative and all-formful Logos from which the imagery proceeds; but in the individual self, or conscious Me—the recipient. The objections are suggested by a notion which is on a level with those astronomical hypotheses, that seem to have been common to the savages of America and some of the sages of ancient Greece and Rome. The most common idea was, that the earth was the fixed, immovable centre of the Universe; from which all the host of heaven proceeded, as from a parent Deity; by whose breath all were sustained, and around which all obsequiously revolved. Seneca, who was of the school of the Stoics, says, that it was their faith, “that all the heavens, which the fiery ether, the highest part of the Universe, includes; all those stars whose number cannot be told; all this host of heavenly bodies, their sun running his course so near us, draw their nourishment from the earth, and share it among them; nor are they sustained by any thing else than the breath of the earth.” In this hypothesis, that doctrine, which makes the self the immovable centre of all mind, and generator of all thought, of all ideas, and of all intellectual imagery, finds a perfect parallel. It puts the conscious Me in the place of the divine Logos, and makes Deity the satellite of man.

True it is, the mental imagery may be evanescent, incongruous, fleeting, and exhibit neither permanence nor order, to the ever mutable percipient Me; and because the imagery changes with every change of state, and because the voluntary self may not be able to realize a particular state at a given moment, and thereby revive particular recollections, it does by no means follow that the imagery does not exist potentially; that is, ready, from its nature and constitution, to reappear whenever the conscious self by its own volitions, or by force of physical causes, shall have passed to that state of feeling, which is ever the necessary condition of its appearance.

It is not otherwise, even with the material universe. The world of the senses (whatever may be the true theory,) does not exist in Nature. Hers is but a world of potentialities. In the absence of the sentient being, her rose may indeed still yield its exhalations, but they have no odor; her fields still reflect the modified rays, but they are without color—her breaking billows may still produce the appropriate vibrations, but they emit no sound. Yet give her but the presence of the conscious sentient being—that is, realize the appropriate conditions, and it shall be a creative fiat; the rose shall breathe its odors, the fields shall spread out their green expanse, and the billows murmur their sublime music.

To a supersensuous being, divested of a material organization, this entire universe of matter is as a unit, and all its forms subsist in synthetic unity. Could we suppose such a being to assume, sometimes at will, sometimes by force of causes over which he had no control, transient and imperfect organizations in matter, whilst he was passing from the more to the less, and from the less to the more perfect organic states, how fleeting, evanescent, incongruous, and dependent on his individual self, would this universe of permanence, order, and law appear! He might very naturally fall into the error which I am combating—make himself the centre of the fleeting forms which were presenting themselves to his ever mutable senses, and his glimpses of this universe of matter, a creation from, and dependent on, his transitory states and conditions. So might it seem to him; whilst to us, in the perfection of our material organization, that grand synthetic unity of all material forms, would stand out revealed in the perfection of its analytic order, the permanent and immutable system of the sensible universe.

The conscious Me may, indeed, on particular occasions, be unable to realize the necessary conditions on which particular ideas or images return; but we ought not hence to infer that there is a loss of capacity—and that these conditions are no longer possible to it. The individual soul has acquired a power by having once realized these conditions; and that modification of feeling, which constituted the conditions, still potentially exists in the depths of the individual consciousness, just as the imagery exists as to it in the synthesis of the Logos. In the dreams of the aged, reappear the long-forgotten scenes and companions of youth. In the delirium of fever, the patient converses freely in the language of his childhood, of which in health he is entirely oblivious. The conscious self, having once existed in a given condition, the susceptibility of resuming it is formed, and when it is

resumed, no matter for what cause, the appropriate ideal forms and sounds return with all their original distinctness.

There is, then, that same sort of independence and necessary existence, in the forms of the internal, as in those of the external, Not-Me. Yet there is this difference in the two modes of realizing them : to realize the visual perception of a given external form, we must pass through space, step by step, and comply with every geometrical and optical relation or law necessary to the complete fulfilment of the requisite conditions ; but the conscious self ever subsists with all its internal susceptibilities, and, by them, subsists as it were at once, in the whole, and in every part of its own sphere of mind ; and takes cognizance by a simple change of state, of ideal forms, whatever may be their relations to it, in the simultaneous or successive order of the supersensual. That portion of the supersensual world which is present to the intellectual eye, is the only portion of it that is analytically revealed to the conscious self in the order of simultaneous and successive relations ; whilst all that is unrevealed, at the particular moment, still continues, as to the same conscious self, in its synthetic unity. Perfectly analogous to this is the world of the senses. All that is the present object of sensation stands out to the sentient being in its simultaneous and successive order ; all that is not, subsists, as to the same sentient being, as a synthetic unity, and it is only by a change of relation in space, that he can give it to reveal itself to his senses in its own analytic order.

It often happens that the conscious self, by reason of its physical affections entering into combinations with its own voluntary action, passes into a complex or compound state of feeling, and thus realizes to the internal eye, visions incongruous and inconsistent. But suppose it to pass, uninfluenced by physical relations, from state to state, by a transition as necessary and regular as our progress through space, and the imagery of dream or reverie shall then be to it no less real, than the scenery of the material universe. Whenever the conscious self shall, in all its states and in all its changes of state, harmonize with the laws of the Eternal Reason, the ideal world shall reveal itself in the perfection of its own order, and in the light of its own divine beauty. All its forms shall have their logical and necessary relation, each to each, and each to all ; and earth, and ocean, sun, moon, and stars, shall be seen to be even less real than these. This relation to the Logos may, perhaps, never be realized on earth ; yet, in respect to the external world, it is realized in every instance of sensation. In every instance, in which a perfect impression is produced on the organs

of sense, the conscious self or free activity is brought, by force, into a state which in some degree is one of absolute union with the Logos, both internal and external. And this statement leads me to present, with more particularity, what must, according to the principles already advanced, be the true theory of sensation.

But as a necessary preliminary to a brief exposition of this theory, I will repeat, with some further particulars, what I understand to be a state of feeling forming a necessary condition to the perception, whether of mental imagery, or external objects.

That original state of feeling, which forms the basis of all subsequent states, is that in which the individual soul subsists by relation to the corporeal organization. This is a felt relation, whether the self be reflectively conscious of it or not. That such a state of feeling may subsist in the consciousness, and yet not be an object of thought, may be demonstrated from the fact, that one born blind may have his mind impressed by one uniform color, occasioned by the visual obstruction, and yet by reason of its uniformity and its unity of effect, have no knowledge or idea of any color whatever. Now this is the felt relation in which the individual soul subsists as to its corporeal organization, and constitutes the law by which the two are connected; but it subsists with relations precisely analogous to the all-formful Logos within, considered as the soul of the soul, and consequently, as the source and cause of all perceptions. In reference to the Logos, the primary state is a pure, supersensuous state of feeling, and all the modifications through which it passes are likewise pure, supersensuous states of feeling. Thus any impression on the organs of sense produces a change in the primary felt relation of soul to body, and this change is sensation, not perception; but this change is necessarily accompanied by a change precisely analogous, in the supersensually felt relation of the soul to the Logos, and the result is a perception which, instantaneously, identifies itself with sensation, and resolves the internal into the external of form.

If any one should request me to state, more particularly, what I mean by this supersensuous state of feeling, and to give him some plain illustration, I should answer, that every tone of sound, and every hue of color, produces not merely its sensitive, but its supersensuous effect or feeling. A combination of sounds makes a tune; a combination of colors, a picture. Will any one say that the tune and the picture do but excite sensation, and that they produce no supersensuous state or feeling whatever, and that independently of association, the jig and the anthem are one and the same thing? Now it is the supersensuous

states or feelings which these tones and these colors produce, either separately or in their combinations, that are the conditions of perception, and which remain in the individual soul or self, after the sensations which they have excited have passed away forever. These may be renewed at will, and on their renewal they bring with them the appropriate conceptions, and repeat to the soul's eye and ear the forms and the sounds that may never more be renewed externally. Just so it is of all forms and of all things, whether of art or Nature—each of them, and all their combinations, have their supersensuous as well as merely sensitive effects.

I have said that the Logos is the Soul of the soul. Now if our doctrine in relation to extension and form be true, the Logos is, in this relation, all extension and all-form, in synthetic unity. If this be so, then every form in the Universe is ever subjectively present in this all-comprehending entity—to the soul of every human being—present even as that all-containing entity is present. What then is there that should prevent its becoming objective, or rather at all times, being an object of perception? If the form of the star, that burns unseen by me in the depths of space, be at this moment in the Logos present to my soul, why have I not a full and complete perception of it? Simply, I apprehend, because of the felt relation of soul and body. This felt relation fills the entire perceptive power of the soul, just as in blindness, the film, or other obstruction to vision, occupies the whole faculty of sight. The blind person sees the obstruction, and can see nothing else. The whole faculty of vision is absorbed and swallowed up by the relation in which it subsists to the obstruction. In like manner, this felt relation of soul to body takes possession of its whole perceptive capacity, and the forms, which the Logos embosoms within the soul, cannot for that reason become objective, or even a subject of distinct consciousness. But let the ray of the supposed star fall on the visual nerve, and instantly the whole visual nerve is brought into a new state—the primary felt relation of the soul, as to it, changes in perfect accordance with the nervous change, and becomes merged as it were, in the Not-Me or Logos external—there is as yet, however, no perception of the object. But at the instant of sensation, the soul has, on its internal side or aspect, undergone a change precisely analogous as to the Not-Me or Logos within, and has to the same extent, become merged in the all-containing soul.

From this supersensuous felt relation, the soul becomes, *instantly*, receptive of perception, throughout in all respects, to the extent of the change in the nerve and the consequent sensation; and there being

now no obstruction to the free development of the all-formative Logos within, (in consequence of the entire homogeneousness of all states and relations through all degrees of substance, as to this particular effect on the visual nerve,) the ideal form of the star, always subjectively present within, becomes objective through sensation, and the visual nerve. The ideal form within, identifies itself with the form without; the extension, the geometry, and the space within, are at once *externalized* through all substance, and become fixed in the cause, or necessary occasion of the sensation. It is thus by a force acting on the Me, that we see the form itself—not an image of it—from its ideal in the bosom of the Logos, to its ultimate in matter. We erroneously ascribe the perception to the Logos external only, because in that is the predominance of effect, the terminus or last result of the process of which we are conscious.*

The form, which is an object of perception externally, and its ideal in the Divine mind are correspondently one, though substantively dual. No one ever had the present sensation of a material form—saw it with the corporeal eye—and at the same time had an ideal image thereof manifest in his mind; and that probably, by reason of the mathematical correspondence between the ideal and the sensible form. During the sensation, the ideal seems to be merged in the sensible; but this can be only an appearance, arising from the cause just mentioned; for remove the object of sense, and you shall call up an image thereof in the mind, as distinct as the counteracting influence of present impressions on the senses will admit; and in the absence of such influence, as in sleep, it shall appear as distinct as any object of sensation. The sensible form appears in one degree of substance, the ideal in another; and they mathematically correspond; therefore they exist as substantively distinct, yet correspondently as one.†

* A short way of stating our theory of sensation and perception is this: The *object* of sensation and the *idea* of it are correspondently one and identical in the Logos.—The individual soul would perceive the object—the idea—nay all things, but for the obstruction of the organization. Now this obstruction is removed, (so to speak,) whenever the organs of sense are brought into harmony with any particular idea of the Logos, by the action of the object upon them; and the individual soul thereupon, to precisely the extent that the obstruction is removed, becomes necessarily identified with the idea in the Logos, whose ultimate form has produced the impression, and perception is the consequence—or rather, this is itself sensation and perception. Or it may be stated thus, still more briefly: All things ever subsist subjectively in the inmost soul; and the impression on the organ of sensation, made by an external body, does but render the subjective idea of that body, objective—that is, render the body itself an object of perception.

† Such, too, I apprehend to be the relation of soul and body. They are substantively distinct, yet correspondently one.

There is this further difference between the sensible and ideal form. That which we see externally, passes away to give place to new forms and relations; it is in time; but that which we see internally, is in eternity—is of the infinite. For when we call up an object which we saw twenty years ago at Rome, or Jerusalem, the individual soul may be supposed to assume the state in which it was at that time, and in that place, and the object thereupon is evolved from the synthetic unity of the Logos, and appears precisely as it then was. The assumed state may have no relation whatever to time; for it will not be even an act of memory, unless it, at the same time, be a state that has relation to a past succession of events; and then it will not be precisely the state that I have been supposing.

All things now are in the bosom of the Logos what they ever were. Do but assume the appropriate state, (an achievement not very possible,) and though the affirmation may excite the smile of the reader, or possibly something worse—yet it does seem to follow from the premises, that you might see Noah and his family just landing from the ark, on the peak of Ararat; or Moses at the Red Sea, accomplishing the Exodus of the Hebrews; or the kings of Egypt, laying the foundation of the pyramids; or the temples of Babylon and Ninevah, in all their original glory. The supersensual state being given, all things appropriate to it, are instantly given. It gives rise to its own internal time, and space; but of external time and space, it has nothing, and can, during its continuance, know nothing.

These states, however, are not at our command. We can resume those into which we have been forced by external, or other causes; we can even compound them, or, in other words, assume a complex state—a state consisting of many, resolved into one—as in our dreams; when the past, the present, and the future, present us with a jumble of their imagery; but in no instance does the soul, of its own will, assume a state entirely original.

The Logos is the central unity of every kind of natural form, animate and inanimate; and is the ideal beauty and perfection of each and all, everywhere present in its entirety, making partial revelations of itself, in matter and in mind. I mean not to say that it thus subsists by radiation, or diffusion; but that its presence is absolute and entire everywhere. To make the manner of this presence understood, and to show by what law the Logos controls and governs all things, will be the attempt of the next chapter.

assume a hundred distinct individual forms of being, and subsist in each as in all ; for it heard, saw, and felt, in each, and through all, in its own entirety. Do you now understand how one being can become nine distinct individual forms of being, without losing his identity in all or either ?”

The Hindoo may have confounded the missionary by the above illustration ; indeed, he may have approximated a great truth ; yet, except as a sort of approximation, I have little to say in favor of it. It does but very imperfectly express what is believed to be the true nature of ubiquity. The Hindoo supposes his god to be in space ; but any illustration, which we may use, should suppose a being which creates space as a thought, and who, therefore, rather comprehends, than is comprehended by it. In a word, it seems to me, that our views can be best illustrated, by again having reference to our optical experiment.

According to the facts which that experiment reveals, if the soul saw through, or with, nine distinct eyes, separated by the appropriate *non-visual* spaces, all the nine organs would be but as one organ. In other words, the soul would see through, and be present—so to speak—in its entirety in each eye, but no less present in them all, as one. For, let it be recollected, that the spaces, which separate the pictures on the retinæ of these organs, excite no visual perception, and the nine pictures are, therefore, as to it, one picture, so long as they are the representations of the same field of vision. And so, if the impressions be multiplied, by multiplying the organs and the correspondent spaces, ad infinitum, will the impressions and the organs, to the percipient soul, still be but as one impression, and as one organ. This indefinite number of organs, though diffused like the stars through space to the sight of a distinct beholder, would be, to the percipient soul of which they were organs, as a unit, occupying no portion of the space of visible extension. The soul would be present, in its entirety, to each as to all, and to all as to each. Indeed, it would be its entire presence to every one, that would make up its entire presence to all as one. Space, it has been shown, is but the ascription of the pure geometric reason to a coexistent plurality, and, by consequence, where it does not, and cannot, make the ascription, because of the subjective relation of the coexistent plurality, it resolves the plurality into its synthetic unity, as to its own apperception, and subsists in all, and in each of the all, in the entirety of its whole being. The each and all thus felt by us as one, constitute, in that reason, what is called a universal idea ; and the order in which this idea is felt or conceived by the perfect Reason, considered as the visual faculty, is the order in which

the each and all of being is present in God or the Logos. It is present in the order of Reason, as unity, resolvable into degrees, classes, orders, genera, species and individuals. It is a presence that involves all things in an order its own. Just as the idea of the number twelve involves all its component numeral elements in an order its own.

Such I apprehend to be the nature of the presence of God, the absolute soul of all and singular of the Universe. Here is no division—no diffusion of Deity—no separation of the great central unit into parts; the illustration does not even suppose magnitude, or occupancy of material space; but it takes the existence of absolute soul, from the analogy which that soul affords in ourselves, and regarding its relation to the material universe, as that of the individual soul to the body, or as the visual faculty to its organs or the impressions thereon, it at once makes it manifest that the necessary consequence of the relation is, an entire presence at each and every point, where form or being is. Not perhaps that the presence is one in form, or effect, or energy; for as to all manifestations or effects it may have its degrees of more or less, just as may the action of gravitation, or the principle of life,—but that, though it acts through forms and degrees, as diverse as the ideas of the Logos, it is still the same unit and the presence of the same great being, subsisting in the perfection of its own willed order.

That the Logos has a common and special relation of presence to the all and each of humanity, may, if our premises be correct, be shown by a further consideration of its relations of presence, in the visual faculty, to the impressions on the retinæ.

In the above illustration, I have supposed a unity of presence in the percipient soul or visual faculty, to each and all the organs, only in the instances where the field of vision is common to all the organs. But this presence would be the same, both as to the percipient power, and as to the organs, even were the common field of vision resolved into as many apparently distinct fields, as there are supposed organs. For let both eyes be directed to the same field of vision, and the impressions produced by that field, on the visual nerves of both eyes, are the same, or precisely similar; and then the common field and all its objects will appear single. But now, let one eye be so directed, by pressure or other cause, that it shall take into this common field a portion of visible extension, with its objects, not included in the field of the other, and so, also, leave out a portion, that is included in the field of the other; and instantly the field of vision, that was before common, ceases to be common. Each eye has its distinct field, because it is different from the other, by its different visible extension

and objects. The geometrical relations thereupon arising from the objects common to one eye, cease to be one with the geometrical relations arising from objects common to the other, and hence every object, that is common to both eyes, appears double. But this duality of vision could not arise, were it not that the same soul or faculty of vision saw it by means of both organs at once, and because of a common relation to both, as well as a particular relation to each. But this common and particular relation is what is called the presence of the percipient faculty, or soul. The presence then of the percipient faculty, or soul, continues the same, even when the eye is moved from its natural place, and when the field of vision and its objects are apparently double, and the perceptions arising therefrom are actually double. But the same rule will apply to any supposable number of organs, under like circumstances, and, by a like process of reasoning, the same presence to them all may be inferred; namely, a common presence and a particular presence.

But though this presence continue the same, yet, by reason of the distinctness and difference of one visual impression from another, do each distinct organ and the visual power of each acquire something of a distinct individual percipient character. It is as if the same percipient being had two distinct forms, occupying two distinct positions, from which they were viewing two distinct, though not entirely dissimilar, portions of extension; for the vision of one eye is entirely independent of the other, though the percipient power be common to both.

But we may suppose these distinct forms to be very numerous, and their positions to be very much diversified; but however numerous his forms, and however diversified their positions, yet will they, each and all, be essentially the same being, in a multiform aspect, susceptible of a great variety of relations, and a great variety of visual perceptions. This being would, as the distinct soul of each form, see through each its distinct and particular field, and as the common soul of all, through all the forms, at once, the whole number of distinct fields in their aggregate. Here is still the same sort of presence that we have heretofore observed; an individual presence, and a common presence the sum of the individual presence; just as we have the gravity of the atom, and the gravity of the total mass of atoms; or the rainbow of the single drop of mist, and the rainbow of the whole cloud.

Now if we suppose each one of these individual forms to acquire, from the excitement of its distinct set of sensations or perceptions, a will its own, and a consciousness of its own individuality, as distinct as its perceptions, we do not at all alter the relations, or the presence of the percipient being. It is still as truly everywhere present to

each and all, with their now acquired personal attributes, as it was when these forms were without them. And such I apprehend to be the nature of the omnipresence of Deity or the Logos, to man—present to each, present to all, as one. A will, or conscious individuality, arising from distinct relations and perceptions, takes form from the all-pervading will or consciousness, and gives individuality to the soul. It is this relation which brings us at once into the presence of God, and His Universe—the Logos within, and its ultimate form in matter.*

Nor is this a mere illustration, but rather a *demonstration*, of the nature of the Divine presence. For, if the views presented in the third chapter be correct, the action of the Logos, as brought home to our consciousness within, is one and identical with its universal action; just as the hydrostatic laws of a drop of the ocean, are the laws which govern its total mass; or as the law which governs in the descent of a pebble, is that which governs all worlds through infinite space. The order of the presence of the Logos in the organs of sight, is the order of its presence in all the forms of sensation. The human organism, in all its variety, is to it as a unit; and for that reason, the Logos, as the Soul of the soul, is present, at once, in the whole organization, and in every part of it in its entirety. And the Universe is likewise a unit to the Logos; the Logos, therefore, must be, *mutatis mutandis*, in like manner, present to the each and all in its entirety.

I will here incidentally remark, that, without at all relying on the doubtful phenomena of Mesmerism, this theory will, if the clairvoyance of somnambulism be not all a fraud, render its wonders a little more credible, by furnishing a plausible explanation. We have but to suppose an acquiescence of the Will, and its partial or complete abstraction from its material relations, in order to the ascent of the soul to a higher degree of the Logos or Universal Soul, and the remote in time and space may thus be laid open to view. Whilst an oscillation between different states, or the blending of mere dream with the visions of reality, may plausibly account for its frequent errors.

But though the universal, be the inmost soul of the individual soul, yet the particular sensations and perceptions of the individual, may not be *its* sensations and perceptions. It is itself the fountain of sen-

* I will here add, in further illustration of the theory of sensation and perception put forth in the preceding chapter, that if it has already been shown to the satisfaction of the reader, that the external universe is but a *permanent* conception of the Logos or Divine Mind, he can now easily apprehend how that conception is made to stand out, to the perception of each individual being, as the universe of the senses. It exists in the Logos; therefore it exists for each percipient being thus conditionally individuated from the Logos, and organized in the finite.

sation and perception ; it receives nothing *ab extra*, save the reaction of the free will—a will distinguished from the supreme Will, by its finite relations, whether arising from the *Not-Me*, or created by itself. Without changing itself, the universal soul (or Logos) is constantly acting to change those individualities which it has formed from itself. It is itself ever the absolutely active element ; the individual ever, relatively the passive. The going forth of its energies may constitute its perceptions, and at the same time give individuality or modification to the individual soul, whilst the reception of them by the individual soul may constitute its perceptions and sensations.

But if the Logos be thus present to the each and all in its entirety, the question presents itself, what is the necessary consequence of this intimate presence ? We have seen that it subsists, as to matter, with a constant tendency to a realization of itself—a tendency ruled by its own willed order, and proceeding from the most interior and divine ideas, to the most exterior forms, or to ultimates in matter. But if this be so, and if there be no counter influences, there can be no reason why every thing should not continue to advance until it attain perfection. Is there such a progress in the Universe ? Let us see.

The laws of Nature are eternal and immutable ; yet they are the source of all mutability. Does change then proceed in an eternal round, so that every thing is still on the primitive level ? or has there been a fall beneath, or rise above it ? The evidence on these points does not seem perfectly harmonious. But let us consider the questions—perhaps we may find, that if we cast aside the absurd hypothesis that Nature is in any respect on the wane, we may come to the conclusion, that in some things, she has attained perfection, and hence as to them become stationary ; and that in other things, she is still advancing toward perfection according to the laws of universal order ; and this may relieve us from the embarrassment of any apparently conflicting evidence.

I think we may at once come to the conclusion, that whatever there may be in the material universe, which is in itself immutable, has attained its perfection ; and that, as to it, there can be no such thing as improvement, or deterioration. Thus dead elementary matter is unchangeable, and it can, as dead elementary matter, never become either better or worse. It has attained its perfection, and its condition is fixed. True, you may add life to it, but it will still be dead matter under new laws ; and the moment that those laws cease to predominate, the laws of dead matter will prevail, and carry the mass back to its primitive condition ; showing, that though for a season, their force be

counteracted, they are not annihilated. Matter then, considered merely as matter, is, under the laws of Nature, immutable, and therefore in its perfection.

But then the *forms* of matter are constantly changing, and, in the world of forms, we find that there has been a progress—a progress from a state of imperfection, of deformity—to one of great perfection and beauty. This is a truth which the geological history of the globe most clearly reveals. Life first manifested itself in the lowest forms of vegetation ; then, in the lowest forms of animal life. It seems to have proceeded from one degree to another, until it attained its perfection in the form of man, an image of the all-perfect form in the sphere of the material. I must here be understood to speak generally of the kind of form, and not of forms individually.

But change, in this world of forms, has been going on ever since the creation of man, and is still going on—one generation is succeeding another—and is this change an evidence of progressive improvement ? Is the vegetable, the animal, or human form, more perfect now than it was six thousand years ago ? Doubtless vegetable and animal forms, under like circumstances, are now what they were six thousand years since ; save where the art of man has wrought an improvement in them. With this exception, their instincts must have continued the same, and their forms the same. We have no evidence that the Logos manifests itself with more perfection in them, whilst in their natural state, now, than at their first creation ; though considering them in their connections and relations with man, it may manifest a higher degree of perfection in them now, than primitively. Both plants and animals, that have fallen under the dominion of man, have been made to undergo great change, and, in some instances, have wonderfully improved. And this argues an improvement in the human race ; for, had man continued stationary, nothing, with which he is connected, or to which he is related, could have been improved. All things, then, whether mutable or immutable, considered distinctly from any necessary relation to or connection with man, continue stationary, and, so considered, are in their perfect state. That all are in their perfect state, and therefore stationary, would be an absolute truth, but that we are under the necessity of excepting man and those things in which he has property and over which he has dominion. Neither he, nor his, are stationary, or in their perfect state ; but are improvable and progressive. Not but that portions of the race may retrograde ; but that the race as a whole, notwithstanding occasional appearances, is progressive, and constantly so, is a position which all history verifies.

Man being the only free force on earth, and he continuing here from generation to generation, under the dominion of the perfect Reason, is necessarily the only progressive being or thing in Nature. But if so, what is the peculiar mode by which his progress is secured? What is the nature of that law which operates his progress consistently with his freedom, and by what name shall we designate it?

We have seen that that action or law, which produced the world of forms, began with the most imperfect organizations of vegetable and animal life, and proceeded through every intermediate degree to man, the image of God on earth—doubtless a very imperfect image. But I have now shown that this action has not ceased in man; but that it is still operative—that is, tending to perfect his image spiritually—to make it still more like Deity, and, by consequence, to improve him as a material being—to render him and all his, a more perfect image of the perfect form. Every form thus has tended, and is tending, toward a likeness of the divine, or supreme central form of the Logos. Now what name can we give to this action or law, which tends to liken all forms to the most perfect form? I know not how better to designate it, than by calling it the *Action of Assimilation*, or the *Law of Assimilation*: an action or law that proceeds from God or the Logos, as the Supreme of being or form, and whose tendency is to liken all forms to the Divine form from which it proceeds. It is this action, or law, that has produced the world of forms; not, perhaps, excepting those of suns and planets; and which is still sustaining the world of living forms against the laws or forces of dead matter, and is going on, with a progressive creation, in the world of humanity.

The action of assimilation, thus understood, is universal—it is all-creative—and, though in Nature, it has its limits, beyond which it does not perfect its forms, and though in man, it has no limits, but proceeds toward an indefinite perfection, yet it is necessarily continuous through both Nature and man; to the end that it may preserve, as well as create. All natural forms, that are not the forms of dead matter, subsist by succession; so that among them, the work of creation must be constantly going on.

To prove that it is the action of assimilation, that is producing this effect, I resort to the facts and deductions of the third chapter. In that chapter it appeared, that the ideal image was of the Logos, and subsisted in the mind with an energy, whereby it repeated itself in the visual nerve; that is, drew into a likeness of itself a certain portion of that nerve—assimilated to itself an image therein; and it was hence inferred, inasmuch as this was the operation of a universal law or prin-

ciple, that wherever matter was brought into a state receptive of its influence, like effects must follow ; and it was thence shown, that all natural forms were the creations of this principle acting through ideal spiritual forms, extant in the universal mind. If this be so, and if that action, which repeats the ideal image in the visual nerve, be the action of assimilation, then is that action the all-formative energy, and the law of assimilation is the law which produces the vegetable and animal creations, and the whole world of humanity.

This is an action by which the spiritual Divine assimilates matter to its own exemplars or ideal forms ; but its action is not arrested in the mere germ or embryo of the form which it thus creates. It takes possession of it as its instrument, as a medium of action. The form itself becomes an assimilative organism. The vegetable and animal assimilate the substances on which they feed, convert them into their own forms, and identify them with themselves. Wherever plant, animal, or man is, there is the assimilative energy, active, from its source in the Divine form, down to matter, and, through the forms of matter, on all substances that constitute their growth.

That the same supreme assimilative form should shadow itself forth in the common humanity, as it best may, and so stand out in the civil and social relations, would seem to follow as a necessary consequence of its universality. In the social many, it must indeed present itself in a different aspect to the senses, and yet may it be to the reason, the same essential form. It takes corporate form in communities. Every well-formed community may be said to have its head, its heart, its body, and members, that minister to its wants. And in that saying, there may be reality, as well as metaphor. Wherever the social relations exist, even in the brute creation—as birds that flock, and beasts that herd together—especially in the natural state, we see the shadow of this image ; and even down the scale of existence, to the insect creation—as in the bee and ant—it bears with it much of its human aspect—too much for any serious and philosophical mind to doubt its presence, as an actuating energy, or controlling law.

What is that sympathy which performs so great a share in the social relations of life, that, if man were altogether without it, he would cease to be a social being ? What is it, but one of the modes in which the assimilative energy manifests itself through media of its own creation ? Man sympathizes with his fellow man from necessity, and, if he also does it from choice, it is because the necessity has made it agreeable.

Whence is the resemblance of offspring to parent, of kindred to kindred ; nay, of all members of the same community, even where

relationship cannot be traced, but from a law of assimilation, proceeding from the Supreme form as their grand analagon, and acting through their forms spiritual and material, as media, according to the nature of each? Nay, if one dwell among strangers, how soon will he catch their gestures, their gait, and their general deportment? And from the active workings of the spirit within, how long will it be before his countenance, and his features, will begin to assume a resemblance to theirs? The child catches, if he does not inherit, the manner of his parent; the pupil that of his instructor; the inferior that of his superior, especially if he be an object of love or respect. If Alexander have a wry neck, all his officers may be expected to pride themselves in a like blemish or deformity; and, if it do not actually exist, they may be expected, by a sort of involuntary or spontaneous affectation, to put on the appearance of it.

Is not the fashionable world a creation of this energy? The cut of the garment is not often chosen for its beauty or neatness, but may be assumed simply from a desire of avoiding the appearance of singularity, or of conforming to the prevailing fashion.

The action of assimilation, then, is not only direct on the spirit of man, and through that on its material organization, and the substances on which that organization directly acts, but through the organic form on other co-ordinate forms; and again through spirit on spirit—begetting social relations; and thereby blending the common brotherhood, as among themselves, into one mass, and still sustaining the relation of each, individually, to the grand central form, whose action is producing the whole effect. Perfectly analogous to the action of gravitation, as well as to the order of the pervading presence, it acts on the each and all, as one.

Is it asked how this is accomplished? I answer, by an all-pervading will, acting through its own perfect order. Does the human will move the body—give motion and direction to the limbs, or rather put in requisition energies which move them—nay, shall the magnetizer, by the mere energy of his will, (as supposed,) contract the muscles of his subject, and cause him to move, and apparently to think and act as he pleases—and shall not the will of God, present in an order its own to every atom, move all things? What is matter, that it should present any obstruction to the will of its Creator? Do but reduce the total mass to the size of a cannon ball, and then view it *ab extra*. It has no weight—no tendency—it can resist nothing. It is, to such a being—subsisting in, or rather comprehending it—a mere thought; and a thought can move it. It is itself that will, actualized in a sub-

ordinate sphere ; and shall not that will, ever present, continually give to it its laws of development ? This it certainly does, by acting, first directly upon it through its connected spirit, and secondly, by indirect action, through media spiritual and material. This is of necessity, for the preservation of order. It is the manner in which the absolute Will harmonizes the action of the each, with the order of the mighty whole.

But to prove the universality of the action of assimilation, it should be shown to affect matter without life, as well as matter with life. I know not that it is necessary to our theory to prove this ; and yet it seems to me to be susceptible of proof.

But, as preliminary to this inquiry, I revert to the doctrines of the second chapter. In that chapter it was shown, that the idea of a co-existent plurality, no matter of what, necessarily involved the idea of space and extension—that unity, as felt in the individual soul, resolved into a coexistent plurality to the senses, made that visible and tangible somewhat, called matter. I showed that this felt unity was the basis of our idea of number—that since it existed subjectively in one of the forms of that reason within, which we felt to be essentially a causative and creative energy, it tended spontaneously to repeat itself objectively *ad infinitum*—to take form, of a law its own, in successive and simultaneous order. Now this unit, which thus exists subjectively within myself, taken absolutely, is no other than the divine esse, or absolute unit ; and, as I find that in myself it tends to an objective self-repetition *ad infinitum*, so it must tend, in its self-subsistent entity, to an objective self-repetition *ad infinitum*—that is, to pass into infinitude in every possible mode. We must, however, conceive the repetition, only as the repetition of unity, and, therefore, as without form. But if conceived as without form, (and so it must be conceived, as the mere repetition of the esse,) it can be conceived only as the point—the mathematical point. Now take any number, or a group of these mathematical points, simultaneously subsistent, and if each tends to assimilate the whole group to itself—that is to give its own unity to the whole group—that is, again, to reduce all the points to a single point at their common centre—then their movement will be precisely that which manifests itself in the attraction of gravitation, and will prove that the action of gravitation may be but one of the forms of the action of assimilation.

But if these points all tended to one point without deviation, they would, in the end, all merge in one ; and if they all merged in one, they would merge in the absolute unit. But this, the very energy or

law, which gave them objectivity and multiety, forbids. Thus, though they may seek the central point, yet they must all be repelled and deflected from it. And this deflecting force must give to each point an orbital, and to the whole group, perhaps, a rotary motion. This theory enables us to account for the resistance and solidity of bodies, and for the motions of suns, and planets, and systems, through all space.

By this deduction, I do not deny the existence of the law of gravitation. All that I would be understood to say, is, that the law of assimilation, acting through masses of matter, as media, manifests itself as the attraction of gravitation; and that the law of gravitation, is included in the more universal law of assimilation.

The action of assimilation appears to operate through two degrees or modes of substance, viz: that which we call matter, and that which we call spirit—the sensuous, and the sepersensual. Acting through its sensuous sphere, it tends to assimilate all matter to the globular form; acting through its supersensual sphere, it tends to assimilate all things to the human form, or to the divine as it is imperfectly imaged in matter; and so to the Supreme or perfect form. Through the two spheres, it acts antagonistically, and brings the principle of life in contact, as it were, with death. It tends from above, to convert all things into living forms—to approximate them to the perfect form of the Logos, or to an exemplar of vital form in the Divine mind. It tends from beneath, to reduce all things to the globular form, or to that form, whatever it may be, to which dead matter tends, of its own law. So that life, as it manifests itself to the senses, is but the struggle between these two antagonistical, and, apparently, conflicting modes of one and the same action. And when dissolution comes, as come it must, in this never-ceasing struggle, each sphere takes its own; the body passes to the nether, and the spirit to the superior sphere.

The one supreme form, acting directly from itself through the ideals of the Divine mind, in these counter assimilative tendencies, must be ever forming new centres of action, and making new manifestations of itself. Of those inconceivably vast masses, that are accumulated in the depths of space, portions may acquire, from the very accumulation, distinct centres, and so separate into orbs, and systems of orbs. So the whole human race, though acted upon by the same assimilative energy, separates into distinct nations and communities. In humanity, however, there is not that homogeneousness, which we have supposed in the mere mass of matter; but each nation has its distinct character, or ideal forms to which it aspires—so has each tribe, and each family.

And these ideals or examplers, constitute distinct centres of action, from which nations derive their ruling ideas and laws of action. When we add to these, that somewhat distinct element, the free activity, we have every thing that is necessary to an infinite diversity of action, and from which we may derive all that is imperfect, as well as all that is perfect, in the relations of human life.

In and over all these apparently conflicting and jarring elements, the perfect reason presides—omnipresent and omnipotent—in an order its own, with a never-ceasing tendency to bring all things into subjection to itself. Its tendency to assimilate the each and all of humanity to itself, is slowly, but ever certainly, gaining on every aberration from its own perfection, and approximating the race to a universal civilization. The tendency of man is to a divine destiny—a point toward which he has been and ever will be advancing, but which, from his very nature, he never can completely attain.

And why not? Every form of dead matter—every form of vegetable and animal life, has attained perfection in its kind; and why should not man attain *his* perfection? Nay, why is he not already perfect? Why has not the Supreme Will the same dominion over him, that it has over all other existences? I answer, because man is not simply a mere animal machine; because his mind or soul is not the mere instinct of an organism, nor a partial image of Deity, acting through a correspondent limited form, to a manifestation of itself; in a word, because he is a progressive being, by his constitution and nature; has his distinct identity; (conditional though it be,) his quasi freedom; and because when he ceases to be progressive in his nature, he ceases to be a man.

A grand distinction between man and all other portions of animated nature, lies in his conscious individuality—his conscious identity and freedom of will. I will endeavor to trace out this distinction, and show, as far as may be, what man is, in his relation to the perfect Reason; in other words, what the Me is in its relation to the Not-Me, and in what manner the assimilative energy is bringing the universal humanity to act in harmony with the pure Reason, without any infringement on that share of freedom which the Creator has vouchsafed to the individual man.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ME, OR HOMO-INDIVIDUALIS.—OF ITS UNITY, IDENTITY, AND FREEDOM.

“Fond fool! that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardor has begun!”

To God alone belongs absolute unity, absolute identity, and absolute freedom. From these attributes in God, man derives a quasi unity, a quasi identity, and a quasi freedom.

Unity is an element essential to the personal identity. Give unity alone, however, and you do not give personal identity; for each plant, and each animal, has its unity. But give to this unity a consciousness of its own existence, distinct from that of the external world, or of a mere sensitive existence, and you infallibly give the personal identity, or conscious individuality. It is this unity, made conscious of its own independent or distinct existence, that constitutes the personal identity. The question first in order, then, is, what constitutes the unity of the human soul, or individual man?

In answering this question, I certainly feel no unwillingness to ascribe to it, a unity perfectly analogous to that which belongs to any entirety of the natural world, to the whole of the Universe, or to any of its systems. Let this proposition be clearly explained, and if it now has an objectionable aspect, I am persuaded it may be made to disappear.

We have seen, that between the world of spirit and the world of matter, there can be no interference, for each has its distinct substance, or mode of substance, and, by consequence, its distinct extension, and distinct space. Now the soul is a part of the world of spirit. It therein exists, subject to laws which rule over it. It has its own distinct activity, or successive volitions, and its own ideal forms or images, which appear and disappear, seemingly at will. Now here is an aggregate plurality; yet who is there, that is not conscious that this plurality has nevertheless its unity—some principle, some bond, which makes it one? So true is this, that in all common discourse, we speak of it as our own internal being or self-hood, and thus necessarily treat it as a unit. And a unit it is; but in what does its unity consist? To answer this question in the easiest and most familiar manner, we will begin with the soul in its most exterior form, to wit: with its image in matter, the material organic structure; and through that, follow, so to speak, this unity, inward or upward, into the supersensual, or sphere

of the soul ; and we may, perhaps, thereby more clearly discern, in what the unity of this spiritual aggregate consists.

The body, considered as an organism of this internal self, or virtual unit, is itself a unit, an entirety—an instrument of the aggregate, which we consider the mind or conscious being. It is an entire instrument, through which the mind operates on matter. It is an entire instrument, through which the material universe operates by the senses on the mind. As to each, it is a whole. It is the soul materialized, and the infinitude of the world of sensation is its sensitive mind ; of which it is itself, considered as a whole, the presiding unit ; and as such, gives to the world of sensation, whatever of unity it has. Let us then examine this unit, and see whether it be really a unit, or only the appearance of one. Now the moment we commence our analysis, this apparent unit resolves itself into a plurality of senses—or organs of sensation—each independent of the other—neither of which, independently, can give unity to the sensitive mind. But then, (it may be said,) *all* may, when acting in combination. Very true ; but what is it that gives them combination ? Whence is it that they derive their unity ? Why, from the mind, it may be said ; that aggregate plurality, I suppose, of which I have been speaking. Very well ; let us analyze *that*, and see if we can find the principle of unity therein. We speak of it as the mind, and, in common parlance, treat it as if it had all the unity of the real conscious self ; but the moment we examine it, we find that its unity is altogether derivative, and that in itself, it consists of conceptions, or objects of apperception, which have no more real dependence on, or connection with, one another, than the objects of sensation ; as sounds, and colors ; odors, and tangible bodies. Whence then this apparent or derivative unity ? Perhaps it is in a superior self or soul, which makes this aggregate of conceptions its object of apperception, just as the external organization makes the material world its object of sensation. Be it so ; but the moment you examine this interior self, you will find that it consists of a combination of internal senses, faculties—no matter what they are called—no one of which can perform the functions of any other, and which, as in the case of the external senses, require a combining principle to give them unity, and which combining principle can be found only in an existence still more interior. It must be an existence, which, like the faculty of sight to the organs of sight, can, as to itself, resolve a multiple into a unit. You may thus proceed, for aught I can conceive, *ad infinitum* ; in every step of the process resolving an apparent or derivative unity into a plurality, which has its combining principle still

beyond or within it. Yet, in every step of the progress, shall be revealed the two great elements of all mind, the Me and the Not-Me—the Will and the overruling Reason. But still, does not the number of objects upon which the will may act diminish, as we ascend in the scale of mind; and does not the will, in every degree of ascent, lose something of its energy; and must it not fall more and more within the dominion of this absolute, overruling reason—until it is lost in it—swallowed up in it; as in the source and fountain of all being?

It is most certainly true, *cæteris paribus*, that the activity of the will depends entirely upon the number of objects, or the variety, upon which it may act. Take from it this variety—take from it all objects to call forth its action—and it falls back into its infantile state of quiescence; into the bosom of the spontaneous reason—the Logos from which it proceeds. Now most unquestionably, the number of objects or ideas which call forth the action of the Will or Me, diminishes as we ascend in the scale of mind, and that point, therefore, must be ultimately attained, in which the Will or Me becomes merged in, or identified with the Logos, or absolute will of God. I therefore say, that whatever of unity we find in ourselves, is wholly derivative, conditional, and dependent; that it is a quasi unity, subsisting in all its degrees, entirely from the one absolute unit; which is God, considered as the Soul of the soul. It is His perfect will, under the appearance of spontaneity, which, like gravity in matter, pervades the mind through all its heights and depths; gives to it law; and to every degree of it a conditional unity. We may, by a self-analysis, pursue this unity as far as our capacities will enable us; and when we pause, as ultimately we must, we shall find that our quest has been like that of the child in chasing the rainbow, and that the great source of unity is still above us. Down from the Supreme, through every variation of soul, the divine unit takes form, till it terminates in the material organism, and in the mind of the senses.

And this view of the unity of the soul, as far as it can be an object of apperception, is supported as it should be, if correct, by a strong analogy to the unity which may be observed in the material universe. Thus every mass of matter—every particle of which this earth consists—has its unity; but it is a unity derived immediately from the attraction of the globe, which acts upon it as a unit—the globe has its derived unity, for it is made one, by the action upon it of the whole solar system as a unit. All the distinct masses of the whole solar system, are resolved into a like unity, by the action upon them of the whole material universe as a unit; and this in turn must acquire its

unity from the all-present will of Omnipotence, imposing on the whole and every particle thereof, the universal law of gravitation ; which seems to be but one of the forms of the all-assimilative energy.

God, then, is truly the unit of all unities, both in the worlds of matter and mind. He is the grand centre of all forms of existence—the central substance or support of all qualities, spiritual and material—the only absolute unit ; every other, even when manifest in mineral substances, is derivative and dependent.*

When, however, I speak of the unity of the soul, considered as the self, as being analagous to that which manifests itself among material bodies, I desire it to be understood, that I speak of it as analagous only, and not as in all respects similar. For the unities which we discover in soul, are the unities of a higher, in reference to a lower, sphere of existence, and not unities arising in one common degree of homogeneous substance, as in matter. For instance : the body is the soul's material organism. It is composed of an order of constantly fleeting particles. It is said, that the whole mass of particles is changed, once in seven years ; yet the body has its unity as an organism. It is ever the same instrument. Its oneness, however, does not consist in the particles, as a mere aggregate, but in the unity of the vital self or soul which acts upon it, during all its changes, as one and the same energy, making the whole arrangement, a single instrument. This material organism is the lower sphere of the proximate spiritual form of substance which animates it ; this spiritual form is the lower sphere of the first rational psychological self, or the individual soul, as it subsists in that degree or sphere, from which it looks down on its conceptions, forms of thought, and so forth ; and makes them objects of reflection. This, again, becomes a lower sphere, to the soul in its primordial relation to Deity, considered as the Soul of the soul, or as the grand central unit, out of which proceed all the unities, of which we can become conusant, within us. God, then, gives unity to the primordial individual soul—that to the reflective soul—that to its spiritual form, proximate to the material—and that again, to its instrument, the body ; and the body thus becomes the last result or image of all the preceding unities. This statement is fully sustained by any view that we may take of the operations of the soul.

* Mr. Whewell considers the fundamental idea of that class of sciences, in which the powers of matter manifest themselves in visible movements and modifications of their material agents, to be *polarity*, or the conception of "opposite properties in opposite positions ;" and his definition of a mineralogical individual, is, "that portion of any mineral substance which is determined by chrystalline forces acting to the same axis."

The existence of two degrees of self is ever manifest in every act of cognition. In every such act, a subjective and an objective—a higher and a lower self—must subsist together. Thus the sensuous self, or sphere of mere sensation, is the objective of the percipient self. The percipient self becomes objective—as a sphere of conceptions, forms of thought, ideal images, etc.—to the reflective or intellectual self, which is a still more spiritual form of being. This again becomes objective to the Me, in that sphere in which it is wholly subject to the influence of the pure spontaneous Reason; and this is the highest form in which it is possible for us to conceive of the existence of the individual soul; above this, the subordinate Me or self, seems to merge in absolute unity. But when we consider unity as arising from the action of one body upon another, within the same degree of substance, as in matter, it puts on an aspect somewhat different, though the primary cause of effect may be the same. In matter, the proximate greater mass may be considered as giving unity to the less; and we do not look for a source of all unity in a higher degree, until we come to regard all matter as constituting one vast unit. It is then, that we ascend to a higher degree, and find the source of its unity in Deity. The analogy, however, is perfect, between matter and the common humanity.

Thus we have individuals, families, communities, nations, communities of nations, the whole humanity—all deriving their social unities, the less through the greater, from the all-assimilative personal Logos; which, at the same time, is imparting its own unity, to each and all, as it is. Like gravity in its action on atoms, it acts directly on individuals, and gives to them their universal and distinctive relations; and the same principle in the formation of bodies from masses of atoms, it colligates individuals into families, communities, and nations.

But, it may be said, that if the foregoing representation of unity be correct, each individual man, and all men as one, are no other than the divine unit, standing out in organic material form; and that the whole humanity is but one vast vital machine, moved solely by the will of God; and that each human being is consequently without personality. This conclusion would certainly be correct, were the absolute will of God the only will, by which this vast aggregate is actuated and moved. It may have been the form or order in which humanity first appeared on earth. Man may have been in this state, whilst his material structure was in process of formation; whilst the Soul—the spiritual form—was yet creating for, and adapting to itself, an organization suited to the accomplishment of its destiny on earth. But whatever might have been his precedent state, the moment the individual was

endowed with a consciousness of his own unity, that is to say, the moment the individual was endowed with a consciousness of his own acts and thoughts as his own, he acquired a conscious, a spiritual, a personal individuality, or identity, and could no longer be absolutely one and the same with Deity. For this *consciousness* of a self, or of a somewhat, distinct from the universe—distinct from the mere animal or sensuous life, and even from the forms or imagery of mind—cannot arise without its correlative will or free activity, and a consciousness thereof. For how can any one take note of aught that opposes or resists him, without the implied consciousness, if I may so speak, that he is to some extent free?

But the moment the consciousness of this freedom arises, be it real, or be it apparent, the individual or personal man, exists, and stands out, at least as to his own apperception, to the extent of such freedom, distinct from his Creator. He has an *Ego*, a *Me*, or what may be called a felt personal identity.

This identity, however, cannot be an absolute identity, any more than the unity upon which it is based is an absolute unity. Both are derivative, and dependent for their subsistence upon the great central unit, or self.

This leads me to enter more particularly into a consideration of the nature of the will, or free activity; which we shall find, I apprehend, like the unity and identity which I have been considering, to be wholly conditional and dependent.

“In Natural History,” says Coleridge, “God’s freedom is shown in the law of necessity. In Moral History, God’s necessity or providence is shown in man’s freedom.” This is a proposition as profound as it is true. The will of God, in the largest sense, is undoubtedly absolute. He wills man to be free, morally free; but the only condition upon which man can be endowed with any freedom proper to the individual, is, that he be brought into relation with the everlasting and unchangeable order of the Logos, or perfect Reason—in the supersensual world, into relation with that order as it manifests itself in the spontaneous action of mind—in the world of the senses, into that order as it manifests itself in the laws of Nature.

To satisfy ourselves that this order is a necessary condition to the freedom of man, we have only to suppose that it be disturbed or destroyed in the world of mind. Let thought follow thought, without order or connection, and is not the man at once insane? Has he any liberty of choice? Let the like disorder visit the material universe; let the heavens and the earth become a chaos, and the law of gravita-

tion cease ; let the ocean take the place of air, and the air that of the ocean ; let the mountains become valleys, and the valleys mountains ; fluids become solids, and solids fluids ; and let them alternate their conditions or states without relation to time or circumstance, and would human liberty be possible ? Could man think logically, or connectedly ? And if he did, what would logical or connected thought avail him ?

When God willed the imagery (so to speak) of his own mind to become fixed and subject to the eternal Reason, He then, and not until then, willed the existence of man as a free, voluntary, and somewhat independent force ; subject, nevertheless, to all the conditions of that order which is the prerequisite of his proper freedom and independence. The fiat which created man, was also the divine covenant, which assured to him the continuance of the established order of the Universe. In that order which bounds or limits man's freedom, God, as the Logos or perfect Reason, rules absolutely and unconditionally, and in as far as man is a part of it, not of choice, but of necessity, he is not free. In this order, God's absolute dominion trenches even on the moral world, not directly, but indirectly ; and ultimately controls it. Thus, man is not free to choose his own organization, nor to continue his life indefinitely. And thus, through the ultimates of organization and death, God absolutely guides and determines the destinies of the race ; but he acts not directly on the freedom of the individual will, but only tends to give it a direction and determination by the inspirations of the pure reason. By these, God rules conditionally, and man is free. Thus it is that God's freedom is man's necessity, man's freedom is God's necessity—his self-assumed necessity.

He holds man in the embrace of His omnipotence, and presents him for his choice, a variety from the stores of His own infinitude. In the act of selecting, man is free ; whilst the still small voice of the pure Reason, parentally chides every wrong, and approves every right selection, visiting, however, the consequences of repeated disobedience upon the physical constitution, until the line of life in which they continue to appear, becomes incapacitated to propagate itself, or is dissipated and lost in the midst of counteracting influences propagated by other organizations.

Thus human liberty has its limitations ; and limits, as well as liberty, are necessary, in order to enable the individual soul to acquire a knowledge of its own existence, as such. God himself exists in an order his own, which, as already hinted, can be no other than a volun-

tary limitation of His power. This order in the Divine esse, is eternity itself.

But it may be said, that the question whether the human will be at all free, is a very ancient question, and that it has not yet been logically demonstrated, to the satisfaction of every body, that it is so in any degree.

I do assure the reader that I am not about to revive this old controversy, in the form in which it has usually been carried on. It is enough for my purpose to say, that if the human will be not free in any respect, there is no such thing as freedom. If the will be not free, it is certainly wonderful that man ever came to the idea of liberty. The truth is, that the will itself is liberty itself, and the whole discussion, whether man be a free agent or not, is no other than the discussion of a question, whether liberty be free or not, or in other words, whether liberty be liberty; yea, or nay. Such a question cannot be discussed, without yielding the very point in issue, and then contending for it.

Were man without liberty, he never could come to a knowledge of restraint or necessity; were he without restraint or necessity, he never could be conscious of his liberty. It is from these that he becomes conscious of his own individuality, learns to distinguish himself from the external world, and, in the higher degrees of his being, the moral and spiritual, from the mere animal and sensitive self. In short, it is this encounter between liberty and necessity, that makes man *per se* a reflective being, or something above a mere brute force. Since then we cannot have liberty without necessity, nor necessity without liberty, I feel myself obliged to accept them both; and conclude that to question the existence of either, would involve the absurdity of questioning the existence of every thing.

But it may be said, that the brute has its voluntary power, no less than man; and that these premises will lead to the conclusion, that a beast, though of inferior capacity, is, nevertheless, to the extent of its capacities, as certainly a free agent, as a man. Some explanation I feel to be due to this suggestion; although it has been already, to some extent, forestalled. And by way of general reply, I will say, that the suggestion comes from not distinguishing between a being that is merely sensitive and perceptive, and so has but the lowest degree of self or soul, and a being who is not merely perceptive, but reflective, and so has not merely a lower, but a higher self, that looks down from the region of the moral and spiritual, upon the subordinate degree, and is capable of controlling whatever of the voluntary power it may

have. It will be found, I apprehend, upon a little reflection, that the mere sensitive and perceptive self has a will, if it may be called a will, that is wholly under the government of sensation ; and that, inasmuch as it cannot project itself, and make its action and passion objects of cognition, it is wholly unconscious of any freedom whatever, or of any distinction between its sensations and itself. It has no reflective knowledge of any thing. If the brute be a reflective being—one capable of internally resolving impressions and general instinctive tendencies into particular thoughts, or forms of thought, and so of making them objects of apperception, and means of promoting an end—all that I can say is, that no fact has ever fallen within the scope of my observation to prove it. The brute has, properly speaking, no ideas of time, or a continuity of events, or of causation. If my horse has taken fright, whilst I was driving him at a particular place, he will, if he continue in the same trim and condition, be very apt to take fright again at the same place ; and this, not by reason of a memory of the past, as the past, but by reason of the same feeling arising, which identifies the past with the present, and makes them, as it were, one and continuous, and as without intervening events. And the same principle will explain any apparent manifestation of a knowledge of causation. We may learn that the brute is not a reflective being, by considering what man is, before the higher self has developed its powers.

No doubt every human being (as he is the image of God in the finite and multiple,) comes into the world with a capacity to develop this higher self along with a consciousness of it, and of the personal identity. Yet the babe, that came into existence last night, has not yet developed it. It knows nothing of liberty and restraint. It distinguishes not between itself, and the little world by which it is surrounded. Its sensations are as yet its all. Itself is all, and nothing more than what it sees, hears, and feels. Its voluntary movements are as yet not the results of thought, but of mere sensation. Its actions come of impulse or of mere instinct. It is a mere animal, saving that it has within itself the germ of its future personality or higher self ; which the brute has not.

The condition of the brute and the child is in other respects the same. The brute has no *consciousness* of its distinct individuality, although, in itself, it be an individuality. Life and soul it indeed has, but it is of the life and soul of the universal parent, acting through, and in accordance with, a distinct and peculiar organization.

But, though I contend that the brute is not a reflective being, and that it has not a higher self, yet, let it not be hence inferred, that I

deny that reason manifests itself in its actions ; for I admit that reason manifests itself, even in insensate matter.

The laws of matter are reason, acting in and through it. The meandering of the stream, the heaving of the ocean, the growth of the plant, the climbing of the vine, the descent of the root in search of nourishment, the effort of the germ and leaf to pass, from darkness or shadow, into light—in short, the tendencies of all masses, and the progress and development of all vegetable life, are but the logical process of the same common reason ; but the stream, the ocean, the plant, though thus under the dominion of reason, do not themselves reason. Neither does the brute ; it feels, it *senses*, and sensation has its own law ; and that law is reason itself, in the form of the sensitive organism.

The three geese which sat breast to breast under my window last evening, in a hail storm, drew nearer, each to each, as the storm increased in violence, till breast pressed against breast ; then gradually rising on their feet, with necks and beaks brought together, and stretched and pointed upward, they sustained the fury of the tempest with as little of annoyance, as three Roman soldiers might have sustained, in a shower of darts from the beleagured fortress, whilst standing under cover of their contiguous shields. Yet this was not an act of deliberative, reflective reason ; it was not choice, but a mere yielding of sensation to its own law. As they approached that attitude, they felt less and less pain ; until their position became such, that it could not be made better for the purpose of shelter. They reasoned not, but reason acted in them. This seems to me to be always the mode in which reason, in the brute, manifests itself ; it is not the reason of deliberation, but of spontaneity.

When sensation becomes highly excited, this reason of course becomes more active, and it seeks, by every possible avenue, for relief. It then puts on the semblance of deliberation and choice ; but it is neither. It is a transition from one impulsive movement to another, governed at once by the organic structure, and by present sensitive influences. Man, in the act of reflection, does in his own internal world of mind, what the brute, under analogous circumstances, does in the external world. He passes from idea to idea, from thought to thought. His is the labor of the higher self ; but the brute has but one form of self, and that the animal or sensitive form.

Divest man of the conscious individuality, the will conditionally free, and of all capacity to develope it, and you leave him a mere animal ; a being without the power of reflection, without ability to distinguish,

knowingly, between himself and the universe, and the mere machine of sensitive impulse. Yet would such a being bear within him an immortal principle. It is not otherwise even with the brute. For resolve the body of the brute into its original elements, and the vital soul still remains a somewhat of the Universal Life or Soul—elevated perhaps to a higher degree of substance by the process through which it has passed, but yet without the conscious individuality. It gained nothing, however, which it could itself appreciate by its organization, (since it gained not this consciousness,) and it has lost nothing, which it could appreciate by its dissolution.

The brute is as an oblique, and man as a focal image of the divine unit. Whatever of conscious individuality, freedom, and personal indentivity, belongs to the human image, belongs to it as a modification of this universal life; or rather as finite modes of the same attributes in the personal Logos. They are modes which identify themselves with the image itself, and give to it, in the completeness of the quasi unity, a homogeneousness with the absolute unit.

God, as the personal Logos, is thus the Self of selves; and when we cast off the animal organism, it is but to stand forth in the conscious individuality of a higher self. Hence it is that though the external world be changing in all its forms around us—though the body be undergoing a continual change between infancy and age—though the mind itself become obliterated by insanity or dotage—still the identity of being, the conscious life, soul or Me, continues as immutable as Deity Himself. Life is still life, as matter is still matter, however changed. This every man, whatever may be his speculations, feels in the depths of his consciousness to be true. It is the felt eternity of his own life, which gives the self of it to be conscious of all mutability.

But it may be asked, why should not this quasi identity resolve itself into its universal element? If the action of assimilation be a law of mind, as well as of matter, why should not the spirit be assimilated to, and absorbed in the Supreme Spirit, as well as the body assimilated to the dust, and absorbed in the earth from which it came, and man's conscious individuality be thus made to cease forever?

In answer to this question, I will say, that it may be admitted, that the quasi identity may pass into the divine element from which it proceeds. Yet it will by no means follow, that the Me or self, will cease to be. Annihilation seems to me an impossibility. Man's unity, identity, and freedom, subordinately conditional though they be, cannot be made to pass into nothing; unless God can cease to be.

But we may conceive the conditional to pass into the unconditional, the finite Me into the absolute Ego from which it proceeds; but this would be a process exactly the reverse of that of annihilation, or of the destruction of the conscious self or individuality. It would be a more expansive and intense consciousness of existence—a transition into a more elevated sphere of being. The self-determining power, will or capacity to act, would still continue and strengthen, through every advance toward identity with the perfect Reason; which is but another name for the will of God acting through divine order. The doctrine of absorption, therefore, is not the doctrine of annihilation; but the very reverse of it.

But the resolution of the conditional Me into the absolute *I am*, by the law of assimilation, seems to me to be impossible, without a subversion of the whole order of existence. For God, as the personal Logos, acts upon all, as upon each; and the influence which would utterly annihilate the will, as a free principle, in one, would annihilate it in all. God, as the personal Logos, might, through this assimilative influence, create for Himself a perfect organism, through which to act on earth, without any breach of universal order. So He might bring the individual will, through order, to act on a line coincident with the perfect reason; but a coincidence is not an identity of wills. Certainly the finite, by such coincidence, could not become the infinite.

But there is another view of this matter, that necessarily grows out of our system, which, I am apprehensive, will present an aspect very unfavorable to the idea even of a limited coincidence, much less to that of an absolute identity, with the Divine will.

It is this: the moral and intellectual habits which one forms on earth, are of the spirit. They are such manifestations as the spirit can here make of itself. They result from the acts of the will. These acts necessarily give form to the spiritual Me. It has been shown, that the mental imagery, and consequently the whole intellectual or physical character resulting therefrom, arise from certain general feelings or states of the soul, in relation to the perfect form of the Divine within us. Now, as these feelings, or states, are modifications of life and soul as they are within us, and are produced, generally, by our own free volitions, it seems very manifest, that the Me forms for itself, in the process of its growth and development, a distinct individuality, or form of soul, which, all other things the same, must continue in a future state, for the same reason that it exists in the present. The laws which produce it, or rather, the laws in con-

formity to which it is produced, being spiritual, are as eternal as the spirit itself.

We may not therefore, at any rate, expect a very sudden apotheosis. Humanity may, indeed, be ever approximating the Divine Infinite, through order ; but it can never finally attain it ; any more than two converging lines, indefinitely produced, although constantly approximating in parts, can be made to coincide. The soul, the spirit, therefore, as a finite individuality, survives the dissolution of the body, and does not immediately, and probably never, enjoy the apotheosis which the question implies.

In this chapter, I have been considering the quasi unity, identity, and freedom, as they manifest themselves merely in the individual man, in his relation to the absolute unity, identity, and freedom in God, the personal Logos. But independently of this relation, the individual man is not alone—he has his co-ordinate relations in fellow-beings, not only of this world, but, if the foregoing views be correct, of the world above or within. For there is as much truth as poetry in the idea that

“Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.”

Now I propose to make the each and all of this aggregate of free forces, in their co-ordinate relations and in their relations to the absolute unit, the subject of the next chapter. In the discussion of these relations, it will, as I apprehend, distinctly appear, that these quasi free forces, constitute individually, and in their aggregates, a somewhat, that is foreign to the pure Reason or personal Logos, and that in the mind of God, it is a subordinate Not-Me, or distinct activity, ever requiring, like the animal passions within us, the active government of the perfect Reason ; that, in short, if God, or the Logos, be the absolute Not-Me to man, man is no less truly a conditional Not-Me to God. And in taking this view of the subject, I may repeat, and carry into further detail, some matters that have been considered in the present chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE THEANTHROPOID, OR HOMO UNIVERSALIS.

"Others boldlier think,
 That as one body seems an aggregate
 Of atoms numberless, each organized ;
 So by a strange and dim similitude,
 Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds
 Are one all-conscious spirit ; which informs
 With absolute ubiquity of thought,
 (His one eternal self-affirming act)
 All his involved Monads, that yet seem
 With various province and apt agency,
 Each to pursue its own self-centred end."

If it be true, that the universe is an ultimate genesis of the all-present mind, and if it be true, that we have something of the universal order of that mind within, then have we something of all that is *by relation* evil, as well as something of all that is *absolutely* good. The self is a point in which all influences from above, around, and beneath, centre. It freely acts, and re-acts, yields to, or resists, whatever it may choose. In its own internal world, it has its space and correspondent relations. It has the Logos above, as the pure Reason, taking form in, or acting through, the superior sentiments ; and the same Logos beneath, taking form in the mere animal being, or that portion of being, common to the brute and the man. These distinct spheres, (if so they may be called,) are phrenologically represented by the organs of the superior and inferior portions of the brain. The Me, personal unit or free activity, is brought forth from the inferior sphere or form of soul, by the assimilative influence of the Logos, acting from above. Acting directly from the Supreme Absolute Self or Godhead, the personal Logos repeats itself, and begets its own likeness, in the finite.

The inferior and superior spheres are both of the Divine mind, and each of itself good ; but since it is the will of God, that the Me should be raised from the inferior or animal soul, up into the rational or human, and so through progressive order approach the Divine, the inferior is, as to this personal unit, the chaotic, or crude element from which the Me is formed. It thus becomes, by relation, its evil, or nether abyss, out of which the creative energy, by a constant effort, tends to elevate it ; whilst the superior sphere, the rational and Divine, is absolutely its good, its heaven of heavens. Of evil there is none ;

save that which the free will of man creates, or which becomes extant as the correlative of his freedom.

The Me, considered as the free will, comes into being between these two spheres. Each acts upon it with its own assimilative energy. The Me stands balanced between the opposite energies, and is at perfect liberty to yield to the one, or the other. It thus passes upward, or downward, in accordance with its own inclinations.

But let us consider of what these counter elements (for such they relatively are) consist, and how they effect the Me. We shall find, I apprehend, (if our premises be correct,) that the Me, considered as thus subsisting between these two spheres of action, has not a mere isolated being, but that, like a drop in the midst of the world of waters, it is pressed upon and moved by the whole ocean of existence, spiritual and material; and so may be considered as subsisting by relation, throughout the grand order of the Logos.

In the first stage of infancy, when the child merely feels, and hears, and sees; when it does but perceive the external world without recognizing it as external, the internal Me, or higher self, is apparently quiescent. It is the instinct of sensation, that then prompts every external act. Yet this apparent quiescence of the higher, or more interior self, is not inconsistent with a considerable degree of semi-instinctive activity. And active it indeed must be. For when the world of colors comes upon the senses in masses, (and as in masses it must first come,) the internal activity must make itself busy, in separating and resolving it into its constituent parts. When all visible objects are apparently at the same distance, this internal self must take cognition of their geometric relations, and learn to define their separating spaces. When the babel of sounds first visits the ear, it must busy itself in detecting all the variety, and particularly in distinguishing the precise intonations of the human voice. When the animal instinct finds relief in action, this ever-conscious self is surprised by the phenomena of motion, and immediately and spontaneously, takes note of the connection between muscular contraction and its own volitions; and is thus early engaged in observing the mysterious relations between itself and its physical system—between cause and effect.

But who leads it to make these observations? Not the mother, or nurse; for all this occurs whilst the existence of the external world is yet a problem to be solved or questioned, at a more advanced period. It is its Divine parent, acting from the superior sphere as the assimilative Logos, that thus evolves the higher, from its germ in the lower self, or animal soul, by exciting to action, and prompting it to this

course of observation, or instinctive cognition. Nor does the child make known that the internal self is born, or roused to action, until it does, itself, manifestly distinguish between the external and internal—the sensitive and reflective spheres. When it has apperceived or felt this distinction, the internal action passes out, as it were, into the external world. And this is a most interesting period of childhood; especially when the manifestation of this interior action is made through the medium of language. “I think—I believe—I hope—I fear.” What an import these words have, when first lisped by the tongue of infancy! What volumes do they speak upon the precedent internal action and observation of the Me, made under the tuition of the great Teacher within? Yes, they announce that the self internal, in the tabernacle of the soul, beyond the contaminating approach of mortal, and under the exclusive influence of the plastic will of Omnipotence, has been formed and fashioned after the image of the Divine Parent.

It is not strange, therefore, that the child, when it first begins to lisp its thoughts, should seem like a being descended from an angelic sphere. Well and beautifully has it been said, that “infancy is the perpetual Messiah which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to Paradise.”

Thus formed and prepared by its great prototype, the Me comes forth, a distinct being, into the sensitive organism and surrounding world, to receive the instructions of its earthly guardians. It comes forth, all faith, all trust, in its preceptors; for they are, or should be, in the world of humanity, what the pure Reason is in the world of the soul. And it understands, and confides in their precepts, because they are, or seem to be, but the echoes of the voice of the Divinity which speaks within. Conscious of its own exaltation, it looks down upon its subordinate self in the animal being, makes it an instrument of discipline, till its development is complete, and then goes forth to the full enjoyment of its freedom, and the accomplishment of its destiny.

By the time the Me has learned to distinguish between good and evil, in the moral world, and not until then, the nether sphere begins to put forth, with increasing and varied energy, its assimilative power. Then it is, that the soul called into action, through all its heights and depths, begins to feel, with additional intensity, its distinct identity. It is then, that the relations of the Me to both spheres become universal; the microcosm is complete, and becomes recipient of all influences, whether of the world of the senses, or of the world of spirit.

If our theory be true, death is but a name for a change that involves

no extinction of the essential identity. It is not annihilation, or a cessation of existence. All ordinary language is but the language of appearances. We say that the sun rises, the sun sets; the stars run their courses—when, in fact, the earth only turns on her axis. Just so, in common parlance, we speak of death, and anticipate a rising of the dead; but this is speaking only according to those appearances, real or anticipated, which are, or are to be, the results of a change in the conscious self. Do but turn from the world of the senses, to the world of spirits, and the material Universe shall roll together as a scroll, and the dead shall rise around you.

In this idea, there is much of the sublime, but truly nothing of the horrible, save that which comes from a habit grounded in the fallacy of appearances. In what we call death, the self, or soul, does but withdraw the influence (mesmeric shall I call it?) which it imparts to the human organism, and straightway lives on in the world of spirits, as it has lived in this. A new space, a new extension, a new heaven, and a new earth, open on its untrammelled vision, and the discipline of this life, spiritually resolved, has made it already familiar with this new stage of its never-ending existence. Let but some slight change in the memory take place, and the future world will seem but a continuation of the present.

This is not fancy, unless the premises on which our theory is based be fallacious, but their demonstrably necessary result. We are brought, then, to this conclusion—that there is, embosomed in the Logos, a world filled with an infinite multitude of spiritual existences; that it has its own order, so corresponding to that of the material world, that the one is the cause, of which the other is the effect; that these worlds are, each to each, reciprocally inextended, and that, by consequence, the spiritual world is to the material, as a unit. Now, if this be so, this spiritual unit and all its spiritual existences, as one, must be considered as present by relation, to every human being. Not that this presence is necessarily attended with any consciousness of it, either in them or us, but that the presence subsists simply because, as to them, there is no such thing as the space of matter; and because it is, through this relation of presence to the material organism, that they are as present to the soul.

But though all spiritual existences be considered a unit, thus present to the soul of every human being on earth, yet, inasmuch as this unit is, considered in itself, an infinite multiple, it must likewise be in *itself* susceptible of arrangement and order. This arrangement and order, the all-present assimilative Logos must necessarily produce.

It must necessarily subject all things within it to its own order. It must, of its own law and energy, separate differences, and contraries, and bring like to like, and thus produce a superior and an inferior world of spirits. Both these are made to subsist by a relation, as of presence in each human being; the superior acting as one with the Logos in the rational and moral sphere, and the inferior acting as one with the Logos in the animal form, or inferior sphere of the soul; and each producing its appropriate effect on the Me, or free activity.

Man, indeed, is never alone. Deity is always with him: all above and all beneath are ever with him, and he can bring out the one or the other, into his life and actions, as best suits his disposition.

And here I will remark, in reference to the subject discussed in the conclusion of the preceding chapter, that this superinduced power, (if thus divided and arranged by Omnipotence, into spheres superior and inferior, consisting of forces to some extent free, yet subject to an order imposed by the overruling Wisdom, and the former acting from above, and the latter from beneath,) must render the quasi unity and identity of the conscious self, little less than absolute. Nor are these antagonistical forces without their use, either to the individual or collective humanity. Both conspire to separate the good from the evil, and to purify the individual and the universal man. Each acts from its own assimilative power. The one elevates whatever is susceptible of elevation, the other swallows up in its abyss, all that is disqualified for the superior sphere; and this is effected without at all impairing the freedom of the human will.

And it may be further observed, but with reference to another subject, that if all life, animal and vegetable, be assimilated through these media, it may be easily conceived how the whole universe of matter, considered as an ultimate conception of the Divine mind, derives, from its relation to man and spirit as forces quasi free, modification, fixity, and order, dependent upon the order of all spiritual existences. The material, must correspond, in some sense, to the grand spiritual, order; and the universe of matter must continue as it is, until it shall be the will of God to resolve the free activity, and with it all, whether of spirit or matter, into the Divine *Esse*.

These are inferences which spontaneously flow from our premises. Yet, because the general mind shrinks, perhaps, from such speculations as unusual, or at least mystical, I would have avoided them, could I have so done, without leaving a deficiency in our system, not otherwise to be supplied. I now pass to a consideration of these influ-

nces through various orders of mind, on those social aggregates which constitute the entire humanity.

These various orders of mind through which Deity rules, ultimately, human affairs, notwithstanding the temporary perversity of the human will, are formed, by the assimilative action of the supreme Reason, from the whole humanity, or universal man. And this necessarily leads me to inquire,—what is this whole humanity, or universal man, contemplated as present in its entirety to this Reason—a Reason from which it derives its existence, and from whose assimilative action it receives the laws that govern it? How does it subsist in his reason, and what is the manner or nature of its presence therein? This is an important inquiry; for such as is the order of presence in which the whole humanity subsists in this Reason, such, I apprehend, must be the order in which the assimilative energy acts through its entirety.

I have already treated of the omnipresence of this Reason, or Logos, in the fifth chapter. I have therein shown, by the aid of that formula, which our visual experiment furnishes, what must be the nature of the presence of the Logos, or Reason, considered as the absolute soul of all and singular of the Universe. But it is necessary here to understand what is the nature of its presence to man, and the entire humanity. This Reason is necessarily the Soul of the soul; and considering it as such, it becomes expedient, here, to repeat some of the thoughts attempted to be communicated in that chapter. The reader will thereby have a clearer conception of that unity, which with the liberty of using a Greek compound, I shall call the *Theanthropoid*, or *Homo Universalis*.

I will, in the first instance, present the idea, which I would communicate, by supposing the individual soul itself to be the visual faculty. And I can conceive of no objection to this, since it is undoubtedly that which sees—the organs of sight are but its instruments, or its own exterior form. But if so regarded, then the visual faculty, or soul, may be considered as subsisting, in relation to the organs of sight, as the human ideal, exemplar, or image (which must logically precede the creation of man) subsists in the Divine Reason, to its material and spiritual multiple. But the unity of the visual soul, or faculty, is broken into a plurality, in the organs of sight—that is, the visual soul takes form, externally, in two or more visual organs. Just so may this ideal, exemplar, or image of man in the Logos, take form in that plurality of human beings, which constitute the race. Now, as the organs of the visual soul, however numerous, are, to it, as one

organ ; so to the Logos, (which stands related to man through his exemplar or image,) the whole aggregate of human beings, contemplated in their most general relation, are as one human being. And as the visual soul is present in each and both, or in each and all of any conceivable number of organs, as one ; so God, considered as the exemplar or primordial image of man, is present in each and all of any conceivable number of human beings, as in one human being. The Divine Image (or Deity, as it is in relation to man,) repeats itself objectively, in a vast multiple ; whilst subjectively, it continues to subsist unaltered, in its original unity. And it is present (like the visual soul to its organs) to the each and all, as one ; and this relation of presence continues, whatever specific differences there may be in the individuals of the race.

For the purpose of illustrating this position, I must recall the attention of the reader to the first part of the fifth chapter, in which the subject of ubiquity is discussed. I find a repetition of the process, there given, necessary, in order to keep steadily in the mind a clear idea of the nature of ubiquity ; for without some such almost sensible demonstration, the true idea is apt to elude the apprehension, and become confounded with our natural conceptions of space.

To this end, then, I repeat, that any supposable number of visual organs would, to the soul considered as the visual faculty, be but as one ; since the spaces between them would not be objects of perception. And, for the same reason, the pictures on the retinae, of the same field of vision, would be but as one picture, exciting but one perception. And this would be the result, however widely the organs might be separated from each other. Therefore, the soul, (as the visual faculty,) would be present, so to speak, in its entirety, to each and all—whether organs or pictures—as if they were but one organ, or picture. It would be its entire presence to every one, that would make up its entire presence to all as one. Now if the supreme Reason, or Logos, be the inmost soul of every human being, then the above result becomes a formula, or true expression of the nature of its ubiquity to man. It is present, in its *entirety*, to each human being ; present in its entirety, to all, as if that all were one being.

But in the above visual process, I have supposed a like picture produced by a common field of vision ; yet this hypothesis is not necessary to this common presence of the visual soul ; for this presence would continue, even were the common field and its impressions resolved into as many fields as there are supposed organs. For if one be pressed from its appropriate sphere, so as to receive the picture of a portion of

extension not common to the other, the field of vision becomes dual. We have in effect two fields of vision. It is, however, the same soul that sees each and both fields at once. It sees each, by reason of its particular presence to each organ ; and both at once, by reason of its presence to both as one. The change in the position of the organs, and the change in the common field of vision, do not, therefore, in the least, effect the before-mentioned relation of presence. The particular presence and common presence still continue unchanged ; and the result will be the same, however numerous the organs, or diversified the fields of vision and their consequent pictures or impressions.

But though the organs all have a common percipient power in the visual soul, yet, as each eye receives its distinct and independent impression, it also has its distinct vision ; and, thereby, may be supposed to acquire something of a distinct percipient character or individuality. And then, so considered, the whole number of organs together, however arranged, are as if they constituted one percipient being, having many distinct forms, occupying distinct positions, and each viewing distinct, though not entirely different, portions of extension. These forms may be very numerous, and their positions much diversified. But, however numerous the forms, and diverse their positions, they are still essentially the same multiform being, with a great variety of visual perceptions. It is a being, which sees in, or through, each form, the particular field thereof, and in, or through, all the forms, the whole number of fields at once. And here is still the same presence that we have heretofore observed—a common presence and a particular presence of the same entire percipient entity.

This seems to me to be, undoubtedly, a true expression of the visual soul's presence, or relation of presence, to the organs of sight. But if it be, it must also be a true expression, or formula, of the presence of all spiritual entities, subsisting with corresponding relations, to material forms. It must, particularly, be a true expression of the presence of the Logos, or Deity, considered as the Soul of the soul of all and singular of the human race. The race, considered as thus subsisting in relation to the Logos, or Deity, are each and all as one being, or as God manifest in a multiform humanity, Theanthropoid, or Homo Universalis. Such a form of humanity must, however, be regarded merely as a primordial form, or state—or a form, or state, which logically precedes all others, and in which, could it but continue unchanged, each individual would act direct from the perfect Reason—each in harmony with each and all, and the whole, as one vast human machine, actuated by the will of Deity. Perhaps this is the state

in which man originally stood to his Creator—perhaps it is the state into which the assimilative action is now tending to bring him—not by absorbing the individual will into the Divine, but by bringing it to act in coincidence with it.

But though this state may be considered as having a logical precedence in reference to all others, yet it is one which, certainly, is not and perhaps cannot be, otherwise than changeable, consistently with the laws of its own being. It seems to me, that the integrant parts—that is, the individual forms of which this multiform manifestation consists—cannot do otherwise than acquire distinct finite wills, and consequent individualities; subordinate however, to the absolute will. For, each individual form must, because of its limited relations, have its distinct sensations, its distinct thoughts, and from these, a distinct will, superinduced on the Absolute. If this be so, then must the finite will have its distinct series of actions, subject nevertheless, to the All-controlling Will, one of whose superinduced modifications it is.

Thus underlying, supporting, and ultimately controlling, all the diversity of the human finite, the Omnipresent Reason still subsists as one, in presence unchanged, and unchangeable. It is itself the *germ* of the human finite; in its growth it accommodates itself to ever changing circumstances, and, in so far, loses its absolute and infinite mode of being, and becomes a quasi free force, a quasi identity, and an individual human being; still, however, always ultimately controlled by the unchangeable laws of the Absolute Reason.

The Theanthropoid, considered only in its relation to Deity, as its actuating soul, is a divine organization and a unit, even as any supposable number of organs of sight are, to the visual soul, as a single organ. Yet this sublime organization, though thus a unit to the supreme Reason, or Deity, is resolved, at once, in the phase in which it presents itself to the *senses*, into a vast multitude of human individualities, all actuated by an infinite variety of motives and conflicting wills.

But does humanity, in every aspect, subsist in the Divine Mind only as a unit or single idea? I answer, that though it subsist in the Divine Reason only as a single form of thought, yet it thus subsists as a universal idea, or form of thought, and must, for that reason, be resolvable in the assimilative Logos, *objectively*, into the generic, specific, and even individual elements of which it consists. It must be resolvable, especially, into the moral and intellectual orders, which constitute it, and those orders, without reference to place, nation, or even the varieties of the race, must take grade according to their de-

gree of assimilation to the Perfect Reason. The highest, and, ultimately, ruling order of individual minds, must consist of those which have been brought, by the assimilative action, nearest in resemblance to the Perfect Reason. Beneath this order, minds must take grade, order after order, down to that which is the most dissimilar and even opposite to the same Reason. It is through these orders of mind, that this Reason everywhere acts to assimilate the each and all of the race to its own perfections.

Now the presence of the Logos, to each of these orders of like individualities, must be perfectly analogous to its presence to the universal man. Each of these orders, from the lowest to the highest, or most interior, must subsist, in the Logos, as a single human form or idea, comprising, in its unity, and tending to assimilate to its ideal, all the individuals of the order. The highest order must be the order of humanity most nearly assimilated to the pure Reason ; and must more immediately receive its inspiring influences from it. This order of human beings constitutes the soul of the universal man, and rules, in the last result, throughout the entire organization. It is its godlike element. It embodies the prophets, the philosophers, the seers, and sages, of the race. These are they who discover sublime truths, and reveal them to the nether orders, for promulgation, government, and use. These truths may, indeed, involve error to a greater or less extent ; but they are, at least, approximations to absolute truth—such approximations as the nether orders of humanity are susceptible of receiving and applying to use. They guide, they direct, the labors of the scientific mind, and are themselves a part of it ; that mind, I mean, which is engaged, not so much with the ideal and the abstract, as with the concrete and sensuous, the social, physical, and tangible. These take the formulas, under which they proceed, from the philosophic mind ; the Platos and Aristotles, the Leibnitzes and Bacons, of their epochs. Investigation may throw light upon the errors of the formulas, under which the investigation itself is conducted, and corrected ; thereby philosophy may present new formulas, and thus give a new and higher direction to the labors of Science. But at every step of its progress, the scientific mind shall make new discoveries, and thus give birth to new arts, and new inventions, for the use and improvement of the race.

Science and Art reduce the great truths of the perfect Reason to the uses of life. They bring them down to earth ; clothe them in ultimates ; give them form in matter, and, through the material, give them to operate on the spiritual, man. Beyond the sciences and arts, man can make no safe, certain, or enduring progress. Human pro-

gress is a logical process ; and consecutive discoveries and inventions are the only firm steps by which humanity advances. Though speculation may guide for a time, yet she must ever give place to the absolute truths of Science. It is thus that the assimilative energy resolves itself into a practical reason, to which the human will, however perverse, must ultimately submit.

For let it not be supposed that man is at liberty to yield, or refuse to yield, obedience to the power which thus presides over him. Humanity is so constituted, so organized by its Divine Author, that he has no choice, but to adopt the existing arts and sciences of the community to which he belongs. He is necessarily educated in their practice or knowledge ; and the necessity is just as imperative upon him to adopt every new and useful discovery and invention. This necessity arises from the fact, that the universal man—the Theanthropoid—has its Not-Me, or absolute Reason, as truly as the individual. This Divine Power, in one of its forms, appears as the principle of self-preservation ; and, in that form acts not merely on individuals, but on communities, nations, and common civilizations. These owe their existence, or whatever of permanence they may have, to their governments. Unlike the absolute truths of Science, which belong to all mankind, governments, as to their forms, are fragmentary, and are framed, each, to satisfy the real, or supposed requirements of a small portion of the race. They have their basis in local interests and prejudices, which are ever changing their character, with the progress of Science and Art.

But, lest I should be misunderstood, I will here add, at the expense of a slight digression, that, though the absolute Reason prescribes no particular form of government, but leaves that to the suggestions of the reflective reason, yet it is the absolute Reason that forces upon every community the necessity of adopting *some* form, and it is also from the same Reason, that government derives all its authority. Let me illustrate. It is the absolute Reason that suggests the existence of a cause for every change ; but it is the reflective reason that indicates, from among the objects of our knowledge, what that cause is. So it is the absolute Reason, acting as a universal law, that requires the existence of government ; but it is the reflective reason that creates, from among the materials which a given people affords, and which are the objects of its knowledge, the particular form of government which seems to be required. Thus the form of government is, necessarily, both local and temporary. It is an organization of a portion of humanity ; a vital, self-acting organization indeed, but not the less truly

a special organization. As an organization, it, even like the animal form, can act only according to its nature. Whatever will moves it, moves it only in accordance with its capacities and character as a living machine. Yet are its relations to the Perfect Reason such, that it is ever susceptible of a further and further development and improvement. For although those who act, in and through this organization, derive a special character from the fact that they are members of the particular community thus organized, yet they do not, thereby, lose their relation to the grand organization of the universal humanity, above described. They are still integral parts of the Theanthropoid—the grand man, and, considered in that relation, they are forms under the government of the absolute Reason. And it is through them, so considered, that the absolute Reason is constantly acting, by a revelation of its truths, on their special organization, to harmonize it with its perfect self. Here, then, in intimate connection with the form which the Omnipresent Reason takes in the universal man, is a portion of humanity, organized as the state, and governed proximately by the finite will—a Me present to a Not-Me, which is the absolute Reason—present as a force somewhat foreign and antagonistical to it, but which, as an ideal form, that Reason is, nevertheless, in constant tendency to assimilate to its own perfect self. It acts upon it, as upon an idea its own. Indeed, communities, nations, and common civilizations, are but ideas in the Divine mind, instinct with a force or activity somewhat foreign to the Divine will, but which are ever in a process of development under its influence. This, again, brings me to the point from which I have digressed; and let us now pursue the inquiry as to the manner in which this process is carried on.

The scientific and inventive order of mind, is not the property of any particular nation, but of the whole humanity; it has its appropriate place in the Theanthropoid. The truths which it discovers, the inventions which it realizes, are the common property of the race. But that portion of the race, which is at the head of the progressive humanity, will not only generally be first to avail itself of its revelations and inventions, but will, also, generally give birth to the minds that make them.

Now, when a people applies to its use a new scientific truth, or invention, (and applied, if useful, it will be,) it places itself, in this particular, in advance of all communities that have failed to apply it; and the consequence must be, if the discovery or invention be at all important, that such a nation will advance in the scale of civilization, and other things equal, must either conquer, or assimilate to itself,

any people that fails to avail itself of the new truth or invention. Thus it necessarily follows, that when one nation adopts an improvement, in Science or Art, all, acting on the principle of self-preservation, must adopt it, and its use must become general, throughout the common civilization. This common civilization, then, acts on barbarism with newly acquired force, and tends either to civilize, or extirpate it. The truth of this position is well illustrated by the discovery and application of the magnet to maritime purposes, and by the appropriation of gunpowder to military uses. The former pioneered the Genoese adventurer to the New World, and the latter extended civilization over it, by subduing its barbarism.

Nor are the effects of improvements in Science and Art, less manifest in the organization of the states that adopt them, or on the social condition of the individual man. Feudalism disappeared in Europe on the introduction of fire-arms, and on the extension of commerce by the aid of the compass. Protestantism was established, and the general mind liberalized and enlarged, by the art of printing. The invention of labor-saving machinery has given to the poor the luxuries of life. Useful discoveries and inventions have operated, in modern times, an emancipation of the individual man in most civilized countries, and elevated the common civilization of Christendom over all others, present or past.

All improvements in Art and Science, are the necessary results of the action, (direct, or indirect,) of the Omnipresent Overruling Reason, on the free force. And because they are the results of that Reason, they can be made only in logical order. That is, each discovery or invention must be an orderly development of all that has preceded it. There is no gap or hiatus between the improvement of to-day, and the embodied improvements of all time past; but such a necessary connection, that without the former, the latter cannot exist any more truly, than an effect can exist without a cause. And then, if humanity be in other respects prepared for the discovery, the new truth goes on to its full development in society, and, by a necessary law of mind, is carried forward to every application of which it is susceptible. And so of every invention; which is nothing more than the laws of the physical world, brought into action for human use or pleasure, through the media of tangible and visible forms. The absolute Reason deals directly, only with entreties. It suggests the existence of a latent truth—or the idea of a possible invention for a given purpose. The reflective reason then, gathers the facts necessary for the demonstration of the truth, or brings together, in their proper aspects, the

materials necessary to the invention ; but it is an inspiration of the perfect Reason, which, in contemplation of the entirety, completes the task, reveals the truth, or gives the required combination.

But discovery and invention require this logical order, not only in the progress of the Arts and Sciences, but in that of humanity itself. They must be made at the appropriate period, in the progress of the race, in order to be available. Men must know how to write and read, before pen, ink, and paper, can be invented ; and the art of printing cannot be advantageously applied to use, until a knowledge of letters has become very general. Could the invention of the plough have been made available, before man had left the hunter state, or tamed the wild horse or ox ? Teach the savage to navigate a ship from New Zealand to New York, and to what use can he apply the knowledge, whilst he is possessed of nothing but his birch canoe ? It is manifest, that the condition of humanity must be such as to demand the particular invention or discovery that is made, otherwise it must perish as a premature birth, or, unapplied, await the progress of events. Whatever humanity wants, she demands ; and whatever spirit she evokes in earnest, is sure to make its appearance. No truth, no invention, that she really needed for a further progress, has ever failed to come at her bidding.

I have said, that philosophy directs the course of scientific investigation. Her directions, to be sure, are very general ; for she deals only in abstractions and generalizations. She prescribes method — she limits and defines the old, and strikes out new fields for exploration. She imparts her own character and complexion, to the Arts and Sciences, and through them, to the whole progressive humanity. Take Plato, for instance ; and his philosophy yields an ideal method reconcilable with the inductive. Take Aristotle ; and his philosophy most obviously leads to a syllogistic method, though according to late commentators, it favors the empirical, or experimental method. What an influence have these two systems had on the progress of the race ! If we now come down to modern times, and take the philosophy of Locke, we shall find it to be purely a philosophy of the senses. It, in effect, repudiates spiritualism, and directs the mind, almost exclusively, to the cultivation of the physical sciences and useful arts. The mind, constrained for several ages, to act within this sphere, has indeed wrought wonders — its discoveries and inventions have surpassed those of any similar period. But what has it done for man, as a spiritual and moral being ? It has *directly* done nothing, or that which is worse than nothing. Regarding man merely as a sensual being, it

necessarily adopts the selfish theory as the basis of the social system, and law and justice, and state and church, are venerated (if venerated at all,) only in proportion as they promote individual interest and enjoyment. Yet the great practical truths which it has revealed, by concentrating the labors of scientific genius within the limited sphere of the senses, has thrown no inconsiderable light on that spiritual nature, which this philosophy itself, does not even recognize ; and the consequence is, that an *a priori* method, rectifying itself by the inductive, seems to be acquiring an ascendancy. It is in this manner, that the investigations of Science are controlled and directed by the prominent philosophy of the epoch.

These remarks may give the reader an idea of the manner in which the Logos, on the principles of this theory, governs through the higher order of mind, in the progress of the race. It is, in fact, a process by which the inferior, is constantly being assimilated to the superior, order of mind, and, by which, the whole humanity is made to tend, as it were, toward the form of the personal Logos as its Divine Prototype or Exemplar. That the personal Logos, considered as the supreme of humanity, is the grand central assimilative form of the race, may, it seems to me, be made apparent by a little reflection.

This Divine form, abstractly considered, can be no other than the Creator of man. In logical order, its existence precedes the existence of the material man, just as the soul's faculty of sight precedes the existence of its material organs ; which are but the external manifestations of the internal faculty or idea. The internal faculty of sight exists ; therefore, its material organs. The personal Logos exists ; therefore, its multiple in human forms. That the idea of humanity exists in the Logos, and logically precedes the existence of its form in matter, is as manifest, as that the idea must logically precede the word that expresses it ; or, as the cause must precede the effect ; and if this be so, then this Divine idea of man, or, in other words, the personal Logos, can be, as to man, no other than the Divine Humanity, or Supreme Man. And then, as all human beings are ever present in this form as one, the necessary consequence is, as has been already shown, that there must be a tendency, in each and all from assimilative action, to a likeness of this Divine Image, counteracted, however, to a great degree, by the perverse, or erring will of the individual.

The reader may be surprised, that I have not named the religious principle among the several enumerated elements of human progress. But the truth is, (as it seems to me,) that the religious principle, in that universal sense in which I am here obliged to regard it, is not in,

and of itself progressive. It is indeed an essential element of humanity, and is the moving cause of all progress; but without the aid of Philosophy, Science, and Art, it is ever stationary. It is essentially a sentiment — a feeling of the mysterious and sublime — an intuitive perception of the supernatural. This is its nature, considered as a universal element of the human mind, and without regard to creeds or doctrines. But then, it puts in action the Reason, which supplies the mind with doctrines of some sort. These are necessarily accompanied with a philosophy, which directs investigation, and thus lays a foundation for the sciences. It is a fire which generates the expansive energy that puts in motion the whole progressive humanity; yet, in itself, it continues one and the same, only changing the mode of its manifestations, according to the human materials on which it acts. These change with the progress of the race. In the infancy of society, this sentiment most naturally takes form in the worship of the fetish and idol, or in the mummeries of witchcraft and magic. There may, indeed, be minds of a high order — such as are capable of contemplating creation as a whole — which are qualified to receive, as an inspiration of the Logos, the idea of the unity of the Divine. But these will be few and far between; and their doctrines will not readily captivate the common mind. Common minds are *as* fragments; theirs as wholes. It is not until Philosophy, Science, and Art, and, above all, the general use of letters, have qualified the common mind for the reception of the great idea of the Divine unit, that society abandons idolatry, and the religious sentiment takes form in a more exalted faith.

The world was not fitted for Christianity, until Christianity actually came; and when it did come, it came as a logical and necessary development of the progressive humanity. And, unlike other religious forms, it came qualified to adapt itself to all future progress, without losing its identity. These facts alone, establish the Divine mission of its founder. He was truly an incarnation of the Logos, to the production of which the entire Theanthropoid conspired.

The Christian faith undoubtedly contained, originally enveloped within it, all the truths that it has ever evolved. But then it has evolved these, not by its own inherent energies, or direct action, but by occasion of the progress of Philosophy and Science. I speak not here with reference to its influence on the heart, but to our conceptions of Deity and a future state. What a change has the progress of Astronomy alone wrought in these ideas. We now recognize in the Creator, a God of unnumbered worlds, and we neither look beyond

the expanse above, nor into an imaginary abyss beneath, for the world of spirits. We find God within us—and we find the world of spirits there.

With this view of the nature of the religious principle, I have not deemed it necessary to name it among those external, and manifest, agencies which are effecting the progress of the race; but content myself with regarding it as the prime mover of them all.

The general propositions, now offered for consideration, may, at a more convenient time, be illustrated by some historical references. At present, however, I pause here, as at a point more appropriate than any that might hereafter be found, and avail myself of the occasion, which it affords, to review the ground over which we have passed, with a special reference to the subject of this chapter.

I have sought to do little more, throughout the whole course of this volume, than to carry, in something like logical order, certain premises to what appeared to me to be their necessary consequences. Regard them, if you choose, as constituting a system purely visionary. Still, are not those consequences the logical result of our premises? Are they not consistent in themselves, and in accordance with all the known laws or phenomena of matter and mind? Do they not yield, of themselves, a complete system, which harmonizes the material, with the spiritual world? Does not the system thus evolved, render the personal unity of God conceivable, though in the midst of an infinite multiplicity? Without confounding the Infinite with the finite—God with man, or man with God?—does it not recognize the Omnipotence of the latter, and still leave the former accountable for his deeds? Does it not render the distinct identity of each conceivable? It may be answered, that though all this be so, yet the system may still rest on erroneous premises, and be without a foundation in truth. True—but then if the system have *really* a basis—if it be legitimately deduced from *sound* premises—can it be false? Imperfectly developed it may be—and—if a thought about language, in reference to a subject so grave, may be excused—it may be uncouthly expressed, but still is it *untrue*? Let me refresh the reader's memory, by naming several of the principal positions that I have endeavored to establish.

First: I find within myself, and infer its existence in others, a Power, or Presence, which I call the Reason, or Logos, and which is in itself perfect, and presides over the will or Me, in some respects, with absolute, in others, with qualified, dominion. And I infer from the nature of its attributes, and from the attribute of Omnipresence

in Deity, that this perfect Reason, or Logos, is no other than God, present in the human soul.

Second: I find that from this Reason, Logos, or God, present within me, comes my idea of space and extension. That it is this Power, or Presence, which creates space and extension as a thought, and that, by consequence, all things, as a unit, are present to, and subsistent from it. This is demonstrated from the nature of this Presence in the visual soul and its organs.

Third: This Reason, Logos, or Divine Presence, is shown to be essentially a creative power; since every thought, or idea, proceeds from it, and generates its corresponding imagery, or symbolic expression, either internally, or externally.

Fourth: it is shown that this imagery, or symbolic expression, subsists, logically, first in spirit, and then in matter; and that therefore, to the world of matter there is a corresponding world of spirit, from which the world of matter subsists, as effect from cause.

Fifth: it is shown that this world of spirit, *internally* considered, has its corresponding space and extension; but that, whilst the world of matter is inextended as to the world of spirit—and that each subsists in each, as a unit, and, consequently, that they are everywhere present, each to each.

Sixth: that God, as the Logos, or Omnipresent Reason, with all related spirit, is everywhere present in *His entirety*, in all material entities, or individual forms, animate, or inanimate.

Seventh: that as He is present, through the visual soul, in the organs of sight, in each and both, as one; so, as the Soul of the soul, He is present to each human being, and to all human beings, as one; that therefore the entire humanity subsists, in God, as one human form coincident with the Divine ideal or Prototype, which gave birth to the human multiple.

Eighth: that from this Presence, (man subsisting as an idea, or form in the Divine mind,) results an assimilative action on the each and all of humanity, tending to bring man into a likeness of his Divine prototype, or image, and all social organizations into a correspondent order.—But since this action, were it without condition or limitation, would resolve man into God, and render the Theanthropoid, or Homo Universalis, a mere machine, or instrument of the Divine Will, therefore it is shown,

Ninth: that this result is in a degree counteracted by the conditional freedom of the human will; which conditional freedom arises

from the limited and distinctive relations of the individual, to God, and the Universe.

Tenth: it is shown, that this assimilative action arranges, or tends to arrange, all existences, whether spiritual or material, into an order which does, or would, bring like to like, and thus create, in humanity and throughout all intellectual being, superior and inferior orders of mind.

Eleventh: that the superior order of mind assimilates, or tends to assimilate, the inferior order of mind, throughout the grand intellectual organization; and that the assimilative energy, acting on humanity, through the philosophic and scientific orders of mind, through governments and other social organizations, is ever tending to elevate the race; and that it thus tends, although the devious action of the human will may constantly, in a greater or less degree, counteract the Divine effort.

It appears to me that these several positions are well established; and if they are, they fully account for all individual and social progress, and even for all individual and social retrogression; they give a logical aspect to the history of the race. They prove the existence of a Divine Providence in the affairs of men, and reveal a law, above man, whereby individuals, communities, nations, and the whole humanity, are ever tending toward a more perfect state. This tendency is through a Divine order; and the progress of the race is the result of a logical, consecutive, and necessary action of the Reason, or Logos, in the human mind. The arbitrary determinations of the will may, indeed, check and retard, and, sometimes, even accelerate it, but can never change the law under which it is proceeding.

When governments and other human institutions are not in harmony with this law, (and they are ever more or less at variance with it,) they are, so far, subjects foreign to, and distinct from, the Divine Will; yet ever developing themselves under its influence, according to their inherent tendencies. Such institutions are the creations of the reflective Reason, and can be permanent and become enduring elements of the Theanthropoid, only when they are brought into perfect coincidence with the Divine Reason. Such a coincidence has never yet been accomplished; for the assimilative action of this Reason has found, and perhaps will ever find, its antagonism in the errors and perversities of the will of the social masses.

Like individuals, then, communities, nations, aye, the whole humanity, are, in the Divine Mind, ideas, or forms of thought, somewhat foreign to God's absolute will. They subsist, as to that will, somewhat as the animal self subsists as to the rational self—somewhat as the

ideas, passions, and propensities, of the nether sphere of the Not-Me subsists as to the intellectual Me, or reflective self. Thus, as the will of God, considered as the Logos, is a Not-Me to man, so the will of man, acting through the whole humanity, or any of its masses, is as a Not-Me to God ; with this difference, that the will of man, in the Divine mind, is a nether force, never subduing, but ever to be subdued.

It is an overawing thought, that these free forces may exist, as one organized Theanthropoid, not merely in this world, but in all the worlds of the Universe, and throughout every sphere of spiritual being ; and thus embracing, in one form, an infinitude of existences, may subsist as a Not-Me to the Divine Will, yet everywhere, ultimately, governed and controlled by it, as the thoughts or ideas of Omnipotence. What worlds of action may one thought or volition of the great central unit, so related, produce throughout all things ! What an infinitude of phases may the same Divine volition put on, in its transitions through the media of such an organized system of intelligences !

The free force is the necessary complement of the Divine Reason. Without it, that Reason would be without object—its existence would be wholly subjective. It introduces mutability into the otherwise immutable ; time into eternity ; the finite into the Infinite ; and makes everlasting action an attribute of the Mind of Omniscience. We thus see why the free force was created, if indeed it be not co-eternal with Deity ; and why it was made liable to err.

The action of this assimilative energy, thus at once special, general, and universal, is, in truth, Divine Providence ruling in the affairs of men. Not the capricious Providence of some, but a Providence of order and logical rule. Of its own law, it embraces and acts on every individual, as it does on all mankind taken as one vast moral and intellectual aggregate. The action of gravitation on every particle, being the same as it is on every mass of matter, furnishes an apt illustration of the order and dominion of this Providence. The balloon is borne upon the air, and floats above the cloud ; its bulk in lead descends toward the centre of the earth ; yet these motions, thus diverse, are given and regulated by the same principle, which regulates the movements of all bodies throughout space. Just so the Supreme Reason, regarded as Divine Providence, acts on every portion, and the whole world, of Humanity. Is it not more than probable, that the very law, which governs the stars in their courses, governs, *mutatis mutandis*, in the progress of nations and the lives of individuals ?

Whilst taking this somewhat distant and general view of the system, do we not perceive in the harmony of all its parts—in that necessary

dependence which it reveals, of the each on all, and of the all on each throughout the entire orb of existence, spiritual and material—a confirmation of its truth? No principle, no elemental part of this grand organization, can be abstracted, without the destruction of the whole, any more than a segment of the circle, or a section of the arch, may be abstracted, without destroying that of which it was a part. Take matter from spirit, or spirit from matter—nay, abstract merely the principle of gravitation, or of life, from the world of the senses, and all order ceases, and the grand objective entirety becomes subjective in Deity. Such a result can never be, until the Everlasting shall will to change the whole order of his existence.

And still, considering the system in the same general point of view, permit me to inquire whether there be aught in it to derogate from any one attribute of Deity? The Universe is but the imagery of His mind. He is, according to reception, the everywhere present Life. His Will is the ever-present assimilative action, and the essential of all motion and thought. He is the germ of all intelligences; they are but his finite and imperfect modes. He is the inmost Soul of every rational being on this earth, on the unnumbered earths throughout the immense of space, and in all the regions of the spiritual. He is present to each and all, as the germ of their existence, and as their one informing soul, and they, each and all, present to Him as one form—as one organic Whole. Centre of centres!—Life of lives!—Soul of souls!—Canst thou be less than All-creative and All-sustaining?

We have found in humanity an element, a power, a principle, which has yielded premises that have necessarily presented to us, in their evolution, such a being as this. On them the system here offered, rests. Out of materials which they have logically yielded, the superstructure has taken form. And is it erroneous? The laws which govern in the material universe are perfect. We deem them Divine, because they are so. The author has endeavored to trace the same laws, the same consequent order, and all-pervading action from matter to spirit, varying only with the changes of substance; and if they derogate not from the Divine Wisdom here, in matter, shall they be deemed to derogate from the same Wisdom there, in Spirit? Can there be more than one *perfect*, proceeding from the same Unit? and can a system, which presents the like perfections throughout the grand order of spirit and matter, be deemed a mere fallacy of the imagination? Can a doctrine, which gives unity to all things, and reveals the subjection of all to one organic law, or informing unit, have no foundation in truth?

Let it not be said, that it is a system which rests on a narrow basis. True, were I the only being on earth, and were the system based on the truths revealed by the Logos to my consciousness only, it might be said to rest on a narrow foundation indeed, though it might even then still be true. But it rests on no such limited basis. As the Logos or Perfect Reason is to me, so it is to every human being, and to all mankind. The system has the breadth and extent of the whole humanity for its foundation, and in the history of the race it finds ample development and illustration. And when we go abroad from man into Nature, we find the evidence of its truth there, in every form of life, in every form of dead matter. Surely, if the system rests on all within us, and be supported by all around, above, and beneath us, it rests on no narrow foundation, and is supported by no feeble props. Like the theory of gravitation, it starts with a simple formula, deduced from unbounded phenomena, but on the universal application of this formula, this great truth is revealed: that the Logos, apperceived by us as the Reason within us, is, in its entirety, everywhere present, throughout the grand totality of spirit and matter—imparting its own unity to the mighty whole, and every integer thereof, and developing itself in every variety of action and form—as the one organic life and law of all. Is this idea unworthy of the Creator, or can any inference therefrom yield aught repugnant to His Divine attributes? Is it inconsistent with any phenomenon of spirit or matter, or with any established truth of Science?

I leave these questions with the reader; and whatever may be the conclusion to which he shall come, may it be such as shall strengthen his belief in the existence of God, in His Omnipresence, Omniscience, Omnipotence and Benevolence; and such as shall inspire him with a new faith in an elevated destiny for man here, and with a fresh confidence in a continued existence hereafter.

APPENDIX.

Note to Chapter II., page 18.

Extension and Space. These ideas concerning extension and space, may be given to the reader with more clearness, perhaps, if expressed with more brevity.

Space—pure space—is but the sum of the geometric relations which the percipient power as a unit ascribes to its coexistent objects. To prove the truth of this proposition, two objects of vision are taken in the text; namely, the two glasses separated by the bow between them. Now, if, by the abstraction of the sum of all geometric relations between these two objects, they appear to be one, and without a separating space, that abstraction will prove that that space, and the sum of those geometric relations are one, and identical. For the sum of those geometrical relations is either an ascription to the space, and then the space will remain after its abstraction, or the sum of the geometrical relations is itself the space, and then the space itself will cease to exist on its abstraction. This abstraction is made in the manner described in the text, and the two glasses are, to the percipient power as one. There are as to it, no geometric relations between them; and the space between them, as to the same power, no longer exists; and therefore, as to it, the sum of the geometrical relations, and that space, are shown to be one, and identical.

Now, if pure space be nothing but the sum of geometrical relations between objects, that which we call extension in a tangible and visible body, can be nothing but the sum of the geometrical relations of its own multiple—its various points, and outlines. And this is proved, as to vision, by the same process. The extension between the two glasses disappears—the extension between the two organs disappears—and the two glasses appear as one, and the two organs as one, on the abstraction respectively of the sum of their geometrical relations. Therefore, at least as to one sense, pure space, and extension, are but the sum of all possible geometric relations of coexistent objects, or of the various points and outlines of the object contemplated.

Now, as to the sense of feeling, the proof is analogous; and, as the author thinks, equally conclusive. Thus: one unvaried feeling, like one unvaried color, gives no idea of extension. It is a unit, and as such is the basis of all number—of all variety. But as a unit, it has no limits—no figure—no dimensions. It is only by a resolution of this unit into variety, that we come to the idea of that sum of geometric relations which constitutes the extension of a tangible body. Thus our own physical organism is evolved from its unity, as to the percipient power, by the variety which various impact and movement gives to the sense of feeling. So the reason, reacting as the will of God on itself, evolved the Universe—made it objective to itself in *finite* mode.

Pure space and extension, then, are nothing but the sum of the geometric relations of coexistent objects, or of their simultaneous variety.

But whence come these geometric relations? They do not belong to the objects themselves, taken independently of any percipient being; and they are not objects of sensation. Then whence come they? The answer is, that since they exist only in the presence of the percipient power, they can come only from that power, brought into action by a sensible multiple.

But what is the nature or character of this power, that it should be qualified to give these relations? This power alone, added to the sensible multiple, creates the relations. They come from it spontaneously, and without reflection. Reflection does not give them, and sensation does not give them; they are forced upon us. But if they neither come from sensation nor reflection, then must they come from the spontaneous Reason; and this percipient power must be no other than the spontaneous Reason affected through the organs of the senses, by an objective coexistent plurality, and creating from itself, the sum of the geometric relations of that plurality, by an ascription to it of its own unity. It forms itself, the essence of the geometric entirety, educed by the coexistence. If it be taken from that entirety, the entirety vanishes—goes with the abstracted unit, as truly as the circle vanishes, or goes with its abstracted centre.

I have called the spontaneous Reason, when considered as this unit, the geometric Reason; and extension, and space, may be considered as nothing but the subjective geometry of this Reason, made objective; that is, nothing but this unit passed—without losing its subjective unity—out, as it were, into an objective plurality; that is again nothing but simple unity resolved into unity in variety, or nothing but the subjective and objective subsisting by correlation, in essence one, but in modality dual.

This unit is, indeed, in its infinite mode, both subject and object. As object, it has a phase; as subject, it has none. It is the subjective, which, without being seen, sees; it is the objective, which, without seeing, is seen. The subjective is ever, in the last result, God, from the absolute, contemplating himself, in and through a less than absolute, mode of being.

But whence is this objective coexistent plurality—this multiple—this variety, without which we cannot have space and extension?

It must constantly be borne in mind that this unit, of which I have been and am now speaking, is the Absolute Reason, not the reflective; that it exists independent of us, and acts out of us, as well as within us; that it subsists in us, however it may be modified, from its infinite mode, as our perceptive power; that here, limited by a material organism, it sees out of and beyond the organism, its own determinate conceptions, which subsist as such, from its own infinite mode of being. From this, its infinite mode, that absolute unit repeats itself conceptively in that infinite multiple which constitutes what we call matter, and which, perhaps, forms its qualities and masses by the aggregation of mere mathematical points, endowed by the Omnipotent Will, with forces variously repellant and attractive. These, to the Absolute Reason, are mere conceptions. But though mere conceptions to it, in its unconditioned mode of being, and therefore entirely subjective, yet, when present to it in its *finite* and *conditioned* mode, they become objective and multiple, and subsist in all variety.

When the Absolute Reason contemplates itself from its absolute mode merely, all things are ideal; and the finite is swallowed up in the Infinite. When it contemplates itself from one of its ideas, the unity of the Infinite disappears in partial views of co-ordinate ideas or conceptions, and is thus resolved into the multiple, and limited. The conceptions, immanent in the absolute unit, are then viewed as its imagery, and in their converse order, backward as it were, toward their source. Hence we have the coexistent objective plurality, to which the geometric Reason gives continuity, by an ascription of its own unity—in other words, by the resolution of its own geometric synthesis into analytic objectivity.

This ascription is one and continuous, like gravity in matter, from the Absolute Reason; but in the organic form, whether spiritual or material, this Reason is subject to limitations, and changes its manifestations with every change wrought in the organism, whether by external objects, or by an act of the will. Thus, when I stretch forth my arm, when I walk, when I cast my eyes over land, and sea, or into the heavens—or

when objects themselves move—this Reason, subsisting at once as subject and object, spontaneously reveals its ascription with the movements, or changes wrought, evolves itself with them, and geometrizes for me, extension and space. And this results, not from a pre-established harmony, but from its correlation with the Me, or individual soul, and its material organism. In the Absolute Reason there is indeed no change—no *particular* ascription; but in its finite form, there is a change in relation to its absolute mode, and through that change the ascription, already existing in the eternal mind, becomes manifest to the finite entity, and subsists as an ascription thereof.

The ascription of the absolute unit does not exist for my mind only, or only whilst I am contemplating the multiple. It is an ascription which exists for *all* minds, and that as continually as the Absolute Reason exists; so that space and extension would still continue, though there were not a single human being to contemplate them.

But it may be said that in as far as these operations of the Absolute Reason are out of my consciousness, they are wholly hypothetical. To this objection the answer is, that the Absolute Reason is a unit, and that its operations, *out* of the consciousness, must be, *mutatis mutandis*, what they are *in* the consciousness. If *in* my mind, it creates an ideal extension and space, must it not *out* of my mind and in its own eternal order, create an ever-enduring extension and space? It is a unit, and what it operates *in* me *conditionally*, it must operate *out* of me, and in its own absolute mode of being, *unconditionally*, or *absolutely*.

It should be understood that it is not the object of the author to prove in the text, that the Universe has a mere ideal existence as to finite beings. His object, in reducing it to an idea in the Absolute Reason, is to evolve, therefrom, space, extension, resistance, motion, and generally all the laws and properties of matter, to the end, that it might be manifest that the Universe itself is no other than the imagery of the mind of God, subsisting as material, in its constituent and co-ordinate forms, to the finite mind.

But it may be further objected, that if the perceptive power be the Absolute Reason, *its* perceptions are not *my* perceptions. I answer, that the Absolute Reason, subsisting in a finite mode—that is to say conditioned, by my organization—is my individual soul, or self; that this is originally only so far distinct from the Absolute, as its organization makes it distinct; and that, consequently, the perceptions of the Absolute, so conditioned, are *my* perceptions. It cannot be objected that this makes man God; for it only makes a finite being subsistent from the Infinite. A special mode of the Absolute Being, acting in very limited and particular relations, cannot be the Absolute Being acting from the depths and heights of His existence, through all worlds and all beings, giving life and thought to all. But even the perceptions thus derived, are not mine, unless, by an act of the will, they are appropriated by me. That is, the whole individual soul must consecrate itself, by an act of attention, on the perception, before it can become a part of my individual mind, and distinctly exist in consciousness and memory. It is this special appropriation, which ultimately separates the man widely, though never entirely, from his Maker. I say, never entirely; for it is inconceivable that the separation should become absolutely complete, and the soul still exist. God is ever the Soul of the soul, but never the moral and responsible being, which the individual soul makes itself, whilst acting within the limited sphere of its freedom.

I have said that the absolute unit repeats itself *conceptively* as a mathematical point or centre, and, thereby, creates the elementary particles of matter. I will endeavor to make this language more intelligible. A mathematical point has no dimensions, and is a mere conception. It is but the mind itself, repeated as unity. Now, though this unity, repeated simultaneously, might give us an idea of extension, yet it could give us no idea of resisting, solid masses of matter. For the mathematical point—this mere conception—to give this idea, it must be armed (so to speak) objectively, by

the Omnipotent Will, with resisting forces. If it be true, that there ~~is~~ no possibility of absolute contact between bodies, or the elementary particles of which they consist, then these forces must exist, and the Supreme Will, acting through mathematical points, or centres—which can exist only in conception—gives us the impenetrability of the atom, and the solidity of the mass.

If a magnet bar be divided at the neutral point, each of the two parts becomes a magnet with its neutral point—if this be divided at the neutral point, the result is the same; and if this division be conceived as repeated down to the mathematical point, we shall then have the atom—that is a mathematical point and its forces. Boscovich accounts for the various qualities of matter, on the supposition of various forces emanating from an infinitude of mathematical centres. But these forces, in the last result, can be no other than the action of the Supreme Will—

“His one eternal, self-affirming act.”

THESES.

(ADDENDA TO THE PANIDEA.)

THESIS 1. That, which in the field of vision does appear, cannot be limited by that which does not appear.

For example: The glasses of a pair of spectacles adjusted to the eyes appear, but the space between them does not appear. It does not limit the glasses, and hence they appear as one.

THESIS 2. All that we do see must be seen within limits entire, that is, limited at every point.

THESIS 3. The field of vision is, to the eye, like the interior of a hollow sphere, on all sides and at every point, limited by objects real or apparent.

THESIS 4. Without limits real or apparent at every point, nothing could be seen.

Demonstration.—If we suppose a breach in any part of the sphere, that is, if we abstract any part of it, as an object or limit real or apparent, and still suppose sight to continue through the void thus made; such sight would be sight, at that point, without object or limit, real or apparent; and then the remaining objects, next where the void is, would appear (supposing them to appear) at or by a void, on one side limited by that which did not appear. But this, according to Thesis 1, would be impossible. Therefore such objects would not appear; and they not appearing, the series next, for the same reason, would not appear, and so on through the whole. Thus, on the hypothesis that there be sight, at any given point in the sphere of vision, *without* limits, real or apparent, there can be sight at no point in the entire sphere, *with* limit or object, real or apparent; and so the entire sphere of vision vanishes.

THESIS 5. The sphere of sight is a mathematical entirety, like the circle: to take a part is to take the whole.

THESIS 6. Sight subsists in each and all its objects, as one. It is entire in each object, and, at the same time, entire in all its objects, as if all were one. It is entire at each point of the impression on the retina, and at the same time entire at all points of the impression, as if all points were one point. There is the same sort of presence of the visual power in each and all the particles of the visual nerve, that there is in each and both retinæ—a presence in each, and at the same time, a presence in both, as if both were one.

THESIS 7. The sphere of sight is the unity of sight evolved in a co-existent plurality of objects or limits; and when one object or limit is abstracted, the unity and continuity are preserved by this unity of sight in the remaining objects or limits. Hence unity and continuity are given to the two glasses, to the two eyes, and to the two pictures on the retinæ—hence, also, the impossibility of realizing the hypothesis on which the demonstration of Thesis 4 is founded.

THESIS 8. The geometrical relations of visible objects are necessarily given in the unity of sight, considered as a percipient power, evolved in the co-existent variety of its own self-limited sphere; and the sum of the geometrical relations, so given, constitutes the space in which the objects are.

Remarks.—Without the unity of sight, sight could not be a percipient power. If this unity were not evolved in variety, there could be no geometrical relations. If the objects were not self-limited (each on other and on all) within limits entire, there could, according to Thesis 4, be no objects. But under opposite conditions, the unity of sight being given, as subject, apperceiving itself subsistent in variety, as object, geometrical relations are necessarily given to the percipient thus evolved. Hence all geometry subsists in synthetic unity in the percipient unit, and this unit evolves itself in consciousness as the geometric Reason—a Reason, however, which is above our wills—absolute—spontaneous—intuitive—and which, therefore, gives *this sum* of geometric relations, not as a *measure* of space, but as the space *itself*, which the percipient unit contemplates; and which it may (so contemplating) *reflectively*, measure, by comparing one portion of extension, thus given, with another.

THESES 9. Each eye has its sphere (hollow) and the two spheres have no geometrical relations to each other.

THESES 10. Sight subsists in each and both these spheres as one. It is entire in each sphere, and at the same time entire in both spheres, as if both spheres were one sphere.

Remarks.—This is a paradox in *terms*; but it is an expression which, as illustrated by fact, gives in *thought* the true antithetic relation of spirit and matter—of the infinite and finite. On this relation the Panideal system is grounded.

THESES 11. Both spheres are to the visual unit (sight) a single sphere, when the objects of one sphere are similar to the objects of the other, and when their geometrical relations are, at the same time, similar. This applies to objects common to both eyes. Objects not common have no dissimilar relations, and they appear single, of course.

THESES 12. Objects are to the visual unit double, when the geometrical relations of objects, in one sphere, are dissimilar to the geometrical relations of like objects in the other.

Illustration.—Let like objects in both spheres be geometrically related, as A, B, C, and they, being similar with similar geometrical relations, will appear single. But let one sphere retain the objects A, B, C, and then let the other eye be so directed, as to exclude from its sphere A, and receive the new object D, so that its objects shall appear geometrically related, as B, C, D. Then, since A and D are not common to both spheres, they will appear single; whilst B and C, being similar and common to both, but with dissimilar geometrical relations, will appear double; for C occupies the middle of one sphere, and B the middle of the other.

THESES 13. For the same reason that there are, according to Thesis 9, no geometrical relations between the two spheres, each to each; there are no geometrical relations out of, or beyond (so to speak) the two spheres in their unity—that is, seen as one.

Illustration.—There is no space for the visual unit between the two retinæ, or between the two organs; and none objective on either side the retinæ, or organs; for the same reason there is no space for the same percipient unit between the sphere, or world of the right eye, and the sphere, or world of the left eye, and none on either side, or around them when seen as one.

THESES 14. All geometrical relations arise to the visual unit within the sphere of vision, and none out of, or beyond it; and since all space, given by vision, is but the *sum* of all geometrical relations of visible objects, all space is given by the visual unit *within* the sphere of vision, and none beyond it.

Remarks.—Extension and space are given in the objects and their correlations, and have no objective existence independent of them. If all the letters of the Alphabet, or of this page, be organs of vision to one and the same visual unit, they will be as one organ, or as a simple unity. If they all be effected with but one uniform color, as the sky, for example, they will, independent of experience, give to the visual unit no conception of extension or space. But let one of them make the residue of this synthetic

unity of organs objective, and it will at once resolve that unity into a coexistent plurality giving extension and space. Let this organ now return to its former synthetic relation, and extension and space disappear in the synthetic unity of each and all the organs. If the Infinite logically precedes the finite, and the Absolute the conditional, then the subjective unity logically precedes the objective plurality, and evolves it, and with it, extension and space. This synthetic unity would exist in the Absolute Mind even, though there were no finite percipient; but the moment that a finite percipient does exist, and cognizes aught of the infinite, this subjective unity must manifest itself, not as a unity, but as a multiple conditioned by geometric relations arising within itself as a multiple.

THESIS 15. The sphere of vision in its totality (that is, taken as a one whole irrespective of internal geometric divisions) is unconditioned by space or spatial relations.

THESIS 16. The sphere of vision in its totality, being unconditioned by space, is, also, unconditioned by aught to which space is a necessary condition.

THESIS 17. The sphere of vision, however, is, in its totality, conditioned by the visual unit. Therefore, to the visual unit space is not a necessary condition.

Remark.—The finite visual unit is conditioned by the absolute visual unit, and subsists as a mode thereof.

THESIS 18. In as far as time is given in vision by a succession in space—in as far as motion is given in vision by a change of the geometric relations of objects—in as far as extension, figure and all other qualities of matter are given in vision, conditioned by space—in so far, the visual unit is unconditioned. But these will be found in their combination to constitute the visible Universe, to which when seen as a multiple (that is, with its internal geometrical divisions) space is a necessary condition. Therefore the visual unit is, as to the visible Universe, an unconditioned and absolute unit, which (so to speak) underlies and substantiates²—that is, makes it and its space to exist.

THESIS 19. The visual unit thus subsisting unconditioned, by the visible Universe, and even by its space, and, in fact, substantiating both, can be no other than a mode of the Absolute Unit; and as to the visible Universe, with its necessarily involved relations as such, is the Absolute by which it (the visible Universe) is conditioned and substantiated.

THESIS 20. The Absolute visual Unit is, in its absolute mode, not limited and sphered as it must be in a mode less than the absolute; but is a visual unit unlimited and unsphered; and is, therefore, as sight without limit or object (Thesis 4) and without objective geometrical or spatial relations; and since it is this unit that conditions and substantiates visible form, at each and all points (Thesis 19) it is a unit in which all possible visible form subsists in the order of synthetic unity, and as one with the visual subject or substance, and as a mere universal conception, or all-involving *intelligential* form thereof. (See remarks following Thesis 14.)

Remarks.—Take away spatial relations, and all visible forms are necessarily resolved into synthetic unity—they necessarily cease to be objective (Thesis 14 and remarks) and, inasmuch as they are given conditioned by the absolute unit, according to Thesis 19, they must, when they cease to be objective, still remain subjective in that unit as their absolute subject; yet always in synthetic order, ready to be analytically resolved by the Absolute, when in a mode less than the Absolute, it is correlated with them. But when thus resolved, the world that will become objective in the resolution, will be a world co-ordinated with the mode from which it is cognized. I will subjoin the following

Query.—Since the absolute Unit subsists in the each and all as one, must it not, like the action of gravity, and even like the vital principle in the body, have its own centre (intelligential) from which all things are cognizable in a mode its own, whilst subsisting even in its own absolute and unconditioned mode of being?

THESIS 21. The Absolute Unit, as the visual subject or substance subsisting in this synthesis, must (since cognition and vision in the visual are one) be *seen* as object, when it, as subject, in a mode less than the Absolute of its being, *cognizes* itself in the synthesis of what, to it in the absolute, are mere visual conceptions, or intelligential forms. For it is then that the highest conception of pure reason—that in which subject and object, the visual and visible, are conceived in synthetic unity—is analytically resolved and separated into its two elements, of which the percipient can cognize only one, namely: the objective; which, in this case, (sight and cognition being one,) is the visual made visible, or subject made object.

Remarks.—Light and darkness (or the negative of light,) are, in themselves, visual, not visible, subjective, not objective. They subsist in a mode of the absolute visual unit as subject; which, when it cognizes itself through a mode less than the Absolute, sees them as under limits, and in the all-variety of the visible Universe—subject thus becomes object.

The interdependence and correlation of the subjective absolute and finite, together with the results thereof, may be thus stated:

The subjective:	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{The absolute visual unit.} \\ \text{The finite visual unit, as} \\ \text{a mode of the absolute.} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{The objective} \\ \text{resultant.} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{The visible.} \\ \text{Organs of sight, or} \\ \text{point of evolution.} \end{array} \right.$
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THESIS 22. This absolute visual unit, as the absolute visual subject or substance, subsisting in this synthesis of what, to it in the absolute, are mere conceptions or intelligential forms, when, in and through a mode less than the absolute, it cognizes itself, necessarily cognizes itself in the individualities of its synthesis, that is under the condition of limits, as a multiple. (This may be better understood on reading the remarks following thesis 24.)

THESIS 23. When this absolute unit, thus through a mode less than the absolute, cognizes itself as a multiple, it being a unit, necessarily cognizes that multiple as from a *point* in its own self-constructed visual sphere, and subsists as from that point, in the each and all of that multiple as one; thereby giving geometrical relations, space and extension (Thesis 8,) and the absolute visual unit is thus made to appear as in space everywhere.

Remarks.—When we speak of the objective with reference to the subjective, we consider the subjective as the *substratum* or support of the objective. But from the two preceding Theses it is plain, that the objective is given to the finite percipient *within* the subjective. It is in the subjective only as limited, that we can cognize the objective—take away all limits, and it is no longer cognizable as objective. This arises from the fact, that the subjective, in the last analysis, is the universal or all-involving idea, or conception in the absolute Reason. It is like the idea of a numerical infinitude, (if such an idea be possible,) a unit; but a unit, nevertheless, which involves within itself every unit, and every combination of units, which constitute that infinite number. The subjective therefore does, in the absolute nature of things, comprehend the objective, (as the universal conception comprehends the particular,) and is not comprehended by it. And when we speak of the subjective as the *substratum*, or support of the objective, we speak of it only according to appearances in the finite—just as we speak of an up and down, or time and space; when in the absolute nature of things, there is neither up nor down, nor time, nor space; but simply a synthesis of conceptions, or potentialities in the Divine Mind, analytically resolvable by the finite percipient into the sensible Universe, giving its own up and down, and conditioned by its own time and space.

THESIS 24. From the absolute visual unit, in and through a mode less than the absolute, and by the action of a will, (less than the absolute,) elicited by finite relations and causes, was conditionally eliminated the finite visual unit in me. This finite vis-

ual unit so subsistent in me, does, of necessity, cognize the absolute as a multiple, and in that multiple the visible Universe, comprehending my own visible form as a part of it.

Remarks Illustrative of the seven preceding Theses.

Every monad or atom is an individuality. Every aggregate of atoms organized into a unity, as an animal, a plant, a magnet, a world, a system of worlds, the Universe—may be called an individuality, the last embracing them all, as the grand entirety. Now, if we suppose these individualities to be as so many visual organs to the absolute and infinite visual unit, they will all subsist in that unit as one organ, (Thesis 14 and remarks.) They will subsist as without geometrical relations, space or extension; and as a mere conception of the absolute and infinite Intelligence or Reason. But let an integer—an individuality involved in this synthesis, this subjective unity or conception—be so eliminated therefrom, as to make it (the synthesis) in part objective; and the moment it is so eliminated, this unity is analytically resolved to the eliminated individuality, into that indefinite multiple of individualities (appropriately conditioned) which constitute the visible Universe. This *indefinite* multiple, however, does not, thereupon, subsist to the *absolute* Intelligence or Reason as objective; but continues still, as to it, a mere subjective and synthetic unity—a mere conception of that Reason, substantiated by and subsistent in it; whilst to the *finite* intelligence or percipient, it is a co-ordinate multiple, subsisting out from, and independent of it. Therefore, this indefinite multiple called the visible Universe, is not given as an object of cognition by the absolute Intelligence or Reason alone, nor by the finite intelligence alone. It is given by both, as a *tertium aliquid*, or resultant of the correlation and action of the infinite and finite intelligences. The presence of the Absolute Intelligence in the Universe must be just as the presence of it in the finite visual unit to the organs of sight—present to each and all as if that each and all were one.

In the visible Universe we see the subjective visual unity as an objective multiple, conditioned by a time and space necessarily given by the absolute Reason, (remarks following Thesis 8.) Thus, that light, which is in the subjective, becomes objective, and comes to us as from afar, and in the order of time. Every visual perception is from the subjective, as cause, operating at once through the finite percipient and the objective visible Universe. Sight and light are correlatives. They are as opposite poles of the same force.

THESES 25. Every cognition of the greatest involves, as its correlative, the least limits, and *vice versa*. Hence substance, or the elemental principle of that which is substantiated and made objective in geometric relations, is necessarily conceived as atoms, or mathematical centres armed with forces, or as mere forces, and in the last analysis, as the absolute will acting from mathematical points.

THESES 26. The cognition of the Universe subsists by correlation with the cognition of the atom; and the cognition of the atom by correlation with the cognition of the Universe. You cannot have either without both.

THESES 27. The moment (so to speak) that the absolute Reason, through a mode of being less than the absolute, contemplated its own forms or ideal conceptions, it cognized a world its own—that is, one co-ordinated with the mode or form in which it subsisted as subject. If that mode or form was material, the world was material; if spiritual, the world was spiritual; if divine, divine.

Remarks.—If the absolute Reason subsists in a trinity of degrees in man, namely, in the material, in the spiritual, in the Absolute or Divine—and in the three as one; then that Reason, being a unit, must so subsist in that grand ontological entirety—the Universe of all existences.

THESES 28. When the Absolute Reason, through a mode of being less than the absolute, acts in the finite, and by finite means to finite ends, it, *sub modo*, generates a will less than the absolute or overruling will. This will, so generated, uses the divine

energy in the finite—evolves, and thereby identifies itself with it, and thus acting, not as God, but as a finite, and consequently, imperfect intelligence conditionally eliminated from the infinite, becomes, necessarily, an integer in the grand order of all spiritual and material being, and takes, as necessarily, its appropriate place in that order, according to the use or abuse of its existence—the degree of conformity to the perfection of the spiritual order determining its destination in the spiritual world—the degree of conformity to the perfection of material order determining its destination in the material world. The perfection of human life consists in the highest possible conformity to both orders, as if both were one.

THESES 29. If the each and all of rational intelligences, whether in the material or spiritual degrees of substance, subsist in the divine and absolute Reason as one ideal or intelligential form of the rational being; and if that Reason acts as an energy to assimilate these, each and all, to its own perfect exemplar or archetype; then that action must tend to produce, in any multiple, say a nation, a community of nations, or the whole humanity, social unity and social organization, essentially accordant with the assimilative archetype.

THESES 30. The Divine and Perfect Reason assimilates humanity to itself through orders of mind, subsisting from the most interior and perfect to the most exterior and imperfect—the more perfect always being as the soul of the less perfect. The most perfect order of mind is that which is most nearly assimilated to the perfect Reason. This order of mind assimilates the order of mind which is less perfect, and so on to the least perfect; which finally receives the combined action of all the interior orders of mind. And in this assimilative action of humanity, considered as a vast multiple of forces *quasi* free, we have the historical development and progress of the race, and the manifestation of a Divine Providence in the affairs of men.



CHARGES TO THE GRAND JURY. .



CHARGE.

THE LAW OF TREASON.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY :

It is made our duty, by statute, to instruct you in the law relating to crimes and offences cognizable by this court, by giving you publicly in charge our opinion thereon. We are not at liberty to forego this duty, from any feelings of delicacy towards others, or for any considerations of a personal nature. A court is but the organ of the law, and when it speaks, it should announce what the law is, "without fear, favor, affection, or hope of reward." I use the language of the oath which you have just taken, gentlemen ; for that oath does as truly express our obligations as a court, as it does yours as a jury.

The first duty which every person residing within the jurisdiction of this State owes to it, is that of allegiance. It begins with life—with infancy at the mother's breast—and if he continue an inhabitant or citizen of the State, it terminates only with the last breath which delivers the spirit over to its final account. Allegiance is a duty on an implied contract—often, however, sanctioned by an oath, but none the less sacred in the absence of the oath—that so long as any one receives protection from the State, so long will he demean himself faithfully and support the State. All persons, therefore, abiding within this State, and deriving protection from its laws, owe this allegiance to it, and all persons passing through it, or visiting, or making temporary stay therein, owe, for the time, allegiance to this State. One of the highest crimes of which a human being can be guilty, is treason ; and treason necessarily involves a breach of allegiance.

From the following resolutions, and the matters to which they relate, there seems to be a peculiar necessity for my calling your attention to this subject, at this time ; for, as a court, it is not only our duty to try offences when committed, but to prevent them, if it can be done, by making the law known. Those resolutions are in these words :

" STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

In General Assembly, January Session, A. D. 1842.

Whereas, a portion of the people of this State, without the forms of law, have undertaken to form and establish a constitution of government for the people of this State, and have declared such constitution to be the supreme law, and have communicated such constitution unto this General Assembly; and whereas many of the good people of this State are in danger of being misled by these informal proceedings, therefore,

It is hereby resolved by this General Assembly, That all acts done by the persons aforesaid, for the purpose of imposing upon this State a constitution, are an assumption of the powers of government, in violation of the rights of the existing government, and of the rights of the people at large.

Resolved, That the convention called and organized in pursuance of an act of this General Assembly, for the purpose of forming a constitution to be submitted to the people of this State, is the only body which we can recognize as authorized to form such a constitution; and to this constitution the whole people have a right to look, and we are assured they will not look in vain, for such a form of government as will promote their peace, security and happiness.

Resolved, That this General Assembly will maintain its own proper authority, and protect and defend the legal and constitutional rights of the people. True copy:—*Witness,*

HENRY BOWEN, *Sec'y.*"

Gentlemen, whatever I shall say to you touching these resolutions, and the proceedings to which they refer, shall be said with the full and entire concurrence of each member of this court. And it is peculiarly appropriate, in a case like this, that it should be known what the opinion of this court is, so that no man may become implicated in any offence against the State, without a full knowledge of the opinion of this court, as an independent branch of the government, in relation to the nature of the offence and the law which it violates.

I therefore say to you, that, in the opinion of this court, such a movement as that described in these resolutions, is a movement which can find no justification in law; that if it be a movement against no law in particular, it is, nevertheless, a movement against all law; that it is not a mere movement for a change of rulers, or for a legal reform in government, but a movement which, if carried to its consequences, will terminate the existence of the State itself as one of the States of this Union. I will now give our reasons for this opinion.

But, gentlemen, in addressing you upon this subject, I know not but that I am addressing those who have participated in this movement. If this be the case, I beg you and all others with whom you may have acted, to distinctly understand me. Whatever language I may use to characterize the movement, it shall be but the language of the law; it shall mean no impeachment of your or their motives. I will concede to you and to them, if you choose, motives as pure and patriotic, legal attainments and talents as high, as those of the purest and greatest minds that this State ever produced; and still I say, with all proper deference to you and them, that you have mistaken your duties and misunderstood your rights. Deem it not strange that calm lookers on can see where the error lies, better than those who are engaged in the heat of the movement. When great masses move, they move under the influence of excited feelings. When the object is to attain some great political good, real or supposed, the excitement takes for its law of action, some etherial abstraction, some general theoretic principle, true, perhaps, in its application to certain theoretic conditions of man, but utterly false in its application to man as he is; and endeavors, without regard to present social organizations, to carry that principle to its utmost consequences. Gentlemen, strong heads and patriotic hearts doubtless gave the first impetus to the French Revolution; but does not the progress and issue of that bloody drama tell us that those abstractions, (in which they so freely dealt,) whatever might be their theoretic truth, became false and fiendish in their application. Do we not know that the very masses which were engaged in carrying them out, rejoiced when the iron rule of military despotism came, to deliver them from themselves, and from the incarnate demons which the movement had conjured up?

Gentlemen, when all men are angels and of the same order, these abstractions may be true in all their consequences, but never in their application to man as he is.

With this explanation, I proceed to show the illegality of this movement, and the ruin that it portends. I repeat, that, however patriotic may be the intent, the legal effect of it is, the destruction of the present State, and the construction of a new State out of its ruins.

Gentlemen, what is a State? I ask not for a poetical definition, but I ask for a definition which befits a court of law, which may befit the courts of the Union in which we must be ultimately judged. Strange as it may seem, amid all the controversy which this movement has excited, I have not known this question to be asked, or a definition to be given. Such have been the jarring and confusion of the social ele-

ments, that the best minds seem to have uttered their thoughts only in fragments. What, I repeat, is a State? Think ye it is the land and water within certain geographical lines? The child may tell you so when he points at the map; but that is not the State, but only the territory over which the State has jurisdiction. Think ye it is a mere aggregate of neighborhoods within those limits? No, gentlemen, there is something wanting to give them distinctive unity. A mere proximity of habitations never made a State any more than congregated caravans of Arabs when by night they pitch their tents together in the bosom of the desert. Think ye it is the aggregate of inhabitants within such limits? Never. It would be preposterous to call a mere collection of individuals within certain limits, a state. Regarded as a mere aggregate, they are still without unity, and have nothing whereby to bind them together, and enable them to act as an organized whole. No treaty can be made with them; no law can be enacted by them. Think ye that it is the mere rulers or those who have the legislative and executive power in their hands? This, indeed, comes something nearer to our idea of a State; and when we look upon governments abroad, we may look no farther; but surely this does not make a State here at home, under the Constitution of the United States. Here we not only must find a government, but a people so bound together, colligated and organized by law, as to appoint rulers, and to reduce the innumerable wills of the multitude to a legal unit. I think I give you a true description of a State, when I say that a State is a legally organized people, subsisting as such from generation to generation, without end, giving, through the forms of law, the wills of the many, to become one sovereign will. It is a body politic, qualified to subsist by perpetual succession and accession. It is a self subsistent corporation, resting upon its own centre, and it is, under the constitution of the United States, bound, to a certain extent, in its entirety and in all its constituent individual elements, to that common central body politic, which is the corporate people of the Union or body politic of States, which ever it may be. There is, and from the nature of things, there can be no sovereign people without law; without that unity which the law gives them, whereby they are enabled to act as one; and consequently there can be no sovereign will that is not expressed through the forms of their corporate existence.

Now can there be a doubt that this is a true definition or description of a State, and that it applies to this State as one of the States of the Union? Lest there should be a lingering doubt, in some reluctant mind, I will verify this definition from the history of the State itself

The first charter of this State was granted in 1643. It incorporated Providence, Portsmouth and Newport, under the name of the incorporation of Providence plantations, in Narragansett Bay, in New England. Warwick was subsequently admitted. It was then that the inhabitants of this State first became a corporate people, but dependent on the mother country. In 1660 this corporate people, by their agents, petitioned their sovereign for a new charter. On this petition, the charter in our statute books was granted, and, by the same corporate people, in November, 1663, accepted as their charter or form of government. This charter declared that certain persons named therein, and such as then were, or should thereafter be made free of the company, a body corporate and politic, in fact and name, by the name of the Governor and company of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations in New England, in America, and by the same name that they and their successors should have perpetual succession. Now, here was a corporation, and the freemen constituting it, continued their corporate existence, subsisting by succession, still dependent upon the parent government, exercising the powers in the charter granted, holding property of all sorts as a corporate people down to the Revolution. It was then, that those aggressions and claims of the king of Great Britin, which are set forth in the declaration of independence, and which were enforced or attempted to be enforced by the bayonet, threw this corporate people upon the natural rights of self-preservation. They resisted as a corporate people. It was in the prosecution of this justifiable defence, that this corporate people found it necessary to cut the bonds which bound it to the mother country. It did so. It was its own act, performed by its delegation in Congress, by its legislative body, and by the corporate people itself in every legal form in which it could act. It was this act and this alone, that made us a self-subsistent corporation, body politic, or State. It was this people, acting in its corporate capacity, or by its members, as members, through prescribed forms, that subsequently adopted the Constitution of the United States, whereby this State became a member of the Union, and its citizens, citizens of the United States.

Does not the history of this State, Gentlemen, verify the definition which I have given? Is a State anything but a self-subsistent body politic and corporate, designed to continue its existence by succession and accession, through all time? If it be any thing else, I neither know nor can conceive what it is. But if it be this, whatever there is of sovereignty must be found in the body politic and corporate, and no where else.

But it has been lately said, by some whose opinions are entitled to great respect, that on the separation from the parent government, a subsequent assent of the natural people was necessary to continue the sovereign power in the corporate people, and that all right in the latter to govern, ceased and passed to the aggregate, unorganized mass of individuals. Gentlemen, this cannot be so. The act of separation, was the act of the corporate people, and all that was acquired by that act was acquired by the corporate people, and could be acquired by none but a corporate people. None but a corporate people has the capacity to receive and exercise sovereignty. The natural people has not the capacity to inherit, or succeed to sovereignty, though they may create it, by compact, all being parties, or by force, where there is no superior powers to impose restraint. A sovereign will is a unit, is a mere legal entity ; it has no where in any civilized country any existence, independent of law. In the constitutional monarchies of Europe, it has a mere legal existence ; hence the legal maxim in England, that the sovereign never dies, and can do no wrong. The moment that the sovereign will ceases to be a legal will, and becomes a mere personal will, you have nothing but a master and a body of slaves ; you have no State at all, but only the semblance of one.

The sovereign will is a unit. The moment you divide it, you destroy it, and could such a unit pass to thousands of individuals, isolated, independent, and bound together by no common law as the natural state supposes, and still continue to exist, as a unit, as a one, sovereign will ? Never, gentlemen : to pass it to the unorganized mass is to destroy it. And how fallacious the idea, that the sages of seventy-six annihilated, reduced to nothingness, the sovereignty of every State of this Union, in and by the very act which declared them sovereign and independent ! What became of the confederation ? What became of the congress that made the Declaration ?

Truly, gentlemen, some strange infatuation has seized upon the age, if we can believe, that, when the Congress of seventy-six declared these colonies, in the words of the Declaration, free and independent States, and that they had full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other things which independent States might of right do, that, at that very moment, every one of these States ceased to exist and crumbled into their natural elements. No, gentlemen, our fathers understood themselves better than their children appear to understand them. Well may we humble ourselves in the presence of their memory, when we find such strange hallucinations seizing upon the wisest and best of us. They have made large

demands upon the admiration of their children ; let us take care we do not make demands, equally large, upon the pity of ours. Gentlemen, the definition is correct, it is true to history, and it is true to the Declaration of Independence, and it is true to the Constitution of the United States, which, according to its intent, this State as a corporate people, adopted by its convention.

Gentlemen, let us not deceive ourselves by the various forms which this sovereignty puts on, to carry its will into effect. The government, in all its departments, legislative, executive, and judicial, is but the exterior form which this sovereignty puts on, in order to preserve itself and to exercise jurisdiction over its peculiar territory, and all persons and things within it. It is in this way that it extends protection to the whole people, and to every individual man, woman and child within its jurisdiction, and makes them all one with the corporate people, except in the mere exercise of the right of voting. I have recently heard the phrases, "the legal people," "the physical people," repeated by those whose opinions are entitled to respect, as if there was a distinction between them. Gentlemen, we are all the legal people, we are all the physical people. Every man, woman and child, not of foreign birth, domiciled within this State, is a citizen of this State, and for that reason also a citizen of the United States. Every man, woman and child has the protection and benefit of all its laws, without distinction, and for that reason, every one owes it allegiance and fidelity. No one within this jurisdiction can lawfully renounce this allegiance and transfer it to another sovereignty, whether created within this State's jurisdiction, or elsewhere. For this reason, each one and all are the legal people of this State, and are so regarded both by the laws of this State and the laws of the United States. We cannot recognize the distinction as having any just foundation in fact, or law. The error lies in the misapplication of language. It is apparent that what they mean, who use the phrase "legal people," is the corporate people. By thus limiting a large and comprehensive phrase, a confusion of ideas is produced and nothing is distinctly seen. The language seems to imply, that all who are not the legal people in this limited sense, are the illegal people, or people without law and in the natural state, and entitled, therefore, to rely on their physical force ; and this idea seems to be strengthened and confirmed by denominating them the physical people. We may all have misapplied these phrases. I myself may have misapplied them, for I make no pretensions to being better or wiser than others. But if we have misapplied them, let us misapply



CHARGES TO THE GRAND JURY.



CHARGE.

THE LAW OF TREASON.

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From the following resolutions, and the matters to which they relate, there seems to be a peculiar necessity for my calling your attention to this subject, at this time ; for, as a court, it is not only our duty to try offences when committed, but to prevent them, if it can be done, by making the law known. Those resolutions are in these words :

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I therefore say to you, that, in the opinion of this court, such a movement as that described in these resolutions, is a movement which can find no justification in law ; that if it be a movement against no law in particular, it is, nevertheless, a movement against all law ; that it is not a mere movement for a change of rulers, or for a legal reform in government, but a movement which, if carried to its consequences, will terminate the existence of the State itself as one of the States of this Union. I will now give our reasons for this opinion.

But, gentlemen, in addressing you upon this subject, I know not but that I am addressing those who have participated in this movement. If this be the case, I beg you and all others with whom you may have acted, to distinctly understand me. Whatever language I may use to characterize the movement, it shall be but the language of the law; it shall mean no impeachment of your or their motives. I will concede to you and to them, if you choose, motives as pure and patriotic, legal attainments and talents as high, as those of the purest and greatest minds that this State ever produced; and still I say, with all proper deference to you and them, that you have mistaken your duties and misunderstood your rights. Deem it not strange that calm lookers on can see where the error lies, better than those who are engaged in the heat of the movement. When great masses move, they move under the influence of excited feelings. When the object is to attain some great political good, real or supposed, the excitement takes for its law of action, some etherial abstraction, some general theoretic principle, true, perhaps, in its application to certain theoretic conditions of man, but utterly false in its application to man as he is; and endeavors, without regard to present social organizations, to carry that principle to its utmost consequences. Gentlemen, strong heads and patriotic hearts doubtless gave the first impetus to the French Revolution; but does not the progress and issue of that bloody drama tell us that those abstractions, (in which they so freely dealt,) whatever might be their theoretic truth, became false and fiendish in their application. Do we not know that the very masses which were engaged in carrying them out, rejoiced when the iron rule of military despotism came, to deliver them from themselves, and from the incarnate demons which the movement had conjured up?

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With this explanation, I proceed to show the illegality of this movement, and the ruin that it portends. I repeat, that, however patriotic may be the intent, the legal effect of it is, the destruction of the present State, and the construction of a new State out of its ruins.

Gentlemen, what is a State? I ask not for a poetical definition, but I ask for a definition which befits a court of law, which may befit the courts of the Union in which we must be ultimately judged. Strange as it may seem, amid all the controversy which this movement has excited, I have not known this question to be asked, or a definition to be given. Such have been the jarring and confusion of the social ele-

ments, that the best minds seem to have uttered their thoughts only in fragments. What, I repeat, is a State? Think ye it is the land and water within certain geographical lines? The child may tell you so when he points at the map; but that is not the State, but only the territory over which the State has jurisdiction. Think ye it is a mere aggregate of neighborhoods within those limits? No, gentlemen, there is something wanting to give them distinctive unity. A mere proximity of habitations never made a State any more than congregated caravans of Arabs when by night they pitch their tents together in the bosom of the desert. Think ye it is the aggregate of inhabitants within such limits? Never. It would be preposterous to call a mere collection of individuals within certain limits, a state. Regarded as a mere aggregate, they are still without unity, and have nothing whereby to bind them together, and enable them to act as an organized whole. No treaty can be made with them; no law can be enacted by them. Think ye that it is the mere rulers or those who have the legislative and executive power in their hands? This, indeed, comes something nearer to our idea of a State; and when we look upon governments abroad, we may look no farther; but surely this does not make a State here at home, under the Constitution of the United States. Here we not only must find a government, but a people so bound together, colligated and organized by law, as to appoint rulers, and to reduce the innumerable wills of the multitude to a legal unit. I think I give you a true description of a State, when I say that a State is a legally organized people, subsisting as such from generation to generation, without end, giving, through the forms of law, the wills of the many, to become one sovereign will. It is a body politic, qualified to subsist by perpetual succession and accession. It is a self subsistent corporation, resting upon its own centre, and it is, under the constitution of the United States, bound, to a certain extent, in its entirety and in all its constituent individual elements, to that common central body politic, which is the corporate people of the Union or body politic of States, which ever it may be. There is, and from the nature of things, there can be no sovereign people without law; without that unity which the law gives them, whereby they are enabled to act as one; and consequently there can be no sovereign will that is not expressed through the forms of their corporate existence.

Now can there be a doubt that this is a true definition or description of a State, and that it applies to this State as one of the States of the Union? Lest there should be a lingering doubt, in some reluctant mind, I will verify this definition from the history of the State itself.

The first charter of this State was granted in 1643. It incorporated Providence, Portsmouth and Newport, under the name of the incorporation of Providence plantations, in Narragansett Bay, in New England. Warwick was subsequently admitted. It was then that the inhabitants of this State first became a corporate people, but dependent on the mother country. In 1660 this corporate people, by their agents, petitioned their sovereign for a new charter. On this petition, the charter in our statute books was granted, and, by the same corporate people, in November, 1663, accepted as their charter or form of government. This charter declared that certain persons named therein, and such as then were, or should thereafter be made free of the company, a body corporate and politic, in fact and name, by the name of the Governor and company of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations in New England, in America, and by the same name that they and their successors should have perpetual succession. Now, here was a corporation, and the freemen constituting it, continued their corporate existence, subsisting by succession, still dependent upon the parent government, exercising the powers in the charter granted, holding property of all sorts as a corporate people down to the Revolution. It was then, that those aggressions and claims of the king of Great Britain, which are set forth in the declaration of independence, and which were enforced or attempted to be enforced by the bayonet, threw this corporate people upon the natural rights of self-preservation. They resisted as a corporate people. It was in the prosecution of this justifiable defence, that this corporate people found it necessary to cut the bonds which bound it to the mother country. It did so. It was its own act, performed by its delegation in Congress, by its legislative body, and by the corporate people itself in every legal form in which it could act. It was this act and this alone, that made us a self-subsistent corporation, body politic, or State. It was this people, acting in its corporate capacity, or by its members, as members, through prescribed forms, that subsequently adopted the Constitution of the United States, whereby this State became a member of the Union, and its citizens, citizens of the United States.

Does not the history of this State, Gentlemen, verify the definition which I have given? Is a State anything but a self-subsistent body politic and corporate, designed to continue its existence by succession and accession, through all time? If it be any thing else, I neither know nor can conceive what it is. But if it be this, whatever there is of sovereignty must be found in the body politic and corporate, and no where else.

But it has been lately said, by some whose opinions are entitled to great respect, that on the separation from the parent government, a subsequent assent of the natural people was necessary to continue the sovereign power in the corporate people, and that all right in the latter to govern, ceased and passed to the aggregate, unorganized mass of individuals. Gentlemen, this cannot be so. The act of separation, was the act of the corporate people, and all that was acquired by that act was acquired by the corporate people, and could be acquired by none but a corporate people. None but a corporate people has the capacity to receive and exercise sovereignty. The natural people has not the capacity to inherit, or succeed to sovereignty, though they may create it, by compact, all being parties, or by force, where there is no superior powers to impose restraint. A sovereign will is a unit, is a mere legal entity ; it has no where in any civilized country any existence, independent of law. In the constitutional monarchies of Europe, it has a mere legal existence ; hence the legal maxim in England, that the sovereign never dies, and can do no wrong. The moment that the sovereign will ceases to be a legal will, and becomes a mere personal will, you have nothing but a master and a body of slaves ; you have no State at all, but only the semblance of one.

The sovereign will is a unit. The moment you divide it, you destroy it, and could such a unit pass to thousands of individuals, isolated, independent, and bound together by no common law as the natural state supposes, and still continue to exist, as a unit, as a one, sovereign will ? Never, gentlemen : to pass it to the unorganized mass is to destroy it. And how fallacious the idea, that the sages of seventy-six annihilated, reduced to nothingness, the sovereignty of every State of this Union, in and by the very act which declared them sovereign and independent ! What became of the confederation ? What became of the congress that made the Declaration ?

Truly, gentlemen, some strange infatuation has seized upon the age, if we can believe, that, when the Congress of seventy-six declared these colonies, in the words of the Declaration, free and independent States, and that they had full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other things which independent States might of right do, that, at that very moment, every one of these States ceased to exist and crumbled into their natural elements. No, gentlemen, our fathers understood themselves better than their children appear to understand them. Well may we humble ourselves in the presence of their memory, when we find such strange hallucinations seizing upon the wisest and best of us. They have made large

demands upon the admiration of their children ; let us take care we do not make demands, equally large, upon the pity of ours. Gentlemen, the definition is correct, it is true to history, and it is true to the Declaration of Independence, and it is true to the Constitution of the United States, which, according to its intent, this State as a corporate people, adopted by its convention.

Gentlemen, let us not deceive ourselves by the various forms which this sovereignty puts on, to carry its will into effect. The government, in all its departments, legislative, executive, and judicial, is but the exterior form which this sovereignty puts on, in order to preserve itself and to exercise jurisdiction over its peculiar territory, and all persons and things within it. It is in this way that it extends protection to the whole people, and to every individual man, woman and child within its jurisdiction, and makes them all one with the corporate people, except in the mere exercise of the right of voting. I have recently heard the phrases, "the legal people," "the physical people," repeated by those whose opinions are entitled to respect, as if there was a distinction between them. Gentlemen, we are all the legal people, we are all the physical people. Every man, woman and child, not of foreign birth, domiciled within this State, is a citizen of this State, and for that reason also a citizen of the United States. Every man, woman and child has the protection and benefit of all its laws, without distinction, and for that reason, every one owes it allegiance and fidelity. No one within this jurisdiction can lawfully renounce this allegiance and transfer it to another sovereignty, whether created within this State's jurisdiction, or elsewhere. For this reason, each one and all are the legal people of this State, and are so regarded both by the laws of this State and the laws of the United States. We cannot recognize the distinction as having any just foundation in fact, or law. The error lies in the misapplication of language. It is apparent that what they mean, who use the phrase "legal people," is the corporate people. By thus limiting a large and comprehensive phrase, a confusion of ideas is produced and nothing is distinctly seen. The language seems to imply, that all who are not the legal people in this limited sense, are the illegal people, or people without law and in the natural state, and entitled, therefore, to rely on their physical force ; and this idea seems to be strengthened and confirmed by denominating them the physical people. We may all have misapplied these phrases. I myself may have misapplied them, for I make no pretensions to being better or wiser than others. But if we have misapplied them, let us misapply

them no longer ; let us recollect that the legal people and the physical people, are the same great whole.

But, gentlemen, if it be true that the corporate people be the sovereign people, and the forms of government but the instruments of its will, what follows? Why, the moment that the corporate people cease to exist as such, every thing is resolved into its natural elements. This corporate people, whilst it exists, may, of its own will and through the forms of law, which it prescribes by its legislature, put on as many different forms of government, not conflicting with the Constitution of the Union, as it chooses. Its power, for that purpose, is ample, unquestionable. It may change its form as thoroughly and as often as the fabled Proteus ; it may extend the right of suffrage to every man, woman and child, and still remain the same legal entity, the same State. But the moment the corporate people of Rhode Island cease to exist as such, whether by force, fraud, or voluntary death, corporate Rhode Island herself ceases to exist—the State is gone. Yes, one of the good old Thirteen is gone forever. You may close the grave upon her, you may write “*hic jacet*” upon her tomb, she lives only in history.

It may be asked, whether the natural people have not their natural rights, and whether one of these is not the right of establishing a government of their own? I answer, that if we grant you that the people have a right to violate their allegiance, resolve themselves into the supposed natural condition of man, and to establish a new State and government ; and, if we even admit that it has already in this particular instance been done, it does not at all relieve us, under the Constitution of the United States, from the appalling fact that the old State has ceased to exist, and that the new State is not a member of this Union. We, as the natural people, have accomplished a revolution in which we have originated a new sovereignty, which utterly disclaims all connection with that corporate Rhode Island which uttered the Declaration of Independence and adopted the Constitution ; and how can we claim to take her place? How can we, as citizens of such a State, be citizens of the United States?

I have heard much, of late, about the right of revolution, and there is no doubt but that in those cases where a people, by the oppression and violence of their rulers, are thrown upon the natural right of self preservation, this right exists, may be exercised, and a revolution be justified ; but however justifiable it may be, we should always recollect that if it be revolution, it is revolution, and nothing but revolution. There is no possibility of making it half revolution and half not. If you resort to revolution you must adopt it, with all its consequences,

be they never so calamitous. These calculations are to be made at the commencement of it, and weighed against the evils which it is proposed to remedy.

Thus, gentlemen, if every thing be conceded that we can ask for, if it be conceded that we have quietly put down the present corporate Rhode Island, and that we have succeeded in establishing this earth-born prodigy in her place, what have we done but broken our allegiance to our legitimate State, broken our allegiance to the United States, and accomplished our complete outlawry from the Union.

But perhaps we may hope that the general government will, without enquiry whether we be or be not the legitimate State, recognise the government in fact, (in legal phrase *de facto*,) as the State. I am apprehensive that in this hope we shall be disappointed. Such a recognition would present a question of constitutional law affecting every State in the union. This could not be avoided: but if it could, it would still present a question of policy equally certain to be decided against us. True it is that the government of the United States does recognise the government *de facto* of a foreign country as the legitimate government or State. And it does so from policy. The government of the union, having no fundamental principle in common with the monarchies of Europe, and in its anxiety to avoid an embroilment in their concerns, recognises those as the government of any country who exercise the powers of government, without questioning the legitimacy of their claims. But how is it with the monarchies of Europe among themselves! what is necessarily their policy? Why, whenever a revolution is effected in any one of them upon principles which endanger their ideas of legitimacy or the permanence of their institutions, millions of swords at once leap from their scabbards, cities are wrapped in flames, fields are deluged with blood and heaped with slaughtered thousands. Think you it was out of compassion to an exiled Bourbon, that Europe consumed one whole generation in blood and carnage? No, Gentlemen, the struggle commenced with sustaining their ideas of legitimacy, in which every monarchy of Europe was interested, and terminated in their triumph.

And how much more deeply interested will every State in this union be, all subject as we are to the same common Constitution and government, in a question of State legitimacy? For what is the principle to be established by the recognition of the new government as the State? It presents itself in these facts. A portion of the people of this State, claimed a further extension of suffrage, and an equalization of representation for the benefit of several towns. This, the legisla-

ture did not grant at their request, but called a convention with a view of establishing a Constitution which might meet every reasonable demand. This, I believe to be about the extent of our grievance. And now, before that convention had accomplished their task, we, backed by the physical force of numbers, take the powers of government into our own hands, frame a Constitution, declare it to be the supreme law of the land, and overturn, not merely the government of the State, but the State itself. Now, as a mere matter of policy, could the delegations of the several States in congress establish the principle, that because of such a grievance, mere numbers are above law and have a right to overturn the State of which they are citizens? Let us try to call this a grievance, and then how many thousand grievances are there of greater magnitude in every State, and if they are to be in this way redressed, the stability of our institutions is at an end. Have we no questions touching domestic servitude? None touching the social relations? None touching the most active and powerful of all principles, conscience and religious faith? May not protestantism, in a moment of infatuation and alarm, in this manner establish itself as the religion of the State? May not Romanism then rally, put down protestantism, and establishing itself in turn, nail the cross to every steeple, place a priest at every altar, and a teacher in every school, and compel us to support all by taxes? May not the unequal distribution of property in some States be found a grievance? May not banks in others become obnoxious? May not certain forms of taxation become odious? May not the debts of the State bear heavily? Let this principle of revolution, by an unauthorized and irresponsible movement of masses, become an element of the constitution of the Union, and any State may be overthrown, upon any pretext or petty grievance, real or supposed. And can any one believe that from policy the government of the Union would recognize such a principle? Never—gentlemen—never—until that government, desirous of bringing about a consolidation of these States, chooses to put every element of disorganization into operation upon them.

But if the new government cannot be recognized from policy, the next question is, can it be recognized on legal and constitutional principles? What says the Constitution? "New States may be admitted by Congress into this Union, but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned as well as of the Congress." Is it said that this provision contemplates a case where only a part of the State's territorial jurisdiction may be occupied by the newly formed

State? Very probably the framers of the constitution had such a case in mind, but so much the worse for the case in hand. Does not an article which forbids any part of a State's territory being so appropriated, for a stronger reason forbid the occupation of the whole, and the absolute destruction of the legitimate State? Can you take the whole without its parts? Gentlemen, it will not be respectful to your good, sound, common sense, to spend a moment's time on this point.

Again, by an express provision of the same constitution, almost immediately following the above, and to be considered in connexion with it,—the United States are bound to guaranty to every State in this Union, a government, and a republican form of government. Will this guaranty be fulfilled by suffering this government to be annihilated, and annihilated by a power which, by the very terms of the article first above mentioned, can no more be recognized as corporate Rhode Island than Texas or Algiers.

Tell us not of the admission of Michigan. Michigan was a territory. No pre-existent State was subverted,—we know of nothing in the constitution that forbids Congress bestowing upon any territory that State form of Government which is guaranteed to every State, and which, if reduced by this movement to the condition of a territory, it may be our humiliating lot in some way to receive at their hands.

But, gentlemen, Congress is not the only tribunal before which we shall have to appear. It is the peculiar province of the Supreme Court of the United States, to decide in the end all constitutional questions, and questions touching State rights. I will, therefore, state to you what must, necessarily, according to the common course of judicial proceedings, be the process by which this question will be determined in the courts of the Union. When the existence of a State has been constitutionally recognized, the courts of the United States may well recognise the government *de facto* as the government *de jure*, in other words the government in fact as the government in law. They may well enough presume, that those who exercise the powers of the State are the legal officers of the State, and leave the question of the legality of the election to be settled by the State functionaries appointed to that special duty; but before there can be any such presumption, there must be a State—a State known to the Constitution and laws of the Union. There is no such thing as presuming the existence of such a State. A *de facto* State is as truly as a *de facto* corporation, an absurdity in terms. A State must have its fundamental laws or constitution, known to the Constitution of the Union of which it is a mem-

ber, and in accordance with it, and to talk of a *de facto* law is to talk profound nonsense.

To prove, then, the existence of the new State, or even to prove the existence of any of its officers, you must present to the Supreme Court of the Union this instrument which has been proclaimed as the supreme law of this State, and you must show that it had a legal origin.

The question will not be who voted for it, or how many, but what right anybody had to vote for it at all as the supreme law of Rhode Island.

In the records of the true constitutional State of Rhode Island, you can nowhere find any law, any authority, countenancing such a proceeding.

This the friends of the supposed constitution must themselves confess. Indeed, they must boldly avow, that it was not only voted for without any such authority, but against the whole body of the legislation of the State, whose fundamental laws have all been recognized directly or impliedly by the constituted authorities of the Union, and by the very court that will be called upon to decide this question. And can we think that this court will lose its firmness, and tread back its steps, on account of the delusion of some ten or fifteen thousand persons in this State, and establish a constitutional principle of disorganization, which must eventually become predominant in every State, and reduce all to ruin? It is folly to anticipate such a decision, and wickedness to hope for it.

This pretended Constitution then does not spring from constitutional Rhode Island—from that Rhode Island known to the Constitution of the United States as the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations; it is without legal authority, and of no more value in the courts of the Union than so much blank parchment. You are then without a Constitution—you are without fundamental laws—you have no officers that can be recognised as officers *de facto*, for there are no legal and constitutional duties for them to discharge. You have no legislature—no State legislation—in one word you have no State, and are reduced to the condition of a mere territory of the Union, without the benefit of territorial laws.

Now, gentlemen what are the consequences? it is well worth while to enquire.—We stand upon the brink of an awful gulf. We are about to take the leap, and we may well feel some anxiety to look down into it, and obtain a glimpse of what sort of a Tartarus it is into which we are about to make the final plunge.

Gentlemen, I will whisper a few questions to you, all of which, I

dare not, for the peace of this State, answer even in a whisper. There is too much combustible material in this wide spread union—too many daring and reckless adventurers of all sorts. Gentlemen—it is the faith of the untutored savage, that certain birds of the air, and beasts of the desert, are endowed with something like a prescience or foreknowledge of the coming banquet which human strife is to provide, and, that some days in anticipation of the event, they come from all quarters of the heavens, and from all the far depths of the forests, and congregating in the neighborhood of the appointed place, eagerly await the approaching carnage. I do not want to be heard or understood by such as these. Therefore will I not answer all the questions that I may put, but simply show you that there are such questions.

When corporate Rhode-Island ceases to exist, what becomes of her delegation in Congress?

What becomes of her bill in chancery which she filed, claiming through her charter, and through that only, a portion of territory within the jurisdictional lines of Massachusetts? I mention this not for its importance, but for its illustration, and because in the event supposed the question must necessarily arise. What becomes of the public property of all sorts? Your court houses? Your jails? Your public Records? Public Treasury, bonds and securities of all sorts, which belong to the present corporate Rhode-Island and to her only, and can pass from her only by her Legislative consent? What becomes of the actions now pending on the dockets of every court in this State—bills of indictment for crimes committed or that may be committed? What becomes of your State Prison, and your convicts, from the wilful murderer to the petty thief? What becomes of your corporations of all sorts? Of your corporate towns and their records? Nay, are there not questions touching life, liberty and individual property? I dare go no farther; perhaps I have already gone too far. But whatever answer may be given to these questions, (and answered they must ultimately be in the Supreme Court of the Union,) the bare fact that these questions must be raised, tried and decided, is sufficient to send a thrill of horror through the heart of every man, woman, and child in this State.

And all this for what? For if revolutions may be justified, we may well put the question. It is said to be for an extension of suffrage and an equalization of representation. How many of you have ever felt the want of this to be so great as even to sign a petition to the General Assembly on the subject? If this be a grievance at all, is it not the merest trifle compared with the calamities through which we must

pass, in order to redress it in the mode which this movement has proposed? If it be a grievance, it has scarcely been felt, and a legal, and legitimate remedy is already before you from the State's convention. Is there any other? Did we ever petition this government for any favor which reasonable men might ask for, no matter what party was in power, that was not cheerfully granted? Are we overtaxed by this State? Is there any oppression which can be named to justify a revolution? Have not we and our fathers all lived in peace and happiness under the laws of this State, from its first establishment to the present day? Did not our fathers establish themselves here in a howling wilderness and under the protection of that distinctive principle of their government, religious liberty, enjoy peace and quiet and happiness, whilst the sister colonies were shedding blood, and persecuting their fellow men for conscience sake? Did they not under this State and for this State, utter the declaration of independence, and led on by her Greenes and Olneys, go forth in array of battle and shed their blood on a hundred fields. Did not they gloriously and triumphantly secure to us the rights which we ever since have and now enjoy under the protecting laws of this State? But they have done their work—they have passed through the toils and sufferings of their day, and laid them down in the quiet grave, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. They have left the fruits of their labors as an inheritance to us. May their sainted spirits join with us in a prayer to the Almighty Father of all spirits, to save us from this fatal delusion!

Gentlemen, the meaning of the word *revolution* in this case is very different from its meaning, when it designates the conflict between the colonies and the mother country. That was a conflict between corporate bodies on this side of the Atlantic against corporate Britain on the other. But a revolution in this case means a conflict among the very elements of society. It proposes to realize here in Rhode-Island, the horrors of the French Revolution. It proposes to arm neighbor against neighbor, friend against friend, brother against brother, father against son, and son against father,—and all this for what? can any one tell us?

We may flatter ourselves that we are a people too enlightened and too good to pass into the excesses which have marked revolutions in every age; but, gentlemen, in all ages of the world, and in all countries, excited passion, in its extremes, is the same—the individual man, however enlightened and good he may be, as an individual, is merged in the mass to which he belongs, he loses his freedom, he blends with

it, whilst the mass itself becomes a mere brute force, which, under the influence of the idea or passion which actuates it, goes on and on—heedless of the ruin which it makes, heedless of its own destiny, to its final dissolution or utter annihilation. Would to God, that men would learn something from history ! But it has been well observed, that we ever place the lantern in the stern, and not at the prow. It sheds its light only on the tumultuous billows of the past. We there see the wrecks of nations that have committed themselves to anarchy, tossing and heaving on the stormy surge. Yet on we go, exulting in our superiority over our predecessors, heedless of the rocks beneath the bow, until the billow on which we are borne sinks beneath us and dashes us into fragments.

It may be thought that I am indulging in feelings not usual to the Bench ; but, gentlemen, there are occasions when humanity may be excused for raising above the petty etiquette of official dignity, when the formalities of the judge may be lost in the realities of the man. And if ever such an occasion presented itself in any State, it now presents itself in this. It would be our duty, as good citizens, but it is imperiously our duty, as sworn conservators of the peace, to tell you what is law, and what is not law. This duty we are not at liberty to forego.

I therefore say to you, and all others duly qualified, that it will be lawful for you to vote on the constitution now submitted to you by the State's convention, and that if it be adopted, any person in this State commits a breach of allegiance who wilfully fails to support it. If it be not adopted, it will be our duty still to adhere to that compact of our ancestors, called the Charter, as that sheet anchor at which our beloved State has triumphantly ridden out many a storm, and can as triumphantly ride out this. And as to that instrument, called "the People's Constitution," however perfect it may be in itself, and however strong may be the expression of public opinion in its favor—yet, standing as it does, alone and without any legal authority to support it, it is not the supreme law of this State ; and those who may attempt to carry it into effect by force of arms, will, in the opinion of this court, commit treason—treason against the State—treason perhaps against the United States—for it will be an attempt by the overt act of levying war, to subvert a State, which is an integral part of the Union ; and to levy war against one State, to that end, we are apprehensive, will amount to the levying of war against all.

Gentlemen, do not misapprehend us ; we make not this declaration by way of denunciation or threat, but simply because it is our duty to

declare the law. As a court of law, were it even in our power, we would not act on any man's fear, save on that fear of which every good citizen may be proud—the fear of doing a wrong or illegal act. And we make this declaration with the hope that those gentlemen who have engaged in this movement—for many of whom a personal acquaintance enables us to cherish sincere respect and esteem—will be induced to pause and reflect—to reflect deeply. We admit their courage, but may they use it in a good cause; and, without following the example, adopt the sentiment of Macbeth, when urged to commit treason and murder—

“I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.”

CHARGE.

PERJURY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY:

There is one crime to which I deem it never inappropriate to call the attention of a grand jury, even though there may be little probability that any complaint will render it a subject of present investigation. It is that high crime against the administration of public justice—called perjury—or the bearing of false witness. The man who commits this crime, does not merely offend against the laws of his country, but he also commits a breach of his word and religious obligations. Therefore, in speaking of it, I shall not confine my observations to the crime in its mere technical character, but consider it in connexion with the whole duty of one called upon to testify in a court of law.

Blackstone, quoting Sir Edward Coke, defines perjury to be a “crime committed when a lawful oath is administered in some judicial proceeding to a person who swears wilfully, absolutely, and falsely, in a matter material to the issue, or point in question.” This definition is somewhat extended by our law. The 51st section of our statute “concerning crimes and punishments,” declares that every person of whom an oath or affirmation is or shall be required by law, who shall be convicted of wilfully swearing or affirming falsely in regard to any matter or thing respecting which such oath or affirmation is or shall be required, shall be deemed guilty of perjury. Something more than one witness, even though a probable and credible witness to the falsity of the testimony, is necessary in order to convict a person of this crime.

It must be proved to be deliberate and wilful false swearing—not the result of hurry in giving evidence, or of embarrassment, or defect of memory. It must be direct and absolute—not conditional—such as swearing, according to memory or belief, to that which is false; unless the belief or memory is different from that sworn to. It must

be proved to be in a point material to the matter on which the witness has been required to testify. You will hence see, gentlemen, that it must often be no easy task to bring one guilty of this crime to condign punishment.

Human tribunals feel their inadequacy in this particular, and rely much on the moral and religious sentiments of the witness. To rouse these more completely into action, they appeal, through the solemnity of the oath, to the secret conscience—to the witness's belief in God, and in his accountability here and hereafter. The requirements of that oath, to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, are rendered clear by the plainness of its language; and if the witness allows it to have an abiding influence on his mind, he will not in any part fall short of his duty, or exceed it. Yet, from a variety of causes—sometimes arising from bias, sometimes from mere embarrassment, and sometimes from passion—the obligations of the oath, in its strictness, are not deeply felt; and the witness is betrayed into errors, and even into falsehoods. On such occasions, the witness often, without actually incurring the guilt of perjury, produces the same effect upon the verdict of the jury and judgment of the court, as if he had perpetrated the crime. To testify—and to testify truly and fully, is a duty which we owe to our country—to all humanity—as well as to the individual in whose cause we testify. Gentlemen, he is not fit to be a member of any community, who from habitual falsehood, or perverted moral feeling, is not to be trusted on his oath.

Truth in speech, is so essential to the existence of society, that could we suppose an individual whose tongue was framed only to falsehood, and never to truth, such an individual would inflict on himself the sentence of complete outlawry from all society—and if the character of such an individual was that of every human being, there would be an end to all social institutions. What, by a very extravagant supposition, we see may be thus brought about, can be just as effectually accomplished by destroying all confidence in the evidence on which our judicial tribunals must act. They can do nothing but give that evidence, whatever it may be, its legal effect—their decision must, or should be, according to the evidence; but if that evidence be false, their adjudications cannot be according to the rights of the case as they really are. And courts and juries would thus be made the mere instruments of perjury, whereby the *innocent* might be *convicted* and the *guilty acquitted*.

But let us examine false testimony in its different phases, and, wherever it is practicable, point out a remedy.

False testimony exhibits its most odious form, undoubtedly, in direct technical perjury. Here there is no remedy but in the subsequent application of the legal penalties, or in a vigorous cross-examination during the trial. Such a cross-examination, vigorously pushed, rarely fails to involve the witness in contradictions, and to destroy the pernicious tendency of his testimony. Indeed, if he does not involve himself in contradictions, under such an examination, he generally betrays himself by exhibiting all the embarrassment and confusion of guilt ; for the same reason that the wretch who is detected with stolen goods on his person, is hardly ever able to give an account of himself.

The next form in which false testimony appears is in mental reservation, or the use of equivocal language, which, though true in one sense, is designed to be received in another ; and, thereby, to produce all the effects of direct false testimony. If this design could be proved, I hesitate not to say, that such a witness would lay himself liable to the penalties of perjury, as in the case of direct perjury. *In foro conscientiae*, the guilt is the same—the effect is the same. Language is a medium for the communication of truth from one mind to another, and the witness who intentionally abuses it, must always inflict an injury upon himself or others.

This offence appears in another form, in the omission or suppression of facts material to the point in question. This is sometimes done from intention, sometimes from inadvertence, but oftener from doubt, or ignorance of what is material. The oath of the witness is to tell the truth, and the whole truth ; if he wilfully suppresses a part, which he knows to be material, he manifestly commits perjury, if not in a legal and technical, yet in a moral and religious sense. But does the oath require him to go into all the particulars of a transaction—its minutest details—so as to leave nothing untold ? Certainly not. This would be endless. The true course for the witness to take is voluntarily to state every fact which he believes to be material to either party, or if he knows not what is material, to answer such questions as may be put to him, under the direction of the court, truly and fully, omitting nothing, as far as his knowledge extends, which may be necessary to make complete answer, however it may affect any party.

False testimony likewise arises occasionally from a spirit of habitual exaggeration. Let a witness under the influence of this pernicious habit in common conversation, come on the stand with ever so honest intentions, and he is constantly liable to be thrown off his guard in the course of examination ; and, when he is, he not only destroys the credit of that portion of his testimony in which he exaggerates, but

likewise that in which he has spoken truly. Were he to be indicted for perjury, thus committed, this habit of exaggeration would constitute as weak a defence, as intoxication, when offered in excuse for any other crime.

The bias of a witness is another source of false testimony. I speak not of bias from a direct interest in the events of a suit, but of that bias which arises from prejudice for, or against a party. There are some persons so constituted, that in all cases where their feelings are interested, they can take only a one-sided view of the question, and of every fact that appertains to it. The feelings of such persons act upon their memory and revive and magnify every fact that is in accordance with them, whilst those that make against them are entirely overlooked, or are recalled only to be depreciated, and discarded as of no consequence. This having been the frequent exercise of their minds, such persons when called on the stand, appear there with a memory already falsified, and are, perhaps, incapable of attesting to the truth as it would have existed in their memory, had it not been for this bias. This sort of bias originates from feelings too exclusively selfish—a selfishness which disfigures and distorts, and sees everything through its own false medium. True it is, that every body is liable to have his bias—his prejudice—but not a bias or prejudice of the sort of which I am here speaking. Gentlemen—a witness who has a strong sense of honor, and justice—who is a lover of truth, and duly appreciates his duty as a citizen and a man, though he may have his bias, yet it will be of that sort which takes character from the man, and will not prevent his fair and candid statement of facts on both sides. For if such a witness has been accustomed to reflect at all on the question, he has, from habit, weighed the facts on both sides; his own moral feelings have prompted him to consider all the facts with which he is acquainted, with a view to his own correct opinion. The bias of such a witness will detract nothing from the force of his testimony, though, were he of the character just before mentioned, it might bring his whole testimony into discredit. A cross-examination is the means by which these two characters are to be distinguished from each other. The one is blameless; the other highly censurable—as well for the false coloring which he has given to his testimony, as for the character which he has permitted his habits to form and transfuse *into* his testimony. It might be a nice legal question, whether false testimony resulting from a memory and judgment, thus previously falsified, would amount to technical perjury; yet, in a moral point of view, the man may be even something worse than perjured.

Gentlemen, the occasional misapplication of language by the witness, or the misapprehension of it by him in the questions of the examiner, is sometimes the cause of false testimony, and even more frequently, the occasion of great embarrassment and confusion to the witness, resulting, perhaps, in the entire discredit of his testimony. A witness ought never to use a word with which he is not perfectly familiar, nor one which, with those to whom his evidence is addressed, is not in ordinary use. If an adept in any particular art or science be called, he may, indeed, be expected to use his appropriate technical language, but it should ever be accompanied with suitable explanations and illustrations. When a question is put to a witness, he ought never to answer it until he has a clear and distinct understanding of its import; if he does answer a question which he does not perfectly understand, he ought never to do it by the simple yea or nay, but he should answer it at large in his own terms, and his mistake, if any, will then be discovered, and he will at least avoid the charge of bearing false witness. I have known witnesses frequently, after having answered a question (thus misapprehended) by the simple yea or nay, to be drawn into a long and severe cross-examination—to involve themselves in apparent contradiction; and never, perhaps, until after the embarrassment and confusion of the trial was over, discover the cause, or be able to correct the error. The fault in this particular, I apprehend, lies more frequently on the part of the examiner than on that of the witness. Counsel, and indeed all of us, are too apt to suppose that words which are perfectly familiar to us, and which indeed are in very common use among those of ordinary education, are in just as common use, and are just as intelligible among the uneducated and ignorant, as among ourselves. This, I am persuaded, is a great mistake. Questions ought never to be put to any witness, by court, juror, or counsel, unless in the plainest mother English, such as no one can misunderstand. There are words enough of this description; and he who clothes his questions in these terms shows a far better taste and understanding than he who clothes them in what, to the witness, may be a high-flown half-Latin jargon. Even questions of delicacy may be put, by a skilful examiner, in these terms, in a manner as little offensive as in any other. There is, in general, no misconceiving the import of them—one of them, well chosen, like a rifle ball, will go directly to the mark, when a whole handful of others will only show you whereabouts it lies. Whenever a word is used which a witness does not understand, he should ask the meaning of it; and frequently his question would be found more to his credit than to that of his examiner.

Gentlemen, fear is sometimes the cause of perjury—such as fear of offending some person—fear of offending popular opinion, by supporting with a statement of the truth, an unpopular prosecution for the breach, perhaps, of an unpopular law, or one that is so regarded. It is painful, in such cases, to observe the manner in which witnesses will sometimes endeavor to evade a direct reply, and to conceal facts, of which, their manner, at the same time, gives everybody reason to believe they have a direct and certain knowledge. This is not to be tolerated. Neither judge, juror, nor witness, can, without crime, nullify the laws by a dereliction of duty. If the law be bad, let it be carried into effect, with all its necessary consequences, and it will be the sooner repealed. There is a satisfaction, gentlemen, in going straight forward in the discharge of one's duty—against wind and tide—against the violence of popular agitation, and the angry passions of a misguided populace. In doing so, one feels a strength that comes not from earth, but Heaven. He who from fear commits perjury, richly deserves a double punishment—punishment for his perjury, and punishment for his cowardice.

Passion, or the irritation of the witness in the cross-examination, is sometimes the occasion of bringing his testimony into disrepute. If the cross-examination is ever urged with this view, it is extremely culpable, and if it can be distinguished as such, I hesitate not to say, that it ought not to pass without censure. But the witness who, on an occasion so solemn as when he is under the oath of God, will permit the angry passions to get the mastery of his mind—to confuse his recollections, and betray him into error in his testimony, is himself worthy of severe censure. He may not expose himself to a prosecution for perjury, but he has brought his testimony into disrepute and injuriously affected the administration of justice. Witnesses should recollect that it is the appropriate business of counsel to examine their testimony critically—that in so doing they necessarily appear suspicious—that they will take that view of the testimony which belongs to the side of the case which they advocate—that they will endeavor to elicit some fact which is beneficial to it, and, by pushing their examination into particulars, and even into collateral circumstances, try to do away the force of the facts most prejudicial to their client.

Gentlemen—if incautious answers often involve false testimony, an excess of caution sometimes results in consequences equally pernicious. There are some habitually so cautious as rarely to answer a question with the simple yea or nay. Their answer is, "I believe so," "I think so." This habit is said to be somewhat peculiar to New England;

it was universally prevalent, it was no doubt, perfectly understood, and did not mislead, but we have become, and are becoming still more, I regret to say, a mixed race; and answers in this form, are liable to be misinterpreted. It is becoming liable to be understood only as the language of uncertainty, and it is no longer proper, (if it ever was,) for a witness to say, "I believe so," "I think so," when he *knows* so. If the witness knows the fact, he ought to say so, and not clothe his answers in the language of uncertainty. The omission to speak positively, where he knows positively, may be the cause of a wrong verdict, and of as great injustice as absolute perjury.

In all cases a testimony of facts should be nothing but a repetition in language, of the memory. The witness is indeed often called on to state his judgment as to time, distance, magnitude, &c., but then, in such cases, it is perfectly understood to be nothing but his judgment or opinion; and he may be questioned as to the facts on which such judgment is founded, and it thus amounts after all, to nothing more than a repetition of memory. But when a witness proceeds tacitly—mentally—to infer from facts which he does remember, the probable existence of others, which he does not remember, and then states them as if they were objects of his memory, he goes beyond his duty as a witness and trenches on that of the juror. The witness ought, in such case, merely to state the facts which he remembers, and leave the jury to its own inferences. He would not be permitted to state them as inferences of his own; and he surely ought not silently, and mentally, to form his inferences, and then give them to the jury as distinctly remembered facts. But when the witness infers the existence of one fact from another, and his memory of it is thereby revived, there can be no more impropriety in testifying to such a fact, as remembered, than if his memory had been aided by a written memorandum. It is only when the inferences exist in the mind unsupported by the memory, that the evidence is illegal, and, if communicated without representing it to be an inference, untrue—untrue because the idea exists in his own mind in one form, whilst he conveys it to the mind of the jury, under another form.

For a mere defect of memory, no witness is either morally or legally responsible, unless the defect be the result of a vicious bias or propensity. The memory, especially in reference to remote, or, at the time, inconsiderable events, is liable to become falsified in a thousand ways, without the fault of the individual. He is perpetually liable to confound one time with another—one transaction with another—especially where there is a strong analogy—and by acting, or thinking upon the

and to derive its parentage from ancient puritanical precision. When subject thus falsified, he sometimes so confirms himself in his error as never to be able to detect it. Sometimes one event, from its magnitude or importance obliterates, or covers over many that are of less consequence. Sometimes, when we are eye-witnesses of a transaction, our attention is exclusively directed to one object, and thus many others escape it. In fact there are as many different memories as there are different minds, or states of the same mind. Twenty different persons may witness the same transaction—an affray, for instance—and they may honestly, each speaking according to his own memory, give twenty different accounts of the affair, at least each differing in some respects from the others. There are some who are never more collected than in moments of great danger, or excitement; and who retain in their memories, an indelible impression of the slightest event that takes place on such occasions. Whilst there are others that lose all distinct recollections. Between these extremes there is an infinitude of degrees, and consequently a great variety of memory. Since then the memory of every one may be more or less defective, what shall a witness do who anxiously desires not to mislead. I answer, let him calmly take the stand—throw open the windows of his breast—show all the workings of his mind—where it is doubtful, where it is confused, and, even, where it is biased; and then leave the court or jury to place their own estimate on his testimony. Such a witness may rest assured, that if it be their opinion that he has erred, it will also be their opinion, that he has *honestly* erred. Those who are accustomed to examine witnesses, or to attend to their examination, after a thorough examination, almost as easily distinguish the true from the false, as a skilful cashier of a bank can distinguish a genuine, from a counterfeit bill. Witnesses may rest assured that there is in general no escaping their scrutiny—though when perjury has been committed it may not be possible for them to say precisely in what the perjury consists, or whether it be merely moral, or legal.

Gentlemen, there is one part of the oath to which I have not called your particular attention—it is the solemn adjuration with which it terminates. The meaning of the phrase, “So help me God,” is often, I am afraid, not fully appreciated, and, sometimes wholly misunderstood. To one who looks beyond the bourn of space and time, who considers that he lives, moves, and breathes in that Being, who instantly notes the slightest moral discord in the grand organic harmony of his all-comprehending existence—who considers that he is to subsist in this relation through a never ending eternity: these words are of the

most solemn and awful import—and that import is: “As I speak truly or falsely, so may God help me in my utmost need.” But to him, (if indeed there be such,) who has said in his heart “There is no God,” and who considers this little life as rounded by an eternal sleep, these words can have no meaning. In his vocabulary they have at least lost their original import, and can mean nothing more than an asseveration to speak the truth; and with that asservation on his lips, he commits his character to the sound and enlightened sense of the Court and jury—to be sustained if he speak truly, to be condemned and reprobated if he speak falsely. But the existence of such downright and positive atheism is hardly to be credited. A speculative atheism may indeed be no uncommon thing; but an atheism springing naturally from the human mind, and acted upon on trying and serious occasions, seems an utter impossibility. We are so constituted as instinctively and necessarily to believe in the existence of a Great First Cause, and as instinctively to feel ourselves in the midst of a great system of things over which an unseen power presides, who, whatever may be our course, eventually controls and orders all. And every witness, whatever may be his avowed creed, must irresistibly and instinctively feel and believe, that if his course be not in accordance with this all-pervading order, he must eventually be crushed to atoms beneath the movement of its almighty force. There is no man, Gentlemen, whatever may be his professions, but that, instinctively, believes, that his life here, is but a span in a never-ending existence, and that in some step of the progress of being, this all-pervading order, will bring the hour of retribution. The perjured witness is not in harmony with Divine order and he must be thrown out of it. Though he may be borne up for the moment upon the surge of a vitiated popular opinion, yet it will soon sink from under him, and leave him a wrecked and broken hulk. So his own conscience will tell him, and to his conscience I here leave him.

Gentlemen—Justice herself is nothing but truth carried into action. She appears here in the shape of legal evidence—she passes through the forms of judicial proceeding in the verdict of a jury—thence into a judgment or sentence of the law, and thence into final execution. He is a superficial lawyer, and worse philosopher, who holds with Helvetius, that justice is created by legislative enactment. She is created by truth. She is truth herself, ever in substance the same, yet manifesting herself under a variety of forms—now in the shape of laws, which are nothing but instruments declarative of the pre-existent requirements of society, giving them definite forms, and bringing them

within the scope of judicial power—now in the shape of evidence, which is but declarative of the relations in which an individual stands to those laws,—and now in a combination of these two declarative forms, in the judicial sentence or judgment.

Truth, Gentlemen, to conclude, is everything to society, and that man, who can come into court and commit deliberate perjury, is an enemy to himself, and a traitor to all mankind.

CHARGE.

THE MORAL OBLIGATION OF OBEYING THE LAW.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY:

There seems to be a disposition in some minds to make a distinction between laws enacted by the legislature for the prevention of crime, and those which provide for the punishment of it, when committed. It seems, sometimes, to be thought, that a man may commit a breach of the preventive law without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen. Is there any rational foundation for this opinion? Is not prevention better than punishment, and ought not that law, which prevents a riot, a battery, or a homicide, to be considered full as sacred as that which punishes it? Gentlemen, sober and discreet citizens do so consider it.

We have laws of this description—laws that were enacted for the prevention of immorality and crime. Are those laws observed as they should be? Are those acts held sacred, as they ought to be, as long as they are the law of the land? Most undoubtedly they are open to discussion—we may question their policy; but, whilst they are in force, we ought as religiously to obey them as any other law. Oppose them we may—but the highest principle of all law—that upon which society is based—that in virtue of which the state exists, requires that this opposition should be conducted in a particular manner—that is, in a mode pointed out by law.

Gentlemen: the whole community—the whole people of this State are organized, as a body, for the purpose of enacting and administering laws. When the people speak through the legislature, their voice is law, and courts and juries hear and obey them; but, when they speak in any other way, courts and juries do not hear them, or should not; but proceed straight forward and administer the law as it is.

An act having a good object, as long as it is law, has a morally binding force not only upon every magistrate but upon every citizen, and the man who wilfully violates it, does a lasting injury to his own

moral constitution by the prostitution of his moral reason—a reason which the sound philosophy of all time has regarded as a divine inspiration. Whence is it that law derives its obligation? Let us enquire: it may be useful to go back occasionally and seek for first principles and look at the foundation of all law, and see what it is; and we may find that a violation of law always involves a violation of the moral principle, and is, in that sense, an offence against God and man.

Gentlemen: Where is this foundation? I care not for the speculations of theorists; I cast aside their puerile supposition of a social compact, and find this foundation in the constitution of the human mind, such as it came from the hand of God, and has grown to be under his providence. It is from the eternal laws, which God ordains for the government of mind, that human society comes, that human institutions emanate, and continue to subsist.

Law is well defined to be “a rule of action dictated by some superior power.” What is this superior power? Within our own community we refer it to the law-making power. But there is a rule of action which extends beyond this community and includes it, for there is that rule which is called the law of Nature—common to all mankind. By what superior power is this dictated? Unquestionably, if there be truth in the above definition, it is dictated by the Supreme Intelligence. And in fact we find that it is no other than the dictates of a universal spontaneous reason, present in the heart of every human being, teaching what is to be done and what is not to be done—its omnipresence and uniformity everywhere vindicating its diversity. It is variously designated. It is called the moral law—the law of God—the law of Nature—the law of Reason; but under every designation meaning the same thing. It is of a reason ever present, ever dictating what is right and denouncing what is wrong, whether we obey or not.

This law lies at the foundation of human nature. It is the same in every breast and in every community, savage and civilized. But like every thing else that enters human nature, be it from above or beneath, it takes hue from its medium, and has its growth, progress, and development. For, when the criminal appetites have their growth, must not that which counteracts them necessarily have its corresponding growth and development? If the criminal propensities pass into all variety of action upon the objects of interest and cupidity, that multiply with every step of human progress, from the nakedness of the savage to the abundance of the civilized state; must not that reason—that element of mind—which is itself law, written or unwritten, pass

into a corresponding variety, everywhere to encounter its antagonist power—its eternal foe.

Laws, therefore, multiply, as objects of human appetite and cupidity multiply; but however multifarious they may be, they still have—their object being legitimate and their form as perfect as may be—their foundation—their spirit—their soul, in the same divine reason. The distinction between natural and municipal law is truly a distinction made with reference to the objects of those laws, and not with reference to their origin. Natural law protects life, liberty, and the necessities of life in immediate possession. Municipal law protects whatever the genius or industry of man superadds to these. Natural law in its simple form pertains to the whole human family. Municipal law is a modification of the natural through the instrumentality of man, whereby it adjusts itself to the various states and conditions of each particular member of this great family. Legitimate municipal law, therefore, and natural law, flow from the same common fountain, and the obligations of both are essentially the same. They are the same universal reason translated into the language of time and space, and speaking through circumstances and things as they are, various in various communities.

I know not, gentlemen, by what strange whim it is that some men, certainly not in other respects deficient, bring themselves to believe that certain of these municipal laws may be violated without moral guilt—without any actual offence against good conscience. The moral sense of the community has not become so perverse that it can tolerate a heresy like this. Suppose a man keeps a gambling establishment, that becomes the resort of young and old—there vice begins its riots; for a time it spreads distress and ruin around; carries misery, and poverty, and wretchedness, and rags, to the domestic hearth, and finally plunges its victims into a premature grave. The legislature, taking into consideration the injuries inflicted on the community, passes a law prohibiting the keeping of such an establishment; are there not some who would secretly think that the keeper had certain rights, which had been infringed by the legislature, and that he would not be a bad man, if he still continued his establishment in violation of law? This is a wrong principle, gentlemen, and that man's heart cannot be right that, for a moment, can tolerate it—and that community, which can think lightly of this or a similar error, places its own peace and welfare in jeopardy? It is not the indifference manifested toward a particular offence, that is to be followed by any very serious consequences; but it is the fact, which this indifference establishes, that

the law is losing its authority and the bonds of society are breaking asunder, and that spirits, from which everything is to be feared, are gaining an ascendancy. Let it be remarked, that when freemen, who are, in this State, the fountain of law, tread the laws under foot, they are trampling on their own authority—they are putting themselves down, which can be done only by putting up something that is beneath them. They are committing treason against themselves.

Let it be understood and universally believed that municipal and natural law have the same common basis, that an offence against the one involves as much guilt as an offence against the other, and, then, let the public act on this faith, by placing the offenders on the same level. The great error of the times seems to me to be in this, that we lose sight of the community in our anxiety for the individual. The public feeling is such, that one who betrayed his country and involved a nation in ruin, would be less severely punished than one who committed an individual homicide. And this results from losing sight of the great principle, that all laws have the same common moral basis, and whenever truly announced by the legislature, are equally sacred.

All criminal legislation, whether it consists of acts that define offences or those that prescribe punishments, is but a repetition, in a more palpable and definite form, of that which already exists in the mind. In fact, all social institutions and all the forms of government, are no other than a sort of outward manifestation of those principles, which operate within us, and constitute the very foundation of our nature. And hercin consists the necessity of obedience to the laws of our country. We cannot obey them without acting in conformity to the constitution of our own nature—we cannot disobey them without committing a violence on that constitution. True, the law itself may be imperfect—it may not truly express the demands of that constitution—what then?—shall the law be resisted by force?—or shall it be fraudulently evaded? No! To say nothing about the conscience, that freeman who does either, does not know his duty to himself—it cannot be that he sees that in violating the law he is violating his own rights, as a freeman and a citizen. But there is a way in which such law may be opposed, and in that way, let it be opposed; but, in every other, sustained and respected as of the sovereign authority of the State.

Gentlemen, in looking at the letter of the law, we are too apt to forget that it has a spirit—almost invariably a spirit in the great social mind from which it springs—that in violating it we do more than violate the letter or offend against the intent of the legislature. Indeed,

we hardly ever think that a violence done to it is a violence done to those high and sacred moral principles within us, that have given it birth. Even the technical language in which the law speaks, contributes to withdraw our attention from this fact. For instance, legal writers divide offences into two classes. One they call *mala in se*—evils in themselves—the other, *mala prohibita*—evils prohibited. Does not this phraseology tend to produce the impression, that the offences included in the first class, are bad in themselves, whilst those in the second, are bad merely because they are prohibited? Now, is this a correct idea?

Gentlemen: We have seen that all laws may be considered as relating to two classes of objects; the first of which is universal—(as life, liberty and the necessaries of life)—and that the laws in relation to this class, are the laws of the whole human family. Now offences against these are what are as above designated—*evils in themselves*. But there are certain objects which are to be found only in possession of particular communities—objects superadded to those belonging to everybody; and the law in relation to these objects, though not less the offspring of the omnipotent reason than the first, is called municipal law. Offences against this law are named evils prohibited. Why? Not as I apprehend because they are not evils in themselves, but because they can be perpetrated only within the sphere of particular portions of the human family, and so come there to be specially prohibited. But they are not the less violations of the great law of reason for being less than universal.

To illustrate: mere savages deal only in barter and exchange. They have no circulating medium, and consequently the crime of counterfeiting cannot with them exist. But let them take one step and introduce coins; instantly the offence of counterfeiting becomes possible. It exists. Moral reason repels it; that is, counterfeiting is already a crime in itself—really *malum in se*. Human legislation now comes and describes the crime, and provides a special punishment for it. Now from this legislative act it takes its place in the class called *mala prohibita*. But this prohibition has only brought an offence, which already existed *in foro conscientiae*, within the jurisdiction of a court by prescribing punishment. The class *mala prohibita* is criminal for precisely the same reason that the class *mala in se* is criminal. Both are criminal, because both are violations of the great social principle, which gives life to all law. An act may be unwise, impolitic; individuals may know it to be so, (or think they know) and thus it may not be the legitimate offspring of this principle; but

if it be constitutional, the great duty of sustaining the government, of sustaining its forms inviolate, overrules all such objections, and requires obedience, as long as the act is in force. There is too strong a tendency to overlook this consideration—not so much among ourselves, for by the blessings of God we have enjoyed a greater share of quiet than most of our neighbors ; but the contagion is around us and may be among us, and it is our special duty, as courts and juries, to use every precaution to prevent its introduction. It may be thought that the establishment of a despotism in this country is impossible ; but, whenever the people shall deem it a light and trifling matter to disregard laws, of which they deem themselves the very fountain-head, then will they be in a fair way to anarchy and confusion ; and from anarchy, under our social forms, there is no escape but through despotism. When a democracy passes into anarchy, nothing but the iron weight of a despotism can repress and bring within due compass the elements of disorder and confusion.

I have thus, gentlemen, endeavored to show why it is, that all that is truly law, considered with reference to its origin, is equally sacred ; and that there can never be any wilful violation of it, without some degree of moral as well as legal guilt in the offender. It seems to be not inappropriate at this time to call your attention to this great truth, and to remind you that, in obeying the letter of the law and the intent of the law-making power, you obey something higher than either, you are acting in obedience to those eternal laws of mind, by which God governs in the progress and destiny of our race.

CHARGE.

THE RELATIVE DUTIES OF COURT AND JURY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY :

BEFORE entering upon a description of such offences as may at this time require your special consideration, I propose to say something of the tribunal to which your presentments are to be made. I propose in particular, to point out, as briefly as may be, the line of distinction which the law draws between the duties of the petty jury in the trial of causes, whether civil or criminal, and those of the court in delivering its opinion in the charge. It is true that, in doing this, I am departing in some degree from the common routine of duty ; but you, gentlemen, are the grand inquest of the county, and as such, you judicially represent it, and through you the court may promulgate its views to parties and counsel, and to all those who may, at present and hereafter, be called on to discharge the important duty of trying an issue to the country.

I am the rather induced to present these views at this time, from a belief that juries have, in several instances, within my own limited judicial experience, disagreed among themselves and failed to find verdicts, from not clearly distinguishing between those responsibilities which belong to the court, and those which belong to themselves. The act of '27, reorganizing this court, recognizes this distinction, and construed in connection with other laws, leaves it, in civil cases, too definite and certain to admit of a doubt. This act makes it the imperative duty of the court to instruct the jury in the law, and by necessary implication it makes it the correlative duty of the jury to receive the court's instruction as such. But this distinction, though plainly the necessary construction of the act, appears to be sometimes forgotten and sometimes rendered obscure, by the habits formed in the public mind through a long succession of years, when it was rare for the jury to receive instructions from the court. Under the influence of this habit, giving a wrong direction to their sense of duty, the most con-

scientious jurors have, doubtless, sometimes been induced to assume responsibilities which they would otherwise have most decidedly shunned. For it cannot be in the nature of any man, unless prompted by a sense of duty, real or supposed, to assume a burthen which belongs to another, when, by that assumption, he gains nothing but the inconvenience of bearing it.

You all know, gentlemen, that prior to the act of '27, every issue to the country, involving law and fact, was argued exclusively to the jury—that the jury then retired without any instructions from the court, and, in their chamber, always found themselves under the necessity of discharging the double duty of jury—to determine the fact—and, of a judicial tribunal, to establish or decide on general legal principles. They there reviewed the ingenious arguments of counsel—weighed authority against authority—precedent against precedent—and sometimes sophism against sophism—till lost and confounded in the complexity of the discussion, they gave up the hopeless task of untying the gordian knot of the case and cut it assunder by a compromise of individual opinions—or, (an event equally to be regretted,) in consequence of disagreeing on a legal point, failed to find any verdict at all, and so left the parties to travel over the same ground again, with scarcely a better hope, than when they commenced, of finding an end of the law.

It was therefore an object, well worthy of the act of '27, reorganizing this court, to remove, as far as might be, these imperfections in jury trials. And by expressly requiring a charge from the court, it was manifestly one of its principal objects, to confine the jury to the appropriate duty of weighing the evidence—a duty which they are abundantly better fitted to perform than the court, and at the same time, to relieve them, in all civil cases, from the very responsible burthen of deciding questions of law, by imposing that responsibility on the court, to whom it should alone belong.

This act requires the court “to instruct the petit jury in the law that may be applicable to each cause by them tried, by giving them publicly in charge, before they retire to consider their verdict, the opinion of the court upon the law.” If this language could admit of a doubt, what I have already said of the evils, which it was designed to remedy, would render its meaning perfectly clear. But its words are clear and need no resort to the *occasion* of its provision in order to aid in its interpretation. It is made the duty of the court to instruct by giving its opinion in charge, and, when it does so instruct, it is the correlative duty of the jury to be instructed by it, to receive its charge as an exposition of the law expressed by the organ designated by the

legislature, and, not as mere matter of advice, to be adopted or rejected as may best suit the convenience or feelings of the moment. It can never be admitted that, whilst the opinions of legal writers and foreign courts are read to the jury as law, that the legislature intended that the enjoined opinions of their own supreme judicial tribunal should be received by the jury as mere matter of advice. It would be, indeed, a singular state of things, in which jurors should feel themselves bound to accept law from foreign courts, whilst they would receive nothing but advice from their own.

It is an error to suppose that the oath of the juror, in civil cases, (and it is of these only that I now speak) is inconsistent with this act. That oath does not require him to decide what the law is, but to give a true verdict according to it, and the evidence given him. In order to decide according to law, when uninstructed in it by the court, he must indeed decide for himself what the law is. But this he will not do in virtue of his oath, for he has a right to call for the court's opinion—but in consequence of the absence of judicial instruction. This was ever the situation of the jury, with the exception of a few years prior to the act of '27, and this circumstance, perhaps, has caused the necessities, arising from that situation, to be confounded with the obligations of their oath. As the oath, to give a verdict according to evidence, presupposes the existence of evidence and of a court to decide what is evidence and what is not—so when the same oath requires a verdict according to law, it in like manner presupposes the existence of a competent tribunal to determine what is law and what is not law—what act is constitutional and what unconstitutional—what is repealed and what unrepealed—what has fallen into disuse and become obsolete, and what is still in force. And when the law is thus determined, the jury, by their oaths, are to return a verdict according to it. The opposite construction of their oath invests the jury with judicial power, and involves the whole judicial system in contradiction. According to such construction, the jury decide questions of law by their verdict under oath, whilst the court are invested with authority to set aside their verdict as against law—their oath obliges them to decide what the law is, and yet they may return a special verdict, and ask the opinion of the court on the law. The truth is, that the oath prescribed by our statute, is in effect nothing more than the common law oath, well and truly to try the issue between the parties, and a true verdict to give according to the evidence. Under both oaths, the jury in the first place determine the facts, and then apply the law, as the same has been determined by the court, and bring in their verdict accordingly.

If the jury choose to rely on any authority, other than that of the court, for the law, they do so on their own responsibility, and if they err, they err without the possibility of redeeming their error. It is not so with the court—ample means are in its hands for the correction of its mistakes. We know, gentlemen, that we have our full share of human fallibility. We know that in the common course of things we shall err, and perhaps greatly err; but the law foresees this, and has made a special provision for it. The jury on returning their verdict depart never again to meet; but the court remains a permanent body, and has it in its power, on an application for a new trial, to revise—deliberately revise its decisions and correct its errors. Let it not be supposed, that anything like pride of opinion will prevent its reversing a wrong decision or granting a new trial, on a wrong direction to the jury. Pride of opinion can never actuate a court that knows its duty. That man, in a public or private station, who is too poor in character or intellect to honor the draft of an occasional error, is already a bankrupt in both.

The sources of error are too numerous not to exact the most unre-mitted vigilance, and, at the same time, afford an ample apology for all ordinary mistakes in judgment. The cases which are called for trial are generally such as the court know nothing of until the moment they are presented for its consideration, and that mind must be great indeed and far beyond any thing that the person addressing you can pretend to, which can, at the moment, seize the essential point in controversy and concentrate all its natural energies and all its legal acquisitions, to illustrate whatever in it is obscure, and develope whatever is complicated. To a mind engaged in the progress of a trial, in separating from the case that which is irrelevant, and, in reducing to order and appropriate graduation the various details of a mass of evidence, but little time is given for deliberation, and its passing opinions must often be the mere expression of its present and unpremeditated impressions.

As to all cases having a novel and complicated aspect, much must depend on their preparation by the counsel. The labor of counsel should be such as to abridge the labor of the Court. Too much time is no doubt often consumed on the minor details of a case—too much wasted on irrelevant matters, but, with all this deduction, the aid which counsel do or should bring to the court, in the preparation of every complicated case, is indispensable to the dispatch of business and often to the correctness of the court's decision. Present such a case without such preparation to any tribunal, and what is it, but a mass of facts without order, suggesting a variety of legal principles, some relevant,

and others irrelevant—all bringing into the mind a perfect chaos? To reduce this chaos to order—to throw upon it the light of a legal reason—to arrange its facts in the luminous order of cause and effect—and to bring the whole variety of evidence within the dominion of the legal principles which appertain to the case, is generally the result of diligent application and a severe and close study of the cause. When a case, thus prepared, is as well presented in argument, the labors of the court will be, comparatively, light and brief, and their decisions rarely erroneous. But if counsel, with too confident a reliance on the justice of their cause, or from the pressure of professional engagements, enter on the trial with little or no investigation or reflection, the labor of reducing the voluminous mass to order and selecting its appropriate legal principles will mainly fall to the court, and, if, for want of sufficient deliberation, error should be the consequence, though it may be in name yet it is not in fact wholly of a judicial character.

Without saying anything of the qualifications or deficiencies of the court, other sources of error might be enumerated, but I have mentioned these that it might be seen that the court will not exercise the exclusive right of determining what is law and what is not law, from any overweening confidence in themselves—from any vain idea of their own judicial infallibility; but, because the law, giving them the means of correcting their errors, imposes this duty upon them, and, also, because they are satisfied that, unless each part of the whole judicial machinery performs its duty and refrains from doing more, nothing like harmonious results can be expected from the joint operation of the whole.

We cannot expect an institution, which is intended to operate as an entirety and which derives its unity from the singleness of its object—the administration of the same justice in the same cases—to bring about the same result, if each part undertakes to perform the duty of the whole. It will not do, for instance, for the court to weigh the evidence and say that it proves this point or that point and, therefore, that it brings the case within this or that principle of law, for such is the exclusive duty of the jury, where law and fact pass to them in the same issue. Nor will it do for the jury, in civil cases, to take upon themselves to establish principles of law, where they are instructed by the charge, for the enunciation of general legal principles and the construction of laws is made the peculiar duty of the court. Such intrusions of the court upon the jury or of the jury upon the court, are almost sure to produce collisions of opinion somewhere, and, when

they are produced, the whole labor of the trial often terminates in no verdict, or in one that is worse than none.

When such a state of things exists between court and jury, it cannot long continue without terminating the just authority of the one or the other. If the court intrude on the province of the jury, the trial by jury is in danger of becoming a mere form; if the jury intrude on that of the court, the authority of the court in jury trials becomes little more than a name—in one word we are in danger of becoming a mere bench of judges or a mere box of jurors.

The power of granting new trials, when the verdict is against law, affords but an imperfect protection to the authority of the court. For where fact and law have passed to the jury it is sometimes impossible to say whether their verdict has turned upon their estimation of the evidence or their own misconstruction of the law. In such cases, the court can rarely interfere; for the legal presumption is, that the jury have confined themselves to their duty.

The relation, then, of the court and jury to each other, imposes upon each a serious obligation to confine itself within its appropriate sphere. In order to define the sphere of each, generally and with as much precision as possible, it may be said to be the duty of the court to lay down general legal principles in their charge on the case, whilst it is the duty of the jury to weigh the evidence, ascertain within what principle, thus laid down, it brings the case and to return a verdict accordingly. In this way the jury take the law of the case, in the shape of general principles, from the court. The court take the sum of the evidence, in the shape of a verdict, from the jury—and there is nothing unequal in their relations to each other. Each, acting within its appropriate sphere, aids the other; and both harmoniously move on, in the furtherance of justice, to the same common result. The law presumes the jury to be best qualified to weigh the evidence and confides in them the application of general principles to the particular case, whilst it presumes the court to be best qualified to construe the laws and establish general principles. And there is good reason for this distinction. The jury are considered most conversant with the affairs of common life, and their daily experience, no doubt, fits them for placing a true value upon the evidence of witnesses, with whose character and modes of thought and expression they may be presumed to be best acquainted. But nothing, gentlemen, but an educated and disciplined reason can qualify the mind of any one to decide new questions of law.

The law, gentlemen, is an extremely complicated and artificial sys-

tem. It indeed begins with natural reason—it is based on principles of a plain common sense ; but takes character in its superstructure from the thousand artificial forms which spring up from the bosom of society, or are engendered by the ever-advancing industry and genius of man. With the plain principles on which it is based, all mankind may be acquainted, for they are the eternal and universal principles of right and wrong ; but, with the adventitious and invented forms and modes of proceeding, which each community establishes for itself to carry those principles into all their variety of effects, none can be acquainted but those who have made them a study. These principles bear the same relation to the artificial forms through which they pass to their effects, that thought does to language. As the same thought may be expressed in a thousand different languages, so the same justice may be administered under a thousand different forms. The same moral reason, common to all mankind, spontaneously dictates that crimes should be tried and punished ; but it does not spontaneously dictate who shall try them, how they shall be tried, nor the kind nor degree of punishment which shall be inflicted on each. The same moral reason spontaneously dictates that a debt should be paid ; but it does not at once suggest the institution of courts to try and establish the liability of the debtor nor create the mode of proceeding by which payment shall be compelled. It dictates that on the decease of the present owner, property should descend to those to whom he is most closely bound by the ties of affection or natural obligation ; but it does not point out the mode of distribution or manner of descent. Now just where this spontaneous moral reason of the individual stops, the broad and general legislative reason of communities and nations begins and translates its vague and somewhat uncertain requirements into the definite language of legislative enactments and judicial decisions. It establishes courts—modes of trial—prescribes penalties—provides proceedings to compel the payment of debts—points out the mode in which property shall descend—gives definitions and establishes general maxims and principles—all suggested by and responsive to the demands of this moral reason. It is thus that the dictates of the reason necessarily pass into the artificial forms established by society, in order to reach their ultimate effects. In the new form it is still reason but reason no longer as nature has left it, but as legislative and judicial wisdom and the requirements of society have made it. With the exception of certain positive enactments to protect the body politic, every man, however uninstructed, knows enough of the law to act in obedience to the artificial forms, in which the general sense of the

community thus recognises it, for he carries its elements in his own bosom ; but nothing but a reason educated and disciplined in the study and practice, and perfectly naturalized to the peculiar logic of those forms, can venture to speak in the spirit of their system and announce its consistent dictates. This is, therefore, made the particular duty of the court ; and it is not to be disguised that it will sometimes be an arduous and an important duty.

For the growth of a system of laws is not that of a single age, but of a long succession of ages. Many of its parts fall more or less into disuse with the progress of society, and these, sometimes, come in conflict with individual cases ; it then becomes a serious question, whether the partially disused principle shall be sacrificed to the case, or the case to the principle. But it more frequently happens that an individual whose claims are undeniably meritorious, has omitted to perform some act, or committed some error, either as to the evidence of his claim, or the form of his action, and thereby brought himself in conflict with some recognised legal principle, which it is the duty of the court to sustain. In such case the court must perform its duty, however painful it may be—important general principles must be sustained against individual cases that cannot be reconciled to them. The action of gravitation is not suspended in favor of the inconsiderateness of infancy, or the heedlessness of maturer years, and it is from the inflexibility of the laws of Society, as well as of Nature, that man is taught circumspection and cautiousness, and becomes wise by experience. Were the laws of Nature or Society bent to suit every particular case, the human mind, in its most important faculties, would soon cease to develop itself, and law would no longer be law. It requires a mind, thoroughly disciplined in legal science, always to feel the force of this great truth, and habitually to act upon it. But in the decision of these technical points, the progress of the social mind requires something more than even this—it requires the action of an enlightened legal philosophy—a philosophy that passes beyond the mere letter of the technical rule—embraces its substance—carries it forward by its decision with the progress of society, and reconciles it, if possible, with the liberal spirit of the age.

Whenever a decision fails in this, it cannot be permanent ; it will be either reversed by subsequent decisions, or abrogated by legislative enactments. To perform this duty in such a manner as shall produce the greatest possible good and the least possible evil, requires at once a comprehensive knowledge of the whole system of jurisprudence and of the progress of society. Whether the court be or be

not competent to perform this great task, the law goes upon the presumption that they are, and enjoins it upon them as their exclusive duty.

All powers, gentlemen, whether judicial or political, may be perverted by an abuse of the confidence in which they are founded, and the court absolutely considered have the *power* to charge the jury, not merely that the law is so and so, but that the facts in the case are such that they should bring in this or that verdict. The court *could* so charge the jury if they pleased, but such a charge would, in my apprehension, be a gross abuse of judicial authority. In like manner, it is in the *power* of the jury to disregard the law, as laid down by the court, and to lay down legal principles of their own—for the case is in their hands—they may so hazard their consciences and their oaths, if they please—they may take upon them the court's responsibility, and decide law questions at their own risk, if they choose; but then it will, in my apprehension, be an abuse of that confidence which the law reposes in them.

The foregoing remarks I have made with reference to civil cases, and, in them, the relations of court and jury are so far explained that, in order to show the difference between a charge in a civil case and one in a criminal case, I need do little more than point out two changes which take place in those relations, on the court's passing from its civil to its criminal jurisdiction. These two changes consist firstly, in its relations to the state, which is the prosecuting party, and, secondly, in the absence or want of power to grant new trials, at least in all cases where the accused is acquitted. These changes are so important, that they may be considered as reacting on the statute of '27, and as measurably limiting its general intent as to criminal cases.

The judges of a court receive their commissions from the executive or appointing power, and, in times of turbulence and civil commotions, there have been occasions when they have been made the instruments to establish the sway of a despot, or to promote the ascendancy of a faction. In such cases, a jury, independent from being empanelled for the trial of the particular cause, without other special relations to the State, are the true bulwark of the rights and liberties of the citizen; and courts regard them, on such occasions, as invested with more than ordinary power. Whilst the law, denying to the court the right of setting aside their verdicts and granting new trials in favor of the State, seems to leave them in the undisputed possession of all the powers with which the particular occasion invests them. In such

cases, the charge of the court presents to the jury a question of confidence. If they choose to trust it, they may—if they choose to take upon themselves the responsibility of deciding questions of law, they may do it, without a breach of their relations to the court, and the court must record and leave their verdict as they choose to return it. But, in such cases, the responsibility is all their own, and if the decision be wrong the error is solely theirs.

The exercise, by the jury, of this power of deciding law questions in criminal, differs from the exercise of like power in civil cases, perhaps in this, that in criminal cases it is an exertion of power which the law does not deny to them, and is not therefore an abuse of authority, unless made contrary to their honest convictions, and in violation of conscience. But, in civil cases, when the court stand as indifferent as the jury to the parties, and where it has the power of granting new trials, to disregard its instruction, is at once to lose sight of the relations which should subsist between court and jury, and thereby to violate the conscientious obligations which those relations impose upon them.

CHARGE.

THE CHARACTER OF CHIEF JUSTICE EDDY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY :

BEFORE saying one word as to our official duties, permit me to offer some tribute of respect (very short and imperfect though it be) to the memory of one with whom I have had the honor to be associated during a considerable part of my public life ; first as a member of Congress, afterwards as a member of this Court. I speak of my immediate predecessor on this bench, the Hon. Samuel Eddy, now deceased. It is this last relation only that justifies the mention of his memory here, and on this occasion. He held for a long time, as you well know, gentlemen, the highly responsible office of Secretary of this State, an office to which even his political adversaries, during the heat of the most vehement contests for power, concurred in electing him. For six years he was one of the representatives of the people of this State in Congress. He was afterwards, for seven years, Chief Justice of this Court ; an office to which he was elected, and in which he was likewise continued, with the concurrence of all political parties. He was discharging the duties of this station to the entire satisfaction of the public, when attacked by that infirmity, which, after prompting his resignation, eventually bore him to the tomb.

Gentlemen—These facts afford strong historical evidence of the merits of the man—and they are facts which do not mislead, or deceive. Judge Eddy was not a man to surround himself with false appearances, and then glide into universal confidence and esteem in their disguise. He knew not how to appear to be other than exactly what he was, and he is one of those few characters, who stand forth occasionally as witnesses to all time, how much superior, and, in the long run, more successful, is that plain honesty, which looks straight forward to nothing but a conscientious discharge of duty, to that versatile duplicity, which puts on any appearance that may answer best a present purpose. In the little I have to say, I shall follow the example which my pre-

decessor has left me ; I shall deal plainly in all things, and knowingly exaggerate nothing. It has been said, and truly said, that Judge Eddy's ruling idea or attribute was the love of the true. I would, however, qualify this general proposition a little. He loved the true well, wherever he could clearly see it ; but he loved it best, in that form in which it was the most *positive, definite, and certain*. His love of the true, in this form, was so intense, that he would sometimes appear to be opposed to it in any other. This love was the fountain of all his perfections, and imperfections—for he was human. His mind was rather strong and active, than comprehensive and far-reaching. Not that it was deficient in the latter qualities, but that he loved a general truth, a general proposition, less than the particulars which it represented ; the reason of things less than the things themselves. For particular truths—facts—his search was most diligent ; for these his curiosity was insatiable ; his avarice unbounded. He picked them up wherever they could be found, and was continually hoarding the precious specimens. A glance at the course of his studies, will show that the tendency of his mind was continually to the more and more definite and palpable. He seems in early manhood to have turned his attention to the study of Theology ; not for a profession, but from inclination or a sense of duty. In some of the general propositions of this science, there was something too vague and indefinite to satisfy a mind like his. He sought, therefore, to realize it in that definite and positive form of the true, (in which his mind so much delighted,) by the strict interpretation of the letter of the Sacred Book.

In philosophy, Locke was his favorite. He found much in the mind of that great philosopher which was in harmony with his own. They both loved the positive, the tangible, and certain ; both equally contemned, whatever had not assumed that form as little better than a dream of the imagination. Such minds may not be qualified to dive into the yet unfathomed depths of science and philosophy—to explore the vast and hitherto unknown, and bring to light new truths from the spheres which favored genius alone can visit, but they are precisely such minds as are absolutely necessary to bring those new truths and discoveries to perfection—to educe from them, and apply to use, all that they contain. Without precisely such minds, no great movement, no great step in social progress, could ever be perfected. The progress of Judge Eddy's study was to the last, from the less to the more certain. Thus in the latter part of his career, we find him engaged in the study of mineralogy, conchology, and their kindred sciences, as an amusement, and in the administration of the law as an official duty.

The same love of the true in its positive and definite form, is as manifest in the Judge, as in the scholar or philosopher. On the bench his love of the true took form in his love of the just, and he here sought to ascertain what was the just—what was the legally true—in the letter rather than in the spirit of the law. That is to say, he sought for the spirit where it ought to be found (but is not always) in the words of the statute, and in the dicta of Judges, and resorted to the general intention—the scope and drift of the whole—to solve any particular difficulty, with great reluctance. These are safe rules, gentlemen. They may result in some decisions of apparent hardship, but they will not be without their general benefit, they will stimulate caution in the use of legal language, and promote precision in legal forms and contracts. It is easy to see how they may diffuse their own spirit through society, and bring every thing up to their own level. The ruling idea of the mind of Judge Eddy, the love of the certain and definite, caused him to delight in exactness—precision. That which he felt so distinctly himself he looked for every where, and he sought to create it where it was wanting. He expected to find it in the language of the law, in the words of legislative enactments, and in the phraseology of judicial decisions. He looked for it in legal instruments, and required it in all legal proceedings, and in the complete and perfect discharge of every duty, whether to be performed by the highest public functionary, or by the waiter on the court. It is well, aye, it is absolutely necessary, that we should have such minds among us. There is a continual tendency in the conduct of human affairs, and especially in the discharge of legal duties, to looseness—negligence, which sooner or later runs into confusion, and produces a thousand serious evils, without having been of the slightest benefit to any body. The leading attribute of his mind could be satisfied only with this exact and perfect discharge of duty, and his idea of what duty was, bore the stamp of his own character. Hence, he at times appeared harsh and hard to those who had formed a different standard and who felt that a less punctilious performance was well enough. But to those who observed whence this real or apparent harshness originated, it presented only a new proof of the consistency of his mind; they saw in it nothing but his love of the exact and certain, carried into all his judgments—even unto those rendered on the minor duties of life. If fault this was, it was a fault springing from his very virtues, and without which we could not have known them. But this hardness or rigidity of character belonged altogether to the region of the intellect—to the head and not the heart of the man. It presented itself in the

exterior—in the flinty surface, created and worn to a polish by attrition ; but all beneath it was as soft and tender as the heart of childhood. I can remember very well, and perhaps there are those present who may likewise remember, the occasion on which the sight of a distressed woman—the wife of a miserable man then on trial for his life—melted the stern Judge into tears, and disqualified him for the full discharge of his official duty. Indeed when the infirmity which carried him off began to impair the force of his intellect—when the spirit was retiring from the head, and concentrating itself in the heart, as if for its final flight—the child-like softness of his feelings was sufficiently evident upon the mere mention of some of those transactions which had formerly interested them.

Nobody could ever doubt the integrity of Judge Eddy ; his open and fearless honesty spoke in every word and act ; it was this that inspired the public with entire confidence in the man ; it was this for which his fellow-citizens would have excused a thousand errors, if such he had committed. Gentlemen, the public mind is always indulgent, whatever may be the act, when satisfied that it is done under a conscientious sense of duty. His judicial decisions were generally the result of a thorough investigation of every fact and every legal principle having a bearing upon the case, and when once he arrived at a conscientious conviction of what the decision should be, neither men nor angels could have prevented his deciding according to that conviction ; his warmest friend would have fared no better than his worst enemy, if enemy he had.

In the discharge of a judicial duty, no thought of popularity ever entered his mind. He held in small estimation that popularity which is to be run after. The result showed that public favor, public confidence, need not be sought for by him who honestly does his duty, but that it follows him like his shadow. I would not be understood, gentlemen, to say that Judge Eddy was a popular man, in the common acceptation of the phrase. In a judicial station there is too much to do, and there is too much to be done in a way that looks not to popular feeling, to the excitement of the day, to think of such sort of popularity ; on the bench, party must not only not be named, but not thought of ; yet he had popularity, but it was something more than that which grows out of the fever of a day, a week, or a year.

It was that sort of popularity which commanded public confidence, public respect, which lasted through life, which endured without changes, and gained strength in the midst of all that was mutable and fluctuating around him. Parties rose—parties fell—formed anew

divided—coalesced—ran through a hundred changes, yet he stood, “the brave old oak” of the song, in the midst of all these shift-and stormy scenes, a permanent object of the respect and confidence of all. But, gentlemen, it was not my purpose to pronounce an eulogy, however worthy the subject, but to do what I have now done, simply to offer a passing tribute of respect to the character of one with whom I was for several years associated on the bench, and who has now passed to

“That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns.”

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